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20 QUESTIONS TIM ALLEN

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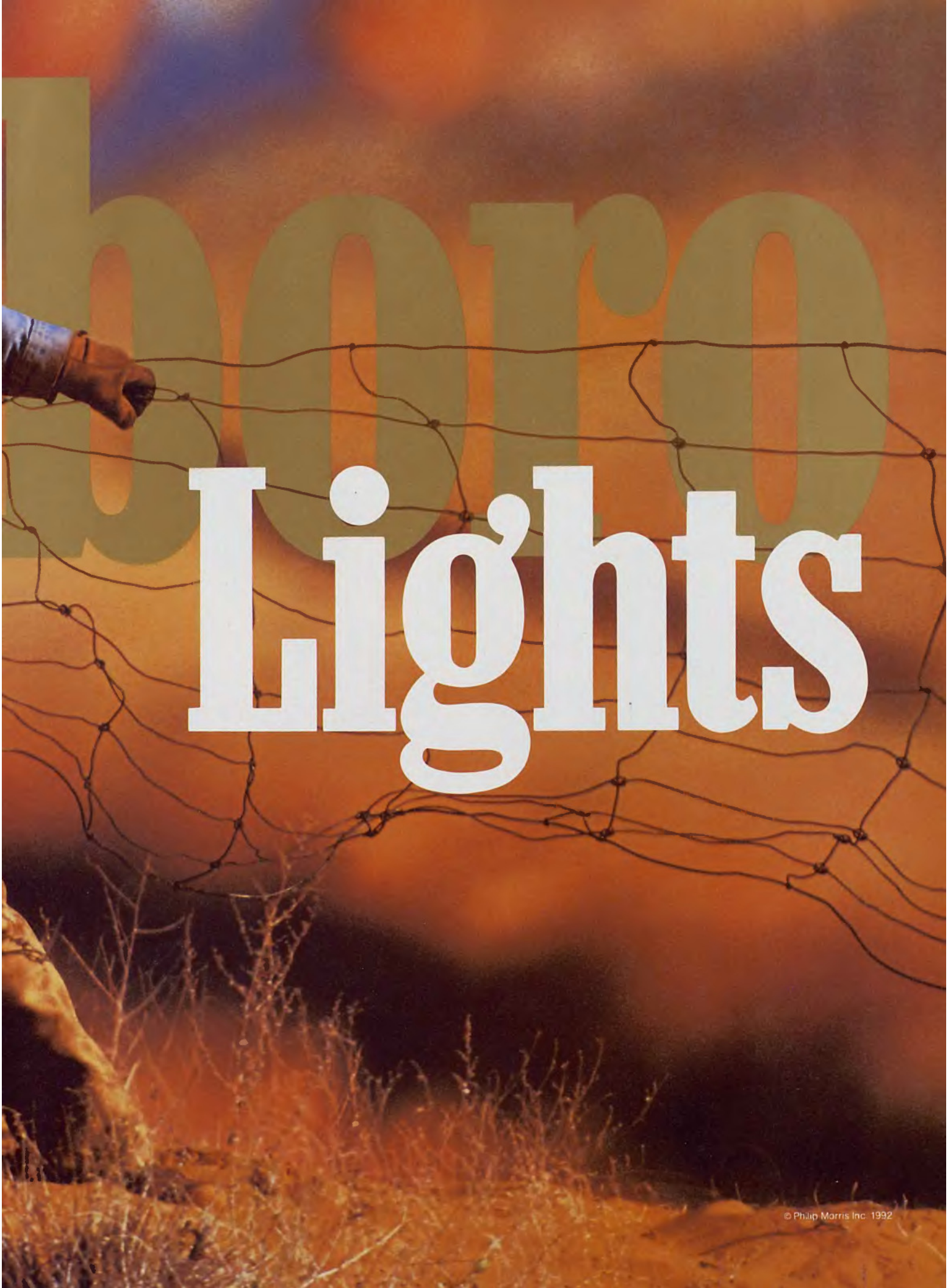
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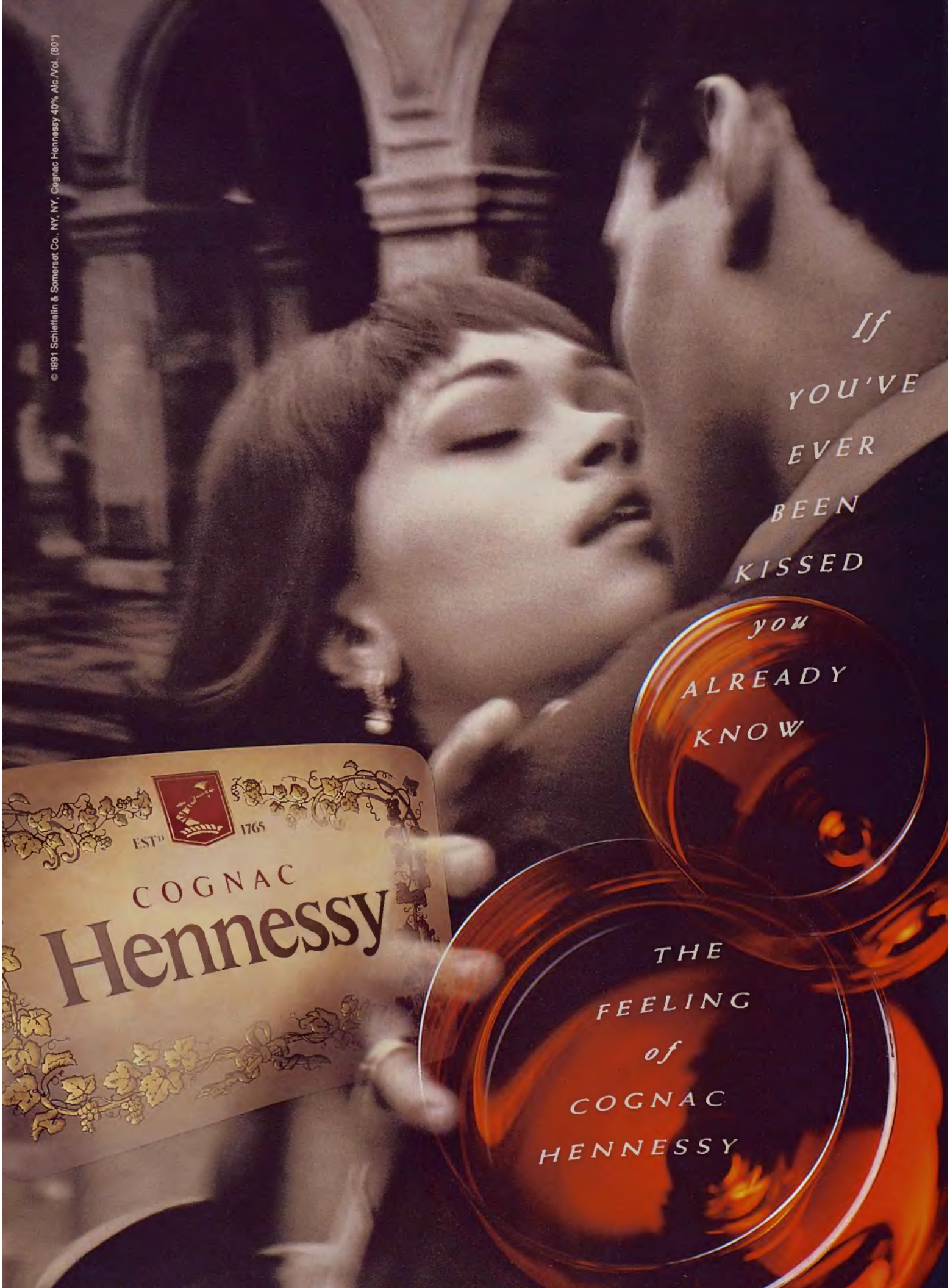
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PLAYBILL

RACIAL HOSTILITY is our continuing national shame. What did we learn between the time Watts burned in 1965 and South Central Los Angeles ignited last spring? Not much. In *No Justice, No Peace*, author and former L.A. prosecutor **Vincent Bugliosi** focuses on an oft-overlooked villain: the D.A. This month, the cops who allegedly beat Rodney King will be tried in federal court—but it's the local district attorney, argues Bugliosi, who must rigorously prosecute cops who are charged with brutality. If not, no citizen among the poor will trust in justice—and the next riot will be inevitable.

A man who dedicated his life to justice is **Thurgood Marshall,** who retired from the Supreme Court in 1991. In the excerpt published in *The Playboy Forum* from syndicated columnist **Carl T. Rowan's** new book, *Dream Makers, Dream Breakers: The World of Justice Thurgood Marshall* (Little, Brown), Rowan deals with the justice's worries about erosion of our personal rights. His erudition notwithstanding, Marshall could be extremely plain: "If a man's home is his castle," he said, "his bedroom is the middle of it. And nobody's snooping in my bedroom." From another vantage point, and in one of feminism's most curious conversions, former L.A. police chief **Daryl Gates** comes down on the side of women's rights in the military in a *Mantrack* guest essay. Gates says that after seeing women cops handle the streets of L.A., he knows they can handle combat.

Will we ever know the true story about the 747 that exploded over Lockerbie, Scotland in 1988? In the midst of a media blitz about the tragedy of Pan Am 103, Contributing Editor **Morgan Strong** completed a six-month investigation of his own, guided by a new source, and reports in *Trail of Terror*.

Can we lighten up a little? Dust off your old LPs or grab some CD reissues and get in the mood for part five of *Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock*. Contributing Editor **David Standish** calls on **Dizzy, Miles, Bird** et al. in *Bop Till You Drop*, illustrated by **David Cowles** and **Kinuko Y. Craft.** If reading about these jazz geniuses has your fingers popping, **Neil Tesser** steers you around what used to be called the record store in *Bebop on CD*.

We have some entertaining manly talk this month in Contributing Editor **David Rensin's** *20 Questions* with *Home Improvement* TV toolmeister **Tim Allen** and in actor-director **Danny DeVito's** star turn for the *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Lawrence Linderman**. Neither of these guys will scare off women readers. We hope the women who wrote on the walls of the bathrooms at the University of California won't scare off any guys. From dating to relationships to sex, their tart and honest dialog is transcribed by **Elizabeth C. Grant** in *Writing on the Wall*.

For further insight into the mind of a woman, try **Marshall Boswell's** story *Hidden Agendas*, illustrated by **John Rush.** Boswell's protagonist learns how to pick up women from his best friend's beautiful fiancée, with bittersweet results.

Speaking of beautiful women—a subject we know well—**Sante D'Orazio** took some splendid pictures of supermodel **Stephanie Seymour,** whom you may recognize from the Victoria's Secret catalog, and **Byron Newman** salutes Valentine Day by photographing some of our Playmates draped in sexy lingerie in *Being in Nothingness*. Hardboiled novelist **Harry Crews** penned the poetic copy.

If lingerie puts you in a romantic mood, take a look at our fashion feature with two Hollywood couples in *Laps of Luxury*. Finally, we salute Playboy's 1993 Car of the Year in our *Automotive Report*, by Contributing Editor **Ken Gross,** illustrated by **Dave Calver.** And a juicy Valentine kiss to Playmate of the Month **Jennifer LeRoy.**

BUGLIOSI

ROWAN

GATES

STRONG

STANDISH

COWLES

CRAFT

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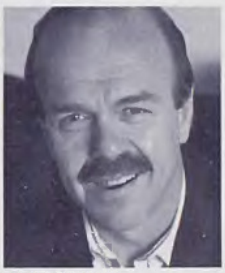
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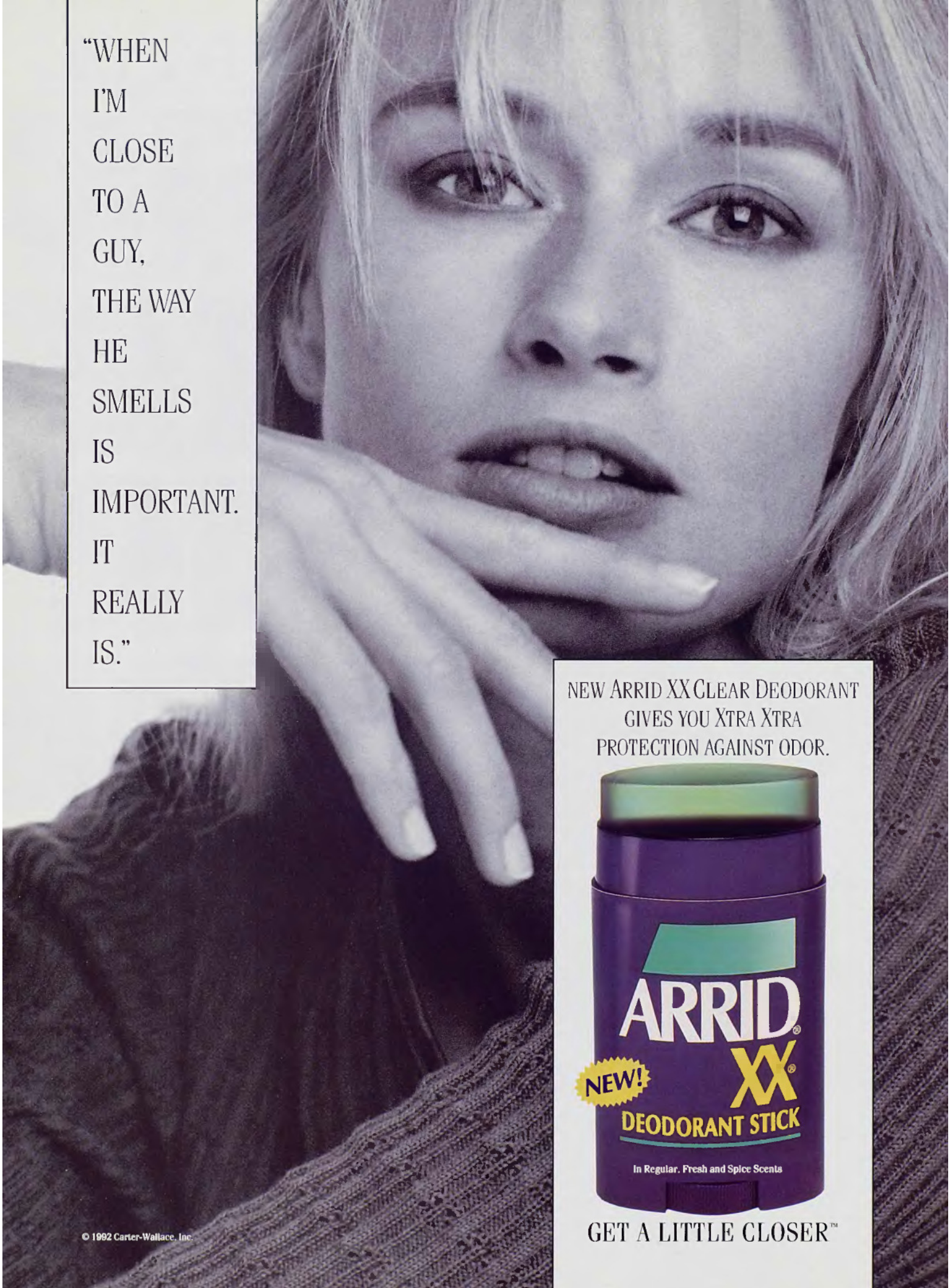
Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), February 1993, volume 40, number 2. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.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vol. 40, no. 2—february 1993

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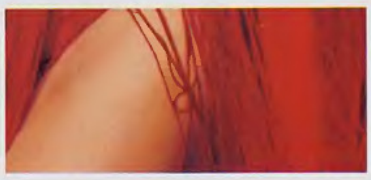
COVER STORY

She's gorgeous, she's glamourous, she's supermodel Stephanie Seymour. Her secret: She's most comfortoble in the nude. Our cover was styled by Tina Bossidy ond shot by photogropher Sonte D'Orozio. Thanks to Fron Cooper of Kramer ond Kramer, N.Y., for makeup, Kevin Mancuso of Pierre Michel, N.Y., for hair styling, Potricia Field, N.Y., for gloves ond pasties and Montenapoleone, N.Y., for Stephanie's G-string. Our Rabbit is just on the fringe.



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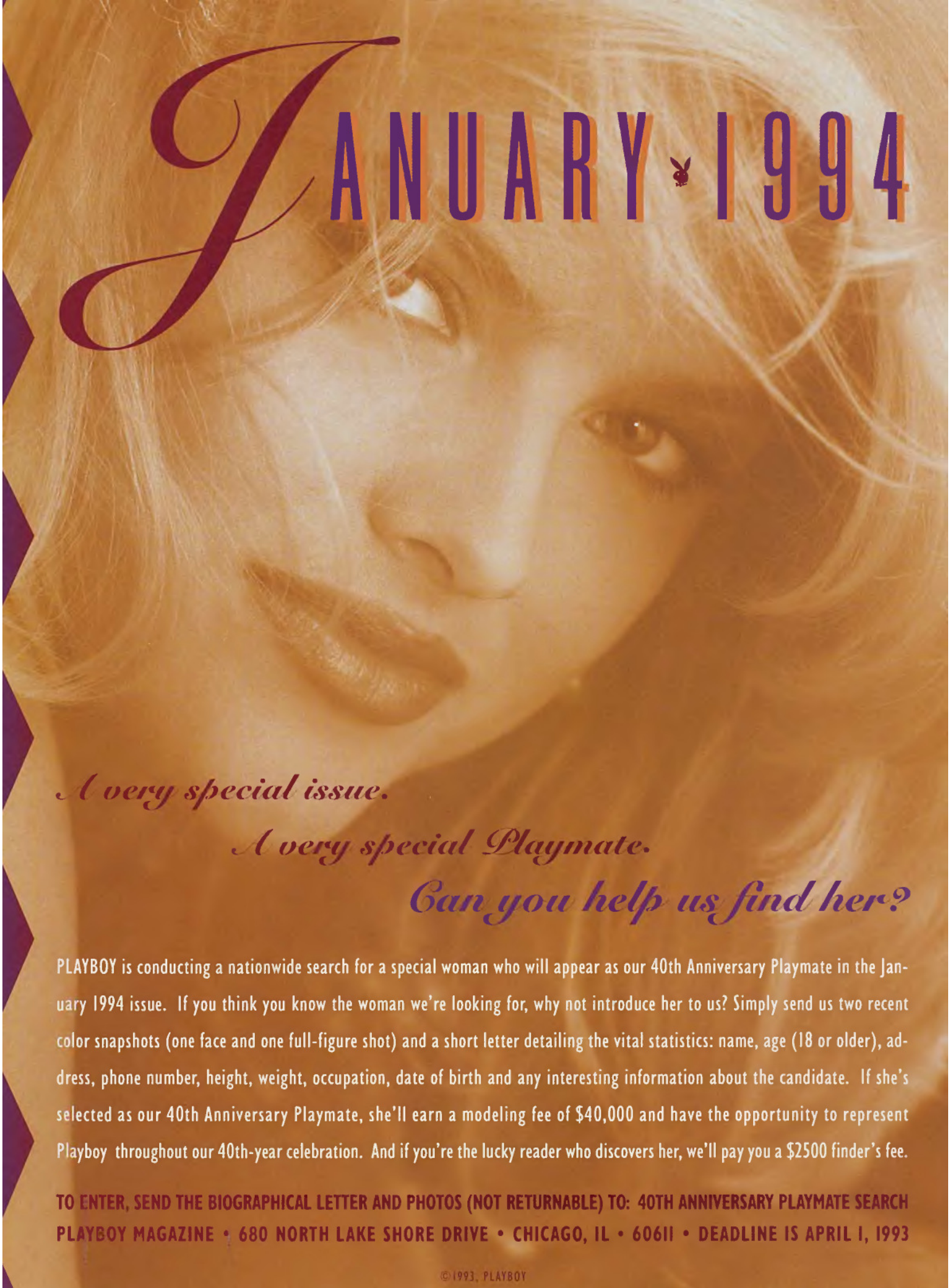

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WILLIAM SAFIRE INTERVIEW

The November *Playboy Interview* with political pundit William Safire was enlightening, but I took umbrage at an offhand comment by your interviewer, Claudia Dreifus. When Safire says he agrees with Dan Quayle on single parents and family values, she shoots back: "Single motherhood hardly caused the Los Angeles riots, for example."

But maybe it did. I taught in a racially mixed school for 30 years and once, at the urging of the principal, did research on the family backgrounds of troubled kids and troublemakers in our school. Eighty percent of those kids were from single-parent homes.

Lloyd A. Palmer
Bakersfield, California

An interesting observation, Lloyd, but you failed to tell us the percentage of kids in your school from single-parent families. If, for instance, 80 percent of the total student body came from single-parent households, your conclusion wouldn't have much statistical merit.

Everyone William Safire ever worked for, or was buddies with, turned out to be either a crook or a slimeball. Now, at this late date, Safire has finally realized that Pat Buchanan is anti-Semitic. Hell, my 12-year-old knew that eight years ago.

Robert C. Gilleo
Columbus, Ohio

OCTOBER SURPRISE

I am disappointed by Joe Queenan's article, *October Surprise*, in your November issue. His statement that "libertarians are Republicans who like drugs" is an outright lie. Libertarians believe that drugs should be legal because drugs are a personal choice, hurting no one but those who use them. Alcohol and nicotine are legal drugs that cause more than ten times as many deaths as illegal drugs.

Libertarians neither encourage nor discourage drug use. It would conceivably be in PLAYBOY's best interest to provide more support for the Libertarian Party because it is the only party that firmly supports sexual freedom as well as the end of all censorship.

Michael Gathers
Golden, Colorado

Libertarians are not like Republicans. Libertarians are antifederalists. Saying a libertarian is like a Republican is like saying Thomas Jefferson supported the political platform of Alexander Hamilton. Another great difference between libertarians and Republicans is that libertarians are fiscally responsible.

David Chanley
Palm Bay, Florida

SO LONG, POPPY

With the election over this may come as an afterthought, but I appreciate how Robert Scheer, in his November PLAYBOY *Reporter's Notebook*, "So Long, Poppy," lays it on the line about why we can't afford four more years of George Bush.

In calling Bush merely supercilious, however, Scheer doesn't go far enough. Bush's truly serious mistakes have been the dishonest ones—dishonest because they were conceived and executed in secrecy with the intent of frustrating the right of the people and their elected representatives to know what their government was up to.

The lesson Bush learned from Richard Nixon's Watergate disgrace was simply not to get caught. He and Reagan did their best to master the art of plausible deniability, but now their act is collapsing as the horrid facts of Iran-contra and Iraqgate leak out.

Marshall Phillips
Long Beach, California

After reading Scheer's "So Long, Poppy," I'm convinced I wouldn't want to be president. Why put up with the crap? It would be easier (and more profitable) to run for Congress. All I'd have to worry about would be being reelected, and all

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), FEBRUARY 1993, VOLUME 40, NUMBER 2, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S., CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 8560 SUNSET BOULEVARD, WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90069; METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.: ATLANTA: 3017 PIEDMONT ROAD NE, SUITE 100, ATLANTA, GA 30305; MIAMI: 2600 SOUTH DIXIE HIGHWAY, MIAMI, FL 33133; TAMPA: 3016 MASON PLACE, TAMPA, FL 33629.

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I'd have to do is cast a vote once in a while. And if things went bad, I'd do what Congress does best: Blame it on the president.

David A. Detrolio
Moses Lake, Washington

VOICES FROM THE HOOD

It seems to me, after reading Léon Bing's *Voices from the Hood* (PLAYBOY, November), that despite their philosophical and psychological justifications, the members of the Bloods and Crips street gangs seem not to care whether they wind up in jail or dead so long as they avenge their territorial rights and protect their fragile egos whenever they perceive themselves to be under attack. If they killed only one another, it would be of little concern to the average citizen. But when dozens of innocent people are killed in drive-by shootings and badly aimed gang shoot-outs, it's a big problem. And to read that more than 25 people have been murdered because one gang member's girlfriend's coat was stolen only points to the obvious: The gang mentality, in Los Angeles or anywhere else, can only breed a disrespect for human life. It values property and territory (no matter how small or trivial) over life. But, in the words of John Mellencamp, "Ain't that America?"

Ursula Brie-Vondross
Montreal, Canada

To read that gangs funnel drug profits into producing rap singers only reaffirms what I've always thought about rap music that glorifies violence and the gangster life: Those rappers are singing for their supper.

Evelyn Johnson
Detroit, Michigan

JOAN SEVERANCE

I enjoyed your article and pictorial on Joan Severance (*Director's Choice: Joan Severance*, PLAYBOY, November). Severance is probably the sexiest star on TV and the silver screen today. Photographer Robert Scott did a super job, especially the photo on page 96!

Don Appelt
San Antonio, Texas

I greatly enjoyed Zalman King's text and Robert Scott's photos of the magnificent Joan Severance. The black-and-white poolside shot on page 95 deserves special mention as being one of the best photographs you've ever published.

Everett Lombard
Champaign, Illinois

STEPHANIE ADAMS

I was beginning to think you were having your centerfold models cloned somewhere. It seemed that month after month, the featured woman was blonde. I think there are many men like myself who think women of African-American heritage are unmatched in beauty. Your November Playmate, Stephanie Adams (*If They Could See Her Now*), is a woman whose beauty defies description. How about one more photo of Stephanie? Her most alluring feature is her eyes. I could gaze at them for a long, long time.

Bruce C. Beighley
Waltham, Massachussetts

Since Lisa Matthews, the most beautiful woman ever to appear in your magazine, was the 1991 Playmate of the Year, it should only be fitting that Stephanie Adams, the second most beautiful woman I've seen on your pages, be awarded the same honor.

Todd L. Prenger
Versailles, Ohio

Stephanie Adams is one of the most beautiful women in the world. I am also a descendant of John and John Quincy Adams, so even though we preferred different presidential candidates, Stephanie and I are cousins. How about one more photo of her for my family album?

Martin D. Adams
Apple Valley, California

20 QUESTIONS

Your *20 Questions* with Patrick Stewart, *Star Trek: The Next Generation*'s Jean-Luc Picard (PLAYBOY, November), caught the soul of the man and verified what I have long felt he is: a clear-eyed individual who is intelligent, sensitive, gifted, at heart a classicist and—above all else—human. It is interesting that Stewart would make the statement "If something demeans women, it demeans me" in a magazine viewed by many as hardly a bastion of feminism.

Patricia Hayes
Sherman Oaks, California

Patrick Stewart clearly states how rude he considers it to mention his baldness. Still, your subhead for the interview reads "*Star Trek*'s Jean-Luc Picard baldly goes where no man has gone before." How rude!

Barbara Hopkins
New York, New York

BABER'S NICE BOYS, INC.

Contributing Editor Asa Baber's November PLAYBOY *Men* column, "Nice Boys, Inc.," says it all. How can sexually vacant men be taken seriously by a real woman? We (unapologetically sexual men) are indeed the people our parents warned us about, and I sincerely hope these politically correct guys Asa writes about realize how short-lived their success will be.

A true man is part pervert, part cynic and part clown, with a dash of hard-edged intellectuality thrown in for balance. The women I trust and am intimate with (both of them) run screaming from the kind of politically correct wimps Baber describes. They have rejected the antimale bias of the women's movement and opted for a more neutral approach, which is to evaluate the male animal on an individual basis.

All hope is not lost. My money says that soon these Nice Boys will be the Lost Boys, and the sooner the better. Raise your glasses, guys. Here's to all of us out there who choose not to be nice. Nice went out in the decadent Eighties.

Bill Rayburn
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

HEIMEL'S SHUTTING UP SHOP

My husband reads PLAYBOY for the pictures and I read it for the *Women* column by Contributing Editor Cynthia Heimel. Her November column, "Shutting Up Shop," made me laugh and cry. I laughed at the honesty of Heimel's feelings and I cried because I, too, have found myself thinking that any problems with the man in my life were all my fault. But ultimately, I feel more hopeful than ever, if only because Heimel herself hasn't given up hope.

Lori Millman
Woodmere, New York

GOOD INTENTIONS

I greatly enjoyed the wisdom and wonderfully cynical humor of John Varley's short story *Good Intentions* (PLAYBOY, November). Coming as it did in an election month, it made me wonder which candidates made deals with the Devil. After reviewing the field, I decided that Old Nick probably sat out this election: None of the candidates had enough "charisma juice." Great short story.

Glen Hastings
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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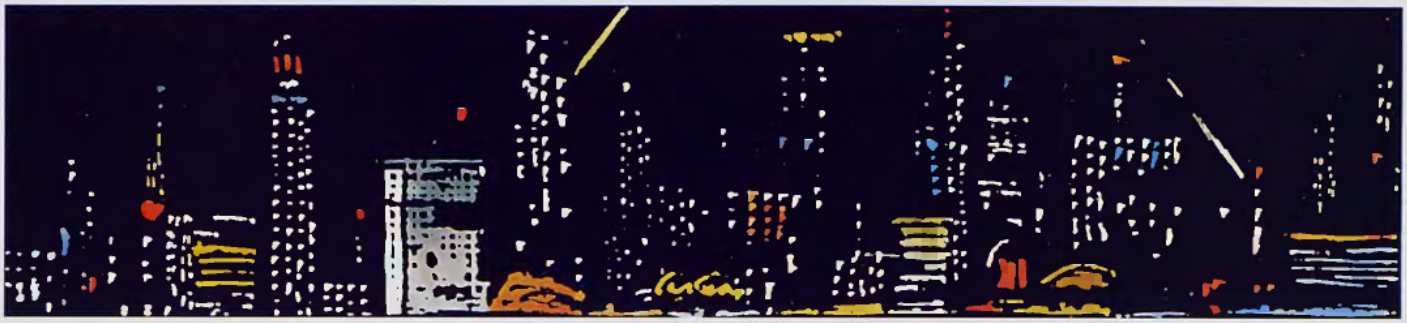
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MASTERPIECE FEVER

If you're in your 30s, single and impressionable, you have one more recently identified ailment to worry about. It's a mental disorder characterized by profuse perspiration, stomachaches and a bout of either depression or elation. It can sometimes lead to fainting. And what causes all this? Overexposure to great art. Apparently, thousands of tourists who subject themselves to marathon museum sessions in European cities are stricken with what psychiatrist Graziella Magherini has dubbed the Stendahl syndrome. She named it after the 19th century novelist, who, in 1817, became overwhelmed by the frescoes in the Church of Santa Croce in Florence. In his diary Stendahl describes how his heart beat irregularly and he felt his life draining away. It wasn't until he left the church, sat down and started reading the poems of Ugo Poscolo—otherwise overlooked in medical literature—that he felt better. Modern sufferers are advised to exit the offending gallery or museum and return to a less overwhelming artistic environment. Like New Jersey.

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For a study on tooth decay and plaque growth, scientists in New Zealand constructed a 20-inch glass mouth and fed it saliva and sugar. But as the experiment progressed, they reported an unforeseen drawback: paint-peeling halitosis.

TALES FROM CALLER ID

New technology yields new means of revenge to old problems. Caller ID, a service that identifies and stores the phone numbers of incoming calls, is particularly effective. A friend tells us he received a call late one night and was asked, "Is Shirley there?"

"No," he replied, "you have the wrong number."

"Oh, yeah?" the caller gibed. "Well, fuck you." He then hung up.

Our friend calmly retrieved the caller's number and called him back. When he answered, our friend yelled into the phone, "No, fuck you!"

Feeling one good turn deserves another, he called the gentleman back half an hour later, adding, "No, I really mean it. Fuck you!"

HIS WAY

It's not unusual for top name performers to have a "technical rider" in their contracts that spells out the artists' backstage requirements. We were extremely curious, naturally, when the items requested for Frank Sinatra's recent concert in Washington's Warner Theater came to our attention. The list included: 12 rolls of cherry Life Savers, three cans of Campbell's chicken and rice soup, two egg salad sandwiches, a cheese tray (including Brie), a carton of unfiltered Camel cigarettes, two bars of Ivory soap, six boxes of Kleenex tissues, six linen napkins, one bag of miniature Tootsie Rolls, a bowl of pretzels and chips, two turkey sandwiches with lettuce and tomato (mayo and mustard on the side), a bottle each of Absolut vodka, Jack Daniel's whiskey, Chivas Regal scotch, Courvoisier cognac and Beefeater gin, six "rock glasses in eight- to ten-ounce size," a bucket of ice cubes, a two-burner hot plate, Luden's cough drops, white and red wine of unspecified vintages, six bottles of Evian water, a large bottle of Perrier and 24 sodas ("75 percent diet"). It isn't clear with whom Sinatra shares this bounty. His crew and entourage are separately provided for and he seldom entertains guests in his room before performances. "Actually," Warner Theater production manager William Foster said, "most of it was left."

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

STRANGE POLITICAL BEDFELLOWS

The *Greensboro News and Record* in North Carolina, commenting recently on a congressional clash, headlined the story: SEN. HATCH DESERVES THANKS FOR BEATING OFF METZENBAUM. If not thanks, then at least a call the next morning.

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We suppose Rodin would have called it *The Chewer*: At a New York gallery last year, sculptor Janine Antoni unveiled a 600-pound cube of chocolate that she had gnawed on for three days to symbolize the inability of Americans to curb their weight. "It's a metaphor for a society that's always after the binge, the fast fix," she explained. Or a metaphor for a society that has too many artists.

SOLITARY REFINEMENT

The jail in Palm Springs, California is offering "a new public service"—a plan by which nonviolent offenders can make reservations to serve their time in an area of the jail away from hardened felons. Applicants can pay as little as $500, depending on the crime, for their special placement.

SINGLE WHITE CHEVY

When San Francisco writer Penny Wallace received more than 150 calls from men in response to her ad for her 1977 Chevy Malibu Classic, she knew she had discovered a new natural resource. In a local newspaper, Wallace assured female readers who want to meet men that placing an ad in the AUTOS, USED section for a 1962 Porsche was a surefire

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Stock up on those little black books: The number of single American women between the ages of 18 and 44 has jumped by 134 percent since 1970.

QUOTE

"I've done some of my best acting convincing a studio that I'm sick when I don't like the movie."—DUSTIN HOFFMAN ON POST-PRODUCTION BLUES

DAN YACCARINO

CONFESSIONS

Percentage of U.S. Catholics who say priests should be able to marry: 75; percentage of bishops who agree: 32; percentage of lay Catholics who say women should be allowed to be priests: 67; of bishops who agree: 14.

QUICK FIX

Number of Nintendo games sold since the first in 1986: 45 million.

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Number of calls to Nintendo game counselors for advice and tips each week: 200,000.

ARMED, DANGEROUS AND HARD TO FIND

According to a Gallup Poll of 1002 Americans, percentage who say they own a handgun: 25; percentage of gun owners who have never fired it: 22; who say it's loaded: 43.

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Percentage of gun owners who have kept their weapon in the car: 39; who have carried it: 23; who don't know where it is: 6.

DREAM ON

During the early Eighties, percentage of Americans who said that they expected to be better off than their parents: 67; today: 25.

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The average annual income that Americans who make less than $25,000 say it would take to attain the American dream: $54,000; the income that those who make more than $100,000 say it would take: $192,000.

BET YOUR LIFE

Percentage increase in legal sports betting in U.S. from 1980 to 1990: 213; in bookie revenues: 300; in wagers: 406.

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Percentage of all legal sports bets placed on football in 1992: 40; on basketball: 28; baseball: 25; hockey: 2.

BEACH BEAUTIFICATION

According to a poll, percentage of men who say women should be allowed to go topless at the beach: 50; percentage of women who agree: 18.

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Of those who oppose topless beaches, percentage who object because families with children may feel uncomfortable: 50; on moral grounds: 28; because women will suffer sexual harassment: 11.

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Percentage of women who say they would go topless at the beach if given the chance: 6.

AT WORK

Percentage of American office workers who have their own offices: 30; percentage of Japanese office workers: 3; percentage of American office workers who use computers: 85; of Japanese office workers: 64.

LIFE'S LITTLE MYSTERIES

According to the U.S. General Accounting Office, percentage of the "Report of Cash Payments Over $10,000 Received in a Trade or Business" forms filed with the IRS that have missing or incorrect taxpayer ID numbers: 38.

—CHIP ROWE

way to attract men on the lookout for smooth lines and superior handling. And, unlike guys who answer personals, hot-rodders are not nervous. Explains Wallace, "They're big-game hunters and there's something thrilling about a man with a mission."

THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT SPLAT

A West Virginia man repeatedly shot himself in the foot while drinking beer and cleaning his three guns. According to Mercer County sheriff's deputies, the gunslinger told them the first round—a .32-caliber slug—"didn't hurt." The second shot from a .38-caliber handgun "stung a little, but not too bad." He popped himself a third time when working on his .357-caliber pistol. That one, he said, "really hurt."

TO HAVE AND NEED NOT

The American Sunbathing Association, a nudist group, started a drive to donate clothing to the homeless and dislocated victims of last year's L.A. riots.

LADIES OF THE NIGHT, UNITE!

Almost 5000 British prostitutes are supporting Offpro, an organization that is dedicated to imposing a code of ethics for hookers and self-regulating the sex industry. Offpro's telephone message urges customers to write if "you feel you've been ripped off, infected by disease or received poor standards of service." It adds, "If your complaint is upheld, Offpro will compensate you with either a cash refund or an alternative service from one of our recommended prostitutes."

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First the dykes, now this: Amsterdam's tourist bureau announced plans to lure American homosexuals to vacation in Holland because of their high disposable incomes and their inclination to stay awake later than their heterosexual counterparts.

DUTCH TREAT

In an unrelated story, a Dutch organization, Cargo Foundation, is planning a National Gift to the Sea. The gift, when finished, will be a 100-foot steel-framed male figure stuffed with 20,000 loaves of bread. Kees Bakker, a project administrator, says that the statue—with stuffing—will be tossed into the sea as "an offering in return for all we've taken from it over the years."

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

Another reason farmers are going bust: Gucci's home-gardening ensemble. Consisting of three garden tools in French enamel with Italian leather handles and a suede-and-leather apron available in claret, moss or tan, the designer set sells for a trim $600.

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MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

NEIL YOUNG is the Clint Eastwood of rock. They're both Western loners and men of few words. ***Harvest Moon*** (Reprise), Young's two-decades-later follow-up to *Harvest*, finds Neil in a reflective mood à la Sting, Springsteen and Gabriel. Or is he? What makes *Harvest Moon* Young's best album in 20 years is not his cerebral "digging in the dirt" but his ability to drift along on waves of emotional memory. Like Clint in *The Unforgiven*, this is a man not given to introspection who manages to reveal himself anyway. All the usual suspects are rounded up: old lovers, faithful dogs and missing friends. These simple but soulful revelations glide by in a slow motion framed by Young's sweet but never sappy melodies. Finally, what grounds Young amid this gorgeous revelry is his earthy, wry humor: "I'll always be a dreamin' man/I don't have to understand/I know it's all right," he sings earnestly, while the background chorus softly croons "He's got a problem." Not on this album, Neil.

FAST CUTS: ***Deep Blues*** sound track (Atlantic): Proving the delta blues is liver than you'll ever be in nameless roadhouses throughout the South. It's like being hot-wired to the birth of music.

DAVE MARSH

While American hip-hop and hard rock have prospered, Anglo-European rock has become increasingly choked with wimps, navel-gazers and dancefloor narcissists, grooving while walls fell and societies collapsed. But J.'s ***We Are the Majority*** (A&M) means to blast past all that by talking about the living conditions the new world order has imposed on people such as himself: an articulate East German expatriated to France because he can't stomach his homeland's increasingly Nazified political culture.

Majority is set to beats from hip-hop, hard rock and even some pop-rock and is sung with the generic working-class snarl that rockers of this stripe have affected since John Lennon went solo. But when J. sings about being *Born on the Wrong Side of Town*, he can't invoke the romantic glory of Springsteen's Asbury Park or even Seger's Detroit. His soundscape comes from Berlin, the most famous divided city of the century. When he asks, "Do you wanna know how it used to be?/Everybody had a job, guaranteed./We didn't have much, but we had our dignity," he's not waxing nostalgic, he's offering a rare response to post-communist Europe that's roughly the equivalent of Ice Cube's reports from South Central.

Neil Young reaps a rich harvest.

Soulful revelations from Young; Earth, Wind & Fire's best.

Not that J. lacks a romantic side. He allows himself a moment for a wistful love song, *Come Over Here*, and he concludes with the optimistic *Justice or Burn*. J. has the bravery of someone caught up in an important struggle who believes that his side will win and that it had better. If there's a cure for Morrissey, this is it.

FAST CUTS: Barbecue Bob, ***Chocolate to the Bone*** (Yazoo): The opening *Motherless Chile Blues* gave Van Morrison *He Ain't Give You None*, but the rest of this singular Twenties singer and bottleneck guitarist's fine work has been lost to the ages. Which makes its recapture here all the more marvelous.

Tony Bennett, ***Perfectly Frank*** (Columbia): In which today's greatest saloon singer essays an entire CD's worth of material made famous by the world's most overrated one and shows that if you don't squander your talent, you can make records in your 60s that resonate with listeners. This is the perfect disc to trade for that Connick crap you got for Christmas.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Latest entry in the metal-rap fusion sweepstakes is ***Rage Against the Machine,*** and as far as I'm concerned, they win with their self-titled debut album (Epic). A Los Angeles quartet that entirely dispenses with drum machines and samplers, opting for live musicians with real instruments, Rage has a great feel for the metal riff, which they show off with a clear, in-your-face mix that gives each musician his due. Like the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, they also have a coherent critique (meaning I agree with it) unmarred by any folk-religion weirdness. Although there's a fair amount of verbiage here, the chants will stick in your head and fire up mosh pits in sweaty venues across the land. My favorite cut is *Killing in the Name*, an attack on the LAPD that in all likelihood won't get anywhere near the publicity of Body Count's *Cop Killer*. With a tremendous emotional build over a damped-string rhythm riff, vocalist Zack de la Rocha chants "Now ya do what they told ya," changing in the final verse to "Fuck you—I won't do what you tell me." Maybe it doesn't read like poetry, but it sure sounds like it. And as a climax, it's just this side of sex. Also recommended: *Wake Up*, a not-that-paranoid rant about Cointelpro-type operations directed against "potential troublemakers."

FAST CUTS: Nine Inch Nails, ***Broken*** (Interscope/Atlantic): After kicking massive butt on the first Lollapalooza tour and severing relations with his first record company, Trent Reznor (the only true Nail) returns with an EP to whet the appetite of everyone whose ears he opened to industrial music the first time out. Even more adrenaline and catharsis than before, but beware of getting charged full-album price.

NELSON GEORGE

Was Earth, Wind & Fire the best band of the Seventies? Not for a lot of folks. They'd grant that title to the Sex Pistols, Fleetwood Mac or Earth, Wind & Fire's chief competitor in the funk wars, Parliament-Funkadelic. But for me, EW&F epitomized some of the most polished, progressive musical ideas of that decade.

Listening to the three-CD set ***The Eternal Dance*** (Columbia/Legacy) is to hear glorious gossamer harmonies, crisp grooves (often pounded out by two trap drummers and a legion of percussion instruments), intricate keyboards buttressed by sharp guitar riffs, pungent horn and reed arrangements and well-crafted melodies led by Maurice White, a visionary bandleader, accomplished vocalist and multi-instrumentalist. Earth, Wind & Fire meshed several black American idioms (gospel, jazz, R&B) with a grasp of Latin and African music that informed their best recordings.

From 1972 to 1978, the band enjoyed

many massive singles (*Shining Star, That's the Way of the World, Getaway, Got to Get You Into My Life*), but it was during live gigs that their gifts were best displayed. In concert, they really stretched out, providing key members (Larry Dunn on keyboards, Al McKay on guitar and Verdine White on bass) a chance to showcase their talents. Even before Afrocentricity became a catchphrase in the Nineties, the band invoked Egyptian and African cultures in its music and visuals. A previously unreleased live version of *That's the Way of the World* eloquently makes the case that Earth, Wind & Fire was, perhaps, the last great black big band.

FAST CUTS: Charles & Eddie, a black and Mexican vocal duo, turn in a beautifully sung 13-song collection, ***Duophonic*** (Capitol), that gives adult contemporary a good name.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Hüsker Du was a maelstrom of a power trio whose six mid-Eighties albums established alternative rock's fusion of noise and tune. They were a great band, but their failure to conquer the malls just can't be blamed on the insensitivity of the masses—Bob Mould never projected Kurt Cobain's bombed-out soul, and his guitar dazzle wasn't bizarre or egotistical enough to dumbfound the benighted. Maybe failure frustrated him. After the band disintegrated in 1988, he proceeded to bare his soul in two tortured, overarranged solo albums—another rocker-turned-artiste.

So here out of nowhere comes Sugar, a maelstrom of a power trio led by none other than Bob Mould. Vocally and lyrically, ***Copper Blue*** (Rykodisc) confronts the pain of the world with Mould's characteristically confused, uniquely introspective rage and tunes that stick like honey, solos that flow like mad and a momentum that keeps on like the life force itself. If the malls still aren't ready for it, maybe you are.

A similar, if more calculated, rush comes off ***Going Blank Again*** (Sire), the third album by Manchester's dance-rock-identified Ride. Where once they favored beatwise, atmospheric guitar washes, here they excavate the universal rock-and-roll fakebook. You'll almost recognize most of the riffs, and you'll enjoy the electronic textures they're dressed in.

FAST CUTS: Stacy Dean Campbell, ***Lonesome Wins Again*** (Columbia): The simplest country album in years—and if you give it a chance, the most winning.

Dennis Robbins, ***Man with a Plan*** (Giant): Another young Nashville cat—this one with a sense of humor and a fondness for rock and roll.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Earth, Wind & Fire *The Eternal Dance*	7	6	10	10	9
J. *We Are the Majority*	7	7	7	7	8
Rage Against the Machine	7	8	7	5	9
Sugar *Copper Blue*	8	6	9	4	7
Neil Young *Harvest Moon*	8	9	8	7	8

A HALF HOUR LATER YOU'RE HUNGRY AGAIN DEPARTMENT: **John Denver** played concerts in China and, for the first time, the government allowed tickets to be sold directly to the public. It seems the government likes Denver's environmental activities. We're relieved. We thought it was the music.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Donovan Leitch** and **Robert Downey, Jr.'s,** documentary about the 1992 presidential election, *The Last Party*, will be released any day, after parts of it appeared on MTV. Listen for music from the **Beastie Boys** and **Cypress Hill.** . . . **Doctor Dre** and **Ed Lover** of *Yo! MTV Raps* are making a movie, *Who's the Man?*, about two Harlem barbers who become cops. A who's who of hip-hop is in the cast. . . . Director **Penelope Spheeris,** who first made heavy-metal documentaries, then *Wayne's World*, is bringing the Beverly Hillbillies to the big screen. This is a step up? . . . The film bio of **Bessie Smith** starring **Queen Latifah** is on hold while shopping for another studio. MGM decided to pass on it. . . . *Born at the Right Time*, a PBS documentary on the music of **Paul Simon,** will air next month.

NEWSBREAKS: Ex-**Fleetwood Billy Burnette** has returned to his country roots for a solo LP. . . . When **R.E.M.** doesn't tour, they disappoint their fans, but they make their record company very happy. Why? Because then they don't take so long to get back into the studio. R.E.M. plans to record again this year before they tour. . . . Everyone can guess who the big winners were last summer on the concert tour circuit, from **Lollapalooza** to **Garth Brooks,** but who were the losers? **Hammer, Paula Abdul** and **Ringo.** . . . **Michael Jackson** and Garth Brooks (this is not a misprint, folks) make appearances on the **Eddie Murphy** album. In other Jackson news: As expected, his HBO concert last fall broke all previous money records. . . . **George Clinton** is one of the most frequently sampled musicians, and although he only occasionally gets paid for it, he has never encouraged any litigation. He hopes to make it easier in the future by assembling *Sample Some of Disc, Sample Some of Dat*—horn riffs, outtakes and rhythm tracks, so rap producers and dance club d.j.s will have ready-made source material. Clinton says he's doing it because legal disputes over sampling are "an effort to harm hip-hop." Yeah, George. . . . Apparently **Mick Jagger** has enough material left from *Wandering Spirit*—especially blues tracks—to consider putting out another solo LP very soon. . . . The **Red Hot Organization,** which produced *Red, Hot + Blue* and *Red, Hot + Dance*, says fasten your seat belts for *Red, Hot + Country*, coordinated by **Kathy Mattea.** . . . The revenge of the grunge people: Writer-director **Cameron Crowe** says that studio execs freaked when they saw **Matt Dillon's** clothes for the hit movie *Singles*. Now, you can go to a mall in Anywhere, USA and see people dressed exactly the same way. . . . Finally, what does **Alannah Myles** have to say about posing nude with a black stallion for the cover of her album *Rockinghorse*? "You're not really seeing any parts, just the illusion that there is a very white nude woman holding on to this enormously monstrous horse." Don't look for Freud here, she says. No sexual overtones, just a "woman of strength and vulnerability." Just horsing around, right?

—BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

DIRECTOR Rob Reiner's ***A Few Good Men*** (Columbia), adapted by Aaron Sorkin from his hit Broadway play, is dynamite on screen. Except for a midsection that lags a bit, the movie crackles along like a contemporary *Caine Mutiny*. The subject here is murder in a Marine barracks in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Tom Cruise plays the Navy lawyer assigned to defend two robotic leathernecks (James Marshall and Wolfgang Bodison) accused of killing a fellow Marine—a Hispanic who had leapfrogged the chain of command in begging for a transfer. In his performance as the brilliant but intimidated son of a famous trial lawyer, Cruise proves again that there's true grit behind his good looks. Demi Moore, as his skeptical associate in uniform, plays it straight, too, and there's hardly a hint of romance between them to muck up the risky business afoot. Kevin Bacon, Kiefer Sutherland and Kevin Pollak help to make the movie's case about military arrogance and self-righteousness. But the crux of it is Jack Nicholson's corrosive performance as Colonel Jessep, Guantanamo's commanding officer, who has his evil eye fixed on a job with the National Security Council. Nicholson projects Ollie North ethics and killer instinct, plus a bone-chilling presence sure to make him one of *A Few Good Men*'s aces at Oscar time. ¥¥¥¥

•

For his debut as a director, John Turturro co-authored (with Brandon Cole) the screenplay of ***Mac*** (Goldwyn) and also performs a labor of love in the title role. It's fiction about an ambitious carpenter named Vitelli, based on the life of Turturro's father back in the Fifties when he was a carpenter in Queens. *Mac* is unlikely to attract long lines at the box office, but it has the ring of truth as a bittersweet reminiscence about the American dream, Italian style. A family breaks up with hard feelings all around because Mac's two brothers (Carl Capotorto and Michael Badalucco) in the building business with him decide to go their separate ways. While womenfolk clearly occupy second place in this man's world, Katherine Borowitz, Turturro's real-life wife, exudes supportive warmth as Mac's loyal wife, Alice, and Ellen Barkin claims attention as the freethinking model who takes the straying brothers' side in the dispute. Turturro himself is premium grade, as usual, giving his all and then some in memoriam. ¥¥¥

•

There is almost too much happening in ***Used People*** (Fox), a busy, star-studded American comedy directed by Britain's Beeban Kidron, who made her leap to mainstream moviedom after last year's *Antonia and Jane*. Again, the screenplay (written by actor Todd Graff) mostly concerns women making do and taking a chance on love. An exemplary cast of actors is headed by Shirley MacLaine and Marcello Mastroianni—with MacLaine cast against type as a New York Jewish widow and Mastroianni as the determined widower who wants her to stop grieving and get involved. Both have brio to burn. Kathy Bates and Marcia Gay Harden also keep things interesting as MacLaine's bizarre, caterwauling daughters. Much more conventional are Jessica Tandy and Sylvia Sidney, two able veterans stuck with every senior citizen cliché in the book. If it had kept a cooler head and weren't wearing its heart on its sleeve, *Used People* would be a far better movie. ¥¥½

Nicholson, Cruise in *Good Men*.

Two male sagas
and some
ladies' choices.

•

A genuinely disturbing Belgian film in French with subtitles, ***Man Bites Dog*** (Roxie) shook up audiences at the last New York Film Festival and won a Critics Prize at Cannes. The average American moviegoer, however inured to violence after *Rambo* and its ilk, is likely to shudder at this pseudodocumentary about a camera crew going from crime to crime with a remorseless, vain, wisecracking serial killer (Benoit Poelvoorde). The professed aim of director Rémy Belvaux and his co-authors is to mock the methods of so-called documentaries by turning their rigged vision of reality into a corrosive black comedy. In *Man Bites Dog*, the camera dispassionately records a child murder, brutal slayings of all kinds and the dumping of victims' bodies. Finally, the director and crew even assist the killer in a vicious, graphic rape and double murder, first forcing the husband to watch his wife being violated. Shot in grainy black and white, this cinematic Grand Guignol gives evil a cruelly funny face, though the film's questionable premise may just be exploitation in disguise. ¥¥

•

Pro-choice advocates will cheer and their pro-life opponents will rail against ***Rain Without Thunder*** (Taz Pictures), a fiercely polemical dramatization of what the future might hold if abortion were banned by constitutional amendment. Set in the year 2042, 20 years after abortion has been criminalized, a mother and her daughter (Betty Buckley and Ali Thomas) are clapped into prison for traveling to a Swedish clinic where the girl terminated her pregnancy. In self-defense, even her former beau (Steve Zahn) and father of her unborn child gives evidence to the prosecution. Their test case is debated pro and con in a series of testimonies by such performers as Jeff Daniels, Frederic Forrest, Linda Hunt and Robert Earl Jones, all working more for the sake of argument than for money in a chilling one-sided treatise. Unequivocally more thematic than theatrical, the movie takes its title from a quote by Frederick Douglass—his admonition that wanting freedom without confrontation is like wanting rain "without thunder and lightning." We'll second that. ¥¥½

•

Cinematically spectacular and erotically supercharged, ***Bram Stoker's Dracula*** (Columbia) is a big, messy movie that many a film buff will want to see. Francis Ford Coppola directed, pulling out all the stops in terms of splashy special effects, nudity and over-the-top acting stints—especially by Gary Oldman as Dracula and Anthony Hopkins as Dr. Van Helsing, the vampire hunter. Winona Ryder and Britain's Sadie Frost are fine as the genteel, sexually repressed young ghouls who get off on bloodsucking. Declining to perform an autopsy, Hopkins quips of Frost's undead Lucy, "I just want to cut off her head and take out her heart." Sometimes campy, as if he were spoofing Stoker, but switching gears too often to be taken seriously, Coppola has unearthed a garbled gothic melodrama. ¥¥½

•

The dancing is delightful in ***Strictly Ballroom*** (Miramax), a minor treat from Australian director Baz Luhrmann. Fred

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Lovitz after leaving *SNL*.

OFF CAMERA

Who knows what to believe? Comic actor **Jon Lovitz,** who played the Liar and Annoying Man during his five-year stint on *Saturday Night Live*, used to claim he was married to Morgan Fairchild. He wasn't, but she called and took him to dinner. So he says. Nowadays he gives the lie to another misconception: "People just assume that because you're on *SNL*, you'll have a movie career. It's not true." The truth is, Lovitz was a base stealer in every scene he had as Ernie the baseball scout in *A League of Their Own*. Overall, he has made a dozen films since 1986 and will soon be back on-screen in *National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1*, a spoof of the *Lethal Weapon* movies. Lovitz plays an outright parody of the Joe Pesci role—a part originally written for Lovitz. You with us?

Lovitz grew up in the L.A. area and is 35 but tells interviewers he's 72, or 93. Early on, he decided he'd have to choose between acting and baseball. "And I wasn't a very good player." Asked if he's ever gone into therapy, he admits, "Yeah, I did, but it's a hard way to make a living. I opened up a therapy place for animals . . . and started with my own dog. He'd clam up on me." Now famous and sought after, he scoffs at the adage that a funny guy always makes out better than one who looks like a sheik. "The idea that women, if asked, say that what's most important about a man is his sense of humor is the biggest bunch of horseshit I've ever heard." As documentation, Lovitz points out he has done one nude scene—"for *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, with Kim Basinger. Then Kim insisted it be cut because, she said, 'He's so beautiful in the nude that no one will look at me.'" Yeah, that's the ticket, Jon.

and Ginger usually had snappier dialog—for that matter, so did John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever*. But their plots made no more sense, and cornball theatrics seldom slow up a musical. As the hottest contender in a regional ballroom competition, Paul Mercurio steps lively, paired with Tara Morice as the hopeful plain Jane who takes off her glasses and turns out to be his ideal partner. Mercurio is a major dancing star down under, and you will see why; he is a pretty good actor as well. Playing a rebel hoofer full of mercurial energy, Mercurio is definitely something to see. ¥¥

•

Spike Lee's ***Malcolm X*** (Warner) cunningly deflects criticism with the implied message that if you're of the wrong creed or color, you probably won't accept it. "I charge the white man," the narration begins, listing accusations that include virtually every known crime against humanity. In his stylized epic, rather loosely based on Alex Haley's *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, Lee was wise to pick Denzel Washington for the title role. Washington's commanding performance bolsters the movie's aim to sanitize and deify the man—from his early years as a thief and pimp to his conversion to Islam in prison to his tumultuous career as a disciple of Elijah Muhammad. Doggedly preachy, the movie ends after Malcolm X's 1965 assassination. Meanwhile, Muslim fundamentalist sermons alternate with harangues for black separatism. "The only thing I like integrated is my coffee," says Malcolm, adding milk to his cup. He mellows in time, but the three-hour-and-21-minute movie meanders, pushing hard as a fierce paean to black pride while backing and filling to keep the mixed mass audience from going home mad. ¥¥¥

•

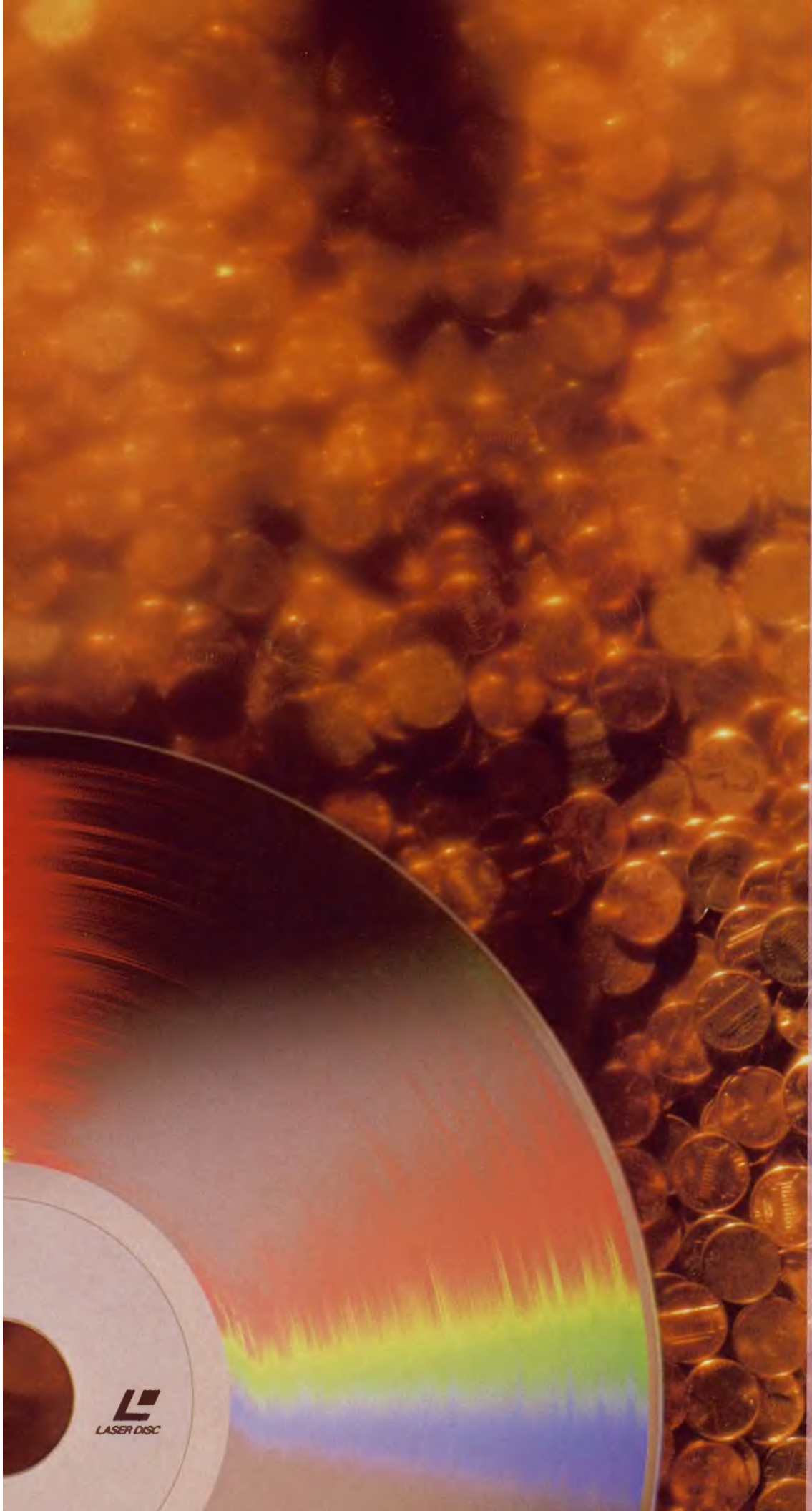
Mel Gibson's screen presence gives a needed lift to ***Forever Young*** (Warner). He winningly plays a daredevil test pilot who in 1939 volunteers to be fast-frozen by a scientific pal (George Wendt) working on a secret experiment in cryogenics. Mel decides, Hell, why not? when the girl he loves (Isabel Glasser) becomes comatose after a hit-run accident. The rest is romantic fluff, resuming when Gibson is thawed more than 50 years later, having been frozen and forgotten until 1992. His encounters with Jamie Lee Curtis as a young mother and her fatherless son (Elijah Wood) trigger several unpredictable plot twists. Many others, however, are entirely foreseeable, further handicapped by heart-tugging sentimentality—evidently the product of a writer's brain that's been on ice for several decades as well. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Aladdin (Listed only) A genius as the genie, Robin Williams makes animation seem adult. ¥¥¥½
The Bachelor (Reviewed 1/93) Keith Carradine doesn't get the girl. ¥¥¥
Bad Lieutenant (12/92) Redemption is sin-deep for Harvey Keitel. ¥¥¥
Bram Stoker's Dracula (See review) More like Coppola's—his vampires are sexy but not so coherent. ¥¥½
The Crying Game (1/93) Love bombs out for an Irish terrorist. ¥¥¥½
Damage (1/93) True to the book but not much else, Irons wrecks family values with the wrong woman. ¥¥¥¥
Ethan Frome (12/92) Liam Neeson as that celebrated philanderer. ¥¥¥
A Few Good Men (See review) Fine courtroom drama with Nicholson, Cruise and accused Marines. ¥¥¥¥
Forever Young (See review) Mel Gibson comes out of cold storage. ¥¥
Hugh Hefner: Once Upon a Time (1/93) The fascinating life and times of Mr. Playboy. ¥¥¥½
Indochine (1/93) History made easy by lovely Catherine Deneuve. ¥¥½
Intervista (1/93) Irresistible if you're already a Fellini buff. ¥¥¥¥
In the Soup (1/93) The cinemaniac to watch is Seymour Cassel. ¥¥½
The Last of the Mohicans (12/92) Settlers, Indian wars and Daniel Day-Lewis in superstar form. ¥¥¥¥
The Lover (11/92) A French nymphet comes of age gracefully. ¥¥¥½
Mac (See review) Turturro stars and directs his own family saga. ¥¥¥
Malcolm X (See review) Black pride by Washington and Lee. ¥¥¥
Man Bites Dog (See review) Pseudodocumentary without a muzzle. ¥¥
Painting the Town (1/93) Confessions of a dedicated party crasher. ¥¥
Peter's Friends (1/93) A holiday weekend with very brash Brits. ¥¥¥
Rain Without Thunder (See review) If abortion became a crime. . . . ¥¥½
Reservoir Dogs (12/92) High death toll on a classic caper. ¥¥¥½
A River Runs Through It (11/92) Redford's fish story measures up. ¥¥¥¥
Strictly Ballroom (See review) A danceathon down under. ¥¥
Under Siege (1/93) Excitement at sea with Steven Seagal. ¥¥¥½
Used People (See review) Widows, weirdos and women in love. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it



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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Country singer **Randy Travis** has three VCRs—one on his tour bus, one back in Nashville and one at his vacation home on Maui (where the Grammy winner likes to settle in with his wife, Lib, and catch up on flicks such as *Little Man Tate*, *Airplane!* and *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*). Still, Travis does most of his vid viewing on the road. "After a show I'll have a bite and watch a tape while we're riding to the next town." His favorite in-transit tapes: old TV shows—namely, his own country favorites, *Bonanza* and *The Andy Griffith Show*. "One year the guys in the band gave me a set of all the *Andy Griffiths* as a Christmas present. I used to watch it as a kid—the writing was wonderful and the show had good morals. Parents could learn from the way Andy handled Opie." —LINDA KONNER

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Antonia and Jane: Women friends irk each other in grass-is-always-greener Brit comedy with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves. Catty but nice.

Night on Earth: Director Jim Jarmusch zeroes in on five taxi trips in five cities. The best: Roberto Benigni as a Roman cabbie confessing carnal sins in transit.

Passed Away: A family death sets up the gags in an all-star wake with Bob Hoskins, Tim Curry, Pamela Reed and other tongue-in-cheek mourners.

Period of Adjustment: Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton and Tony Franciosa work out marital woes in a lightweight, tender-loving 1962 comedy, based on a play by Tennessee Williams, of all people.

Strangers in Good Company: Older women you've never heard of star in Cynthia Scott's funny, lovely, young-at-heart gem about a bus marooned in the Canadian wilds. A charmer. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

NFL ON THE VCR

Can't wait for Super Sunday? Tackle the latest from Polygram/NFL Films:

Master Blasters: Zooms in on the game's grunting, hard-hitting defense. Best blasts from the past: the lethal blows of the Fifties, when head slaps, spearing (helmet ramming), clotheslining (forearm blows to the throat) and crackbacks (vicious blocks to the knees) were legal.

Talk of the NFL: What They're Really Saying: Wireless mikes eavesdrop on huddles, sideline psych-outs and tirades in the trenches. So what are they saying? Mostly it's just, "Let's kick ass!"

NFL Country: NFL meets C&W with pigskin clips set to ditties such as the Kentucky Headhunters' *Walk Softly on This Heart of Mine*. For the MTV crowd, there's ***NFL Rocks,*** with songs by Mellencamp, Bon Jovi and Elton. (Lowest blow: In one *Rocks* clip, a mascot kicks another smack between his goalposts. Ouch.)

NFL Kids: A Field of Dreams: Four kids wish upon an NFL star and wake up on a football field with Bengal Boomer Esiason, Cowboy Michael Irvin, Raider Ronnie Lott and Chief Christian Okoye. Must-see for ten-year-old dreamers.

Pro Football's Hottest Cheerleaders: Get up close and personal with the game's prettiest personnel—from squad tryouts to sizzling calendar photo sessions. (At presstime, though NFL brass had OK'd the vid, they were withholding use of its logo. Boo, hiss!) —GARY A. WEINSTEIN *(All tapes available from Polygram Video, 800-*NFL-TAPE*.)*

VIDEO LIMITS

Face it, TV's *The Outer Limits* always lived in the sf shadow of *The Twilight Zone*. Not anymore, thanks to a bountiful *OL* collection from MGM/UA ($12.98 each).

Galaxy Being: Cliff Robertson makes contact with friendly alien, then the townsfolk get dysfunctional. Vintage Cliff.

Soldier: Violent warrior from future discovers love and other warm fuzzies in suburbia. Script by Harlan Ellison.

The Inheritors: Four wounded U.S. soldiers get superhuman smarts, then build a spacecraft—though none of them knows why. Stars young Robert Duvall.

The Invisibles: Twisted government men worship disgusting creatures and want the world to do the same. Unnerving script. Celeb lookout: Richard Dawson.

Nightmare: Six intergalactic soldiers are taken prisoner on planet Ebon, then put through bizarre alien tortures. Paranoid and creepy; Martin Sheen stars.

The Man with the Power: Milquetoast prof (Donald Pleasence) develops cosmic extrasensory powers, but emotional overload undoes him. Great special effects.

The Guests: Drifter wanders into spooky roadside mansion, finding out-of-time weirdos and alien brain in attic. With Gloria Grahame.

A Feasibility Study: Aliens kidnap entire Beverly Hills neighborhood for slave labor. It should only happen.

—REED KIRK RAHLMANN

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Eyes on the Prize: First six tapes from the 14-hour history of the civil rights movement. Also available on laser disc (PBS, $19.95 each).

True North: Aerial and time-lapse photography celebrate nature's masterpieces, from glaciers to forests to the aurora borealis (Miramar, $19.95).

Gourmet Vietnamese Cuisine: Six vid recipes, courtesy of chef Rosalie Nguyen of New England's La Maison Indochine. Delectable (Tour du Monde, $29.95 each).

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FUNNY VALENTINES	***Death Becomes Her*** (Streep and Hawn in black magic catfight for Willis; wicked visuals, awesome Isabella Rossellini); ***The Graduate*** (25th-anniversary release of she's-old-enough-to-be-your-mom high comedy; tape's extras: Q&A with Dustin and new *Mrs. Robinson* by the Lemonheads).
LETHAL VALENTINES	***Raising Cain*** (John Lithgow torments wife with help from psychotic sibs; over-the-top DePalma); ***Unlawful Entry*** (crazy cop Ray Liotta stalks Kurt Russell's old lady; eerie); ***Othello*** (Shakespeare's lustful, distrustful Maor—in Orsan Welles' long-lost 1952 version).
BITCHY VALENTINES	***Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me*** (Lynch revisits Laura Palmer; sexier and nastier than TV show); ***Single White Female*** (Jennifer Jason Leigh is Bridget Fonda's roomie from hell; weirdest rewind: the blow-job scene); ***Poison Ivy*** (Drew Barrymore as a scheming Lolita; rated and unrated versions).
FRENCH VALENTINES	On disc: ***Les Biches*** (Chabrol's 1968 St.-Trapez love triangle; letterboxed by Lumivision); from Voyager: ***La Cage aux Folles*** (the boy-meets-boy classic, with new subtitles as well as an English sound track) and ***Breathless*** (ace transfer of Godard's 1960 Parisian romp; Seberg is still, well, breathless).

STYLE

THE URBAN SKIER

By dumping the blinding colors and flashy styles of seasons past, skiwear designers have opened up new terrain—the city streets. One item that's making its mark on and off the slopes is Obermeyer's steel-blue-and-black Copenhagen parka ($310). Although it is relatively lightweight, the Copenhagen features a high-tech lining called DuPont Thermoloft, which maximizes warmth. The Men's Work Jacket by the North Face (shown here) also has a lightweight look, but it's warm, rugged and the perfect complement to black ski pants or jeans ($385). Looking for something more versatile? Spyder offers a one-piece ski suit, the Combust, which zips apart at the waist so you can wear the jacket and pants separately ($798). And many of the ski jackets from Columbia Sportswear feature zip-out linings sturdy enough to be worn on their own—we like the Moraine, a parka that's actually four jackets in one ($200). Finally, if you really want to turn heads, check out the Action—a funky striped pullover from Bogner's new Fire and Ice collection ($230).

HOT SHOPPING: TORONTO

That most cosmopolitan Canadian city, Toronto, offers miles of spending opportunities. We suggest you begin in the Bloor-Yorkville area with these hot spots. Holt Renfrew (50 Bloor Street West): For 70 years this store has stocked its own line of sportswear, as well as the latest designer looks. • Harry Rosen (82 Bloor Street West): A Canadian institution that's noted for its suits. • Classica Uomo (150 Bloor Street West): Sportswear galore that's priced across the board. • Marc Laurent (110 Bloor Street West): Great European designer threads. • Roots (195 Avenue Road): Lots of leather, denim and hip sportswear. • Acrobat (1221 Bay Street): A top food stop for the suit-and-tie crowd.

CLOTHES LINE

How does **Carl Weathers,** movie producer and star of the syndicated TV series *Street Justice,* strike a working balance between the wardrobe demands of his two Hollywood roles? "My Armani suit," he says. "It's so versatile. It can be both casual and formal, so I get a lot of mileage out of it." Weathers says he prefers double-breasted jackets because they give him a "longer, leaner look." He also likes jeans with oversized printed shirts from Men Go Silk, and durable, stylish shoes by Bennis Edwards and Salvatore Ferragamo. Finally, to complete his career-balancing act, Weathers says he likes to wear lots of fun colors "to capture the pizzazz of dressing."

BACK IN THE U.S.A.

Like some of the bands that made this style famous in the Sixties, the Beatles boot is enjoying a revival. Originally black leather, ankle-high and seriously pointed at the toe, the boot has been updated for spring by some top names in footwear. Na Na Shoes offers a leather Beatle boot with a stacked heel, elastic side gussets and a subtly pointed toe ($100). To Boot's version comes in polished calf leather with tapered toe and elastic side gores ($195). Cole Haan's is made of woven leather with a square toe and removable strap ($285). Church's English Shoes has an ankle boot featuring a jodhpur buckle on the side ($250). And J.M. Weston's suede, round-toed paddock boot ($660) is as timeless as the Fab Four.

SCENTUAL SCENTS FOR HER

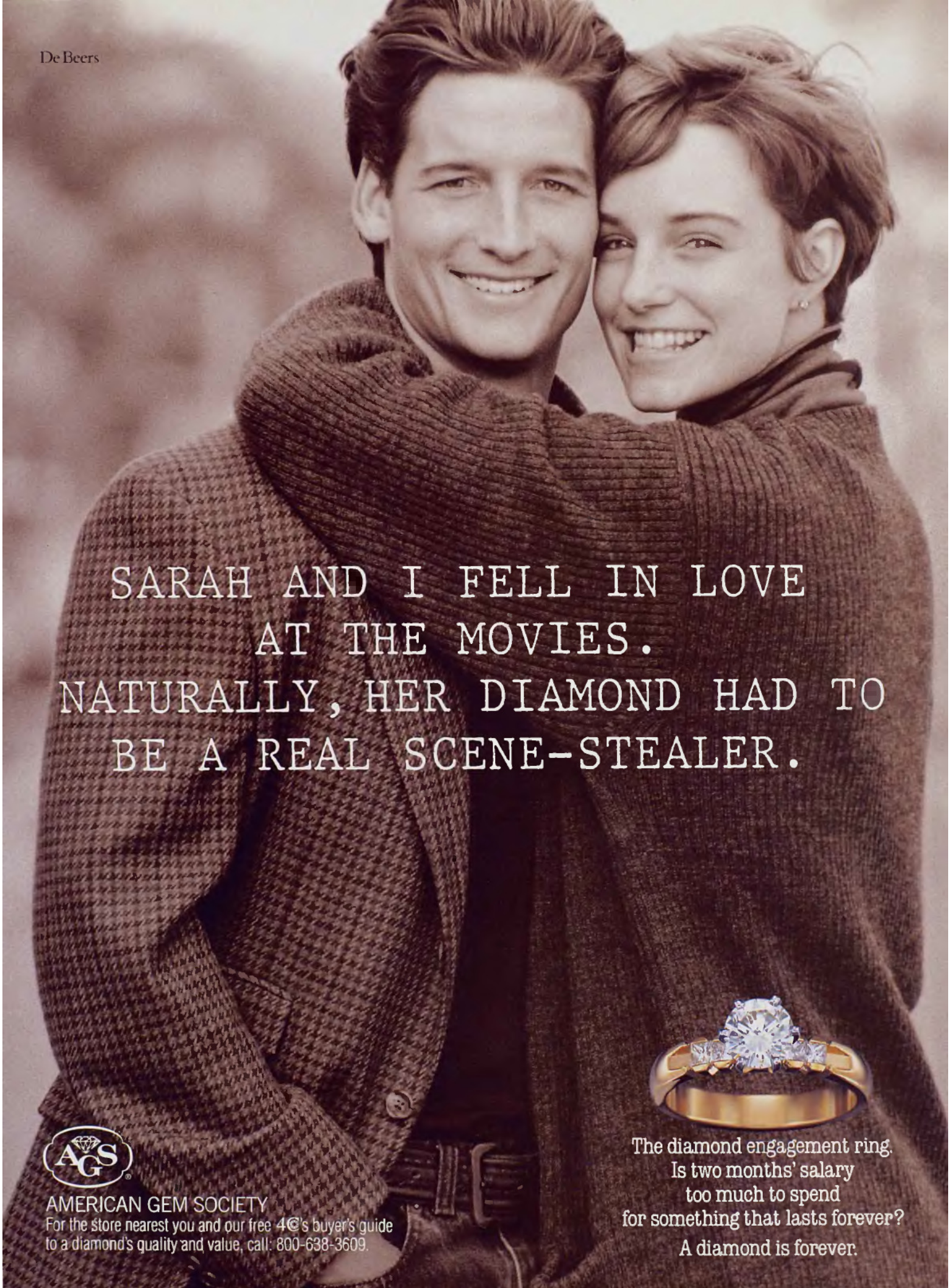
Don't overdo originality on your Valentine Day gift—give her perfume. It's one of the few gifts that you'll enjoy just as much as she does. Here are some sensational choices. Coco: The latest edition of the Chanel collection combines spicy, woodsy and floral notes. . . . Dune: This powdery, feminine fragrance is the newest from Christian Dior. . . . Escape: Calvin Klein compares this fruity, floral fragrance to a spontaneous kiss. . . . Guess: A clean, sexy, citrusy scent with spicy, floral undertones. . . . Safari: This floral scent from Ralph Lauren comes in a beautiful hand-cut crystal bottle. . . . Giò: Just out from Giorgio Armani, Giò is a floral bouquet that's as refined as the designer's fashions. Most of our chosen fragrances cost about $40 for the spray and well over $100 for a half ounce of perfume. But that's nothing. If you really want to splurge, get her the $3500 limited-edition V'E Versace, a floral blend from Gianni Versace, which comes bottled in hand-carved Baccarat crystal. Just make sure she sees the receipt.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

WORKOUT CLOTHES	IN	OUT
TOPS	Baggy, wide-neck sweatshirts; mesh and jersey tops in team colors; retro baseball shirts	Cutoff T-shirts; neon colors; reversibles left over from high school
BOTTOMS	Long, oversized shorts; fitted sweatpants in classic colors such as black, gray and white	Skintight bicycle pants or shorts; baggy, plastic-looking suits; loud colors; bold prints
FOOTWEAR	Cross trainers; black high tops; sports sandals; solid white sweat socks	Tennis low tops worn to the gym; overly detailed leather sneakers; slouchy, colorful socks

Where & How to Buy on page 157.


De Beers
SARAH AND I FELL IN LOVE
AT THE MOVIES.
NATURALLY, HER DIAMOND HAD TO
BE A REAL SCENE-STEALER.
AGS
AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY
For the store nearest you and our free 4©'s buyer's guide
to a diamond's quality and value, call: 800-638-3609.
The diamond engagement ring.
Is two months' salary
too much to spend
for something that lasts forever?
A diamond is forever.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

SINCE THAT FIRST Egyptian scribbled on papyrus, books haven't changed much. But now there's a movement afoot to replace (or perhaps augment) that package of pages full of printed text with glowing screens, computer diskettes and CD-ROMs. Like latter-day Luddites, some booklovers rail against this corruption. Computer nerds keep grinning at their VDTs, confident that the future belongs to them.

To see what lies over the horizon on this latest literary front, we decided to explore the brave new world of electrobooks. The horizon, it turns out, is no farther away than your nearest Tower Records, where Aldous Huxley's classic ***Brave New World*** is available as a Voyager Expanded Book. On the same disk are his ***Brave New World Revisited*** and ***Island,*** and Neil Postman's jeremiad on the evils of TV, ***Amusing Ourselves to Death.*** Also in this electronic format are Michael Crichton's ***Jurassic Park,*** Lewis Carroll's ***Alice in Wonderland*** (annotated by Martin Gardner), Oscar Wilde's ***Picture of Dorian Gray*** and two dozen other titles, both recent and classic.

Expanded Books are $19.95, which is less than the hardcover cost of their tree-killing cousins. The bad news is that you need a computer to read them. In this case, the computer of choice is an Apple portable Powerbook, though they will run on any Macintosh computer with a hard-disk drive and a 13-inch or larger monitor, a system that retails at about $2500. Get past the financial hurdle and the fun begins.

The actual reading feels a bit awkward at first. Even computer users accustomed to reading text blocks while working with a word processing program will find the idea of "paging" through a novel on a backlit LCD disconcerting. But the ability to change the typeface of the text you are reading—or even more important, the ability to enlarge it—is a pleasant surprise.

The major benefit of these electronic editions is the flexibility to interact with the text on many levels by using annotation tools that are especially useful to students. You can "dog-ear" pages, mark passages with lines in the margin and with underlining in the text or "paperclip" pages—just as you might do with a printed book. Additionally, you can type your own extensive notes in the margins, copy quotes into a notebook with a click of the mouse or read experts' annotations on different passages, such as those Gardner prepared for the *Alice* book.

Another useful feature of Voyager's computer-based texts is the ability to find all occurrences of any word or phrase in the text or margin notes. For example, if you were halfway through a novel and could not remember the background of a character, you could click to his earlier appearances in the story and then continue reading.

Computer nerds explore the literary front.

The brave new world of electronic books is as close as the nearest Tower Records.

The electronic version of *Jurassic Park* allows you to conjure up pictures of dinosaurs on-screen with sound effects of the growls and roars they may have made. This hints—deliberately, I suspect—at the multimedia potential for creating "books" that are not limited to words on a page. Are you ready to take on Stephen King with visuals and sound effects?

A large student population is currently the most likely market for electronic editions because many students are already carrying laptop computers such as the Powerbook to make class notes. Also, the annotation tools are excellent for close analysis of text. Quite logically, Voyager has made an arrangement to create electronic editions of the Random House Modern Library classics, and the first ten titles are already available.

By comparison, Sony's entry in the electronic publishing area is modest. The DD-10EXB Data Discman player has a tiny screen and currently only three titles with audio features available: Grolier's ***Electronic Encyclopedia,*** Passport's ***World Travel Translator*** and Ira Levin's ***Sliver.*** The Data Discman is light, compact and less than half the cost of the Powerbook. But even with its handy automatic page turner, it is still a slow and clumsy way to read a novel. This unit is much more effective for information retrieval, which is the service emphasized in its 35 nonaudio electronic books. The Sony disc format holds the equivalent of 100,000 pages of text and graphics.

The simultaneous text-and-audio feature of the Discman makes it a useful tool for literacy and an excellent language guide. In the *World Travel Translator*, phrases in eight languages, including Japanese and Danish, are provided in written form and pronounced by a native speaker. To practice your own accent, you can have the phrase repeated as often as wanted by pushing a button. There is potential for software development in this convenient hand-held unit, which Sony needs to consider. It is more likely it will concentrate on the newly released Multimedia CD-ROM Bookman, which can display video, text, graphics and audio simultaneously. But we don't see anything particularly bookish about this Bookman.

As the cost of ink-and-paper publishing rises and the ecological damage to forests increases, we will all be reading electronic versions of at least some of our newspapers, magazines and books in the future. One company, Booklink, is developing a device about the size of a notebook that will accept magnetically encoded text from a credit-card-sized storage device. To buy books, readers would simply insert their cards into vending machines in bookstores.

Beyond convenience and cost cutting, there is also provocative potential for creativity in electronic books. The most exhilarating possibilities available right now are The Illuminated Books and Manuscripts from And Communications. But at a total hardware-software cost of about $8000, they are too expensive. Sold to schools by IBM, this dazzlingly imaginative package includes five documents—such as *Hamlet*, the Declaration of Independence and Martin Luther King's *Letter from Birmingham Jail*—and "illuminates" each of them with analysis, commentary and annotation of every sort. You can explore the linguistic, historical, artistic, social and philosophical aspects of these documents with simple interactive tools that use text, video and audio. We are quick to point out that the thinking processes are the same as those available to Shakespeare, but this technological enhancement of the reading experience is, in the vernacular, awesome.

MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

THE LOVE-HATE LIST

We'd like to have a drink with . . .

Garry Shandling. (Because *The Larry Sanders Show* is the smartest half hour on TV.)

Steven Meisel. (He knows what really went on behind the scenes of Madonna's *Sex* book.)

We'd cross the street to avoid . . .

Jackson Browne. (Don't preach about world peace unless you can keep the peace in your living room first.)

Sinéad O'Connor. (She's giving bald women a bad name.)

DAN PICASSO

HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT . . .

Some grumps call them male bashing. We say lighten up. Dumb-men jokes are funny. In fact, since real men can take a joke, here are a few of our favorites:

Why are dumb-blonde jokes one-liners? *So men can understand them.*

What's the difference between government bonds and men? *Bonds mature.*

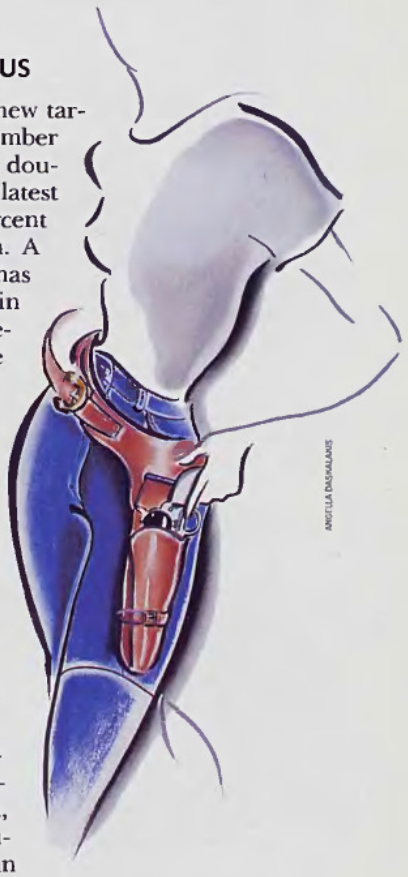
How can you force a man to do sit-ups? *Tape the remote control to his feet.*

How many men does it take to fix a faucet? *Two. One to get the Yellow Pages, one to dial the phone.*

Why did NASA recruit female astronauts? *In case the crew gets lost in space, someone will be there to ask directions.*

ARMED AND DANGEROUS

Gunmakers have isolated a new target audience: women. The number of women who own guns has doubled in the past ten years; the latest figures show that over 20 percent of all gun owners are women. A new magazine, *Women & Guns*, has seen its circulation double in the past year. Gun advertisements aimed at women are popping up in the most unlikely places, including the venerable *Ladies' Home Journal*.



ANGELLA DASKALAKIS

DAD DID IT

You remember the images from men's movement gatherings: men baying at the moon, reciting tribal chants and weeping—all because they felt neglected by their fathers. The men's movement has lately received some unlikely company in the Bash Dad department. In a forthcoming book, *The Father–Daughter Dance*, authors Barbara Goulter and Joan Minninger cite the absence of the father during childhood as a key source of feminist anger. Goulter and Minninger see a special significance in the personal histories of several pillars of the women's movement. Both Germaine Greer and Susan Sontag wrote seminal works in the Seventies; both grew up father deprived. More recently, Greer penned *Daddy, We Hardly Knew You*, detailing her search into her father's background. Gloria Steinem and Kate Millett also produced tomes that revealed much about their early abandonment by their fathers. "Perhaps it was true that for all their theories about the oppressiveness of the male presence," write the authors, "what had always been driving Germaine and Susan and Kate, and maybe a lot of other women, too, was really the oppressiveness of the male absence."

VALENTINE DAY QUIZ

Psychologists at the University of Washington recently devised a simple questionnaire that predicts—with a 94 percent degree of accuracy—whether or not newlyweds will be headed for divorce court. The determining factor, it seems, is the extent of the husband's satisfaction with the marriage. In light of this finding, and in honor of Valentine Day, we developed our own take-home test of true love. Just agree or disagree with the following statements:

(1) I don't mind switching from the *Three Stooges Fest* to *Masterpiece Theater*.

(2) It's not spaghetti, it's pasta.

(3) I love it when she comes to bed smothered in retin-A.

(4) It's easy for me to say, "I think that blow jobs are yucky, too."

(5) One word: coasters.

(6) Calls at work about what to have for dinner are relaxing.

(7) I pity the way my friends have mindless one-night stands.

(8) Saturday mornings were meant for housecleaning.

(9) My buddies are sex-obsessed boors.

(10) I never knew I could get such a close shave with a peach-colored Ladybug.

If you agree with:

0 to 2 statements: Mike Tyson has a better shot at getting a date.

3 to 5 statements: Lonely nights ahead.

6 to 8 statements: Break out the hair gel and check your Master Card limit: Heavy dating is in your future.

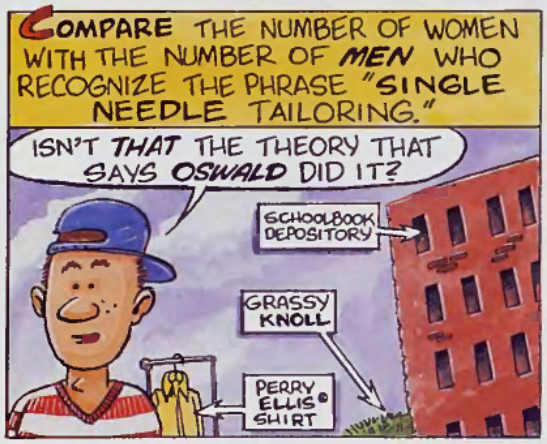
9 to 10 statements: You're in love! Don't panic—so were Woody and Mia and they got over it.

HOT WHEELS

The new Chrysler LH cars are hot, and they say something terrific about American creativity and tenacity. The cars are good—no excuses needed. They drive right and they're full of thoughtful touches. Plus, they're man-size inside. A round of applause for Mr. Iacocca's closing act.

REAL MEN GO TWO-DIMENSIONAL

Take heart, slackers, you have not been forgotten. A new comic strip by Jim Ryan details the lives of three young and distinctly nonyuppie bachelors. This is not *Terry and the Pirates*. One character, Weasel (whom Ryan describes as "edgy, with a bad attitude"), works the copy machine in the bowels of a large corporation. Another character, Hank, "mostly watches TV right now," but Ryan claims Hank earns some money hanging drywall. And Sam, the star of the strip, has a job where he's obligated to wear a tie, "but only because the company is trying to delude its employees that they are making a living wage." Ryan says, "I wanted to play off some of the stereotypes, like the idea that men don't talk about their feelings. You can't get some guys to shut up about their feelings." The world of *Guy Stuff* naturally includes a lot of stuff: Ryan periodically interjects advertisements from the strip's fictional sponsors. One of our favorites is Nosigar, the second-rate razor for those days when you don't need to be "girlfriend close."


COMPARE THE NUMBER OF WOMEN WITH THE NUMBER OF MEN WHO RECOGNIZE THE PHRASE "SINGLE NEEDLE TAILORING."
ISN'T THAT THE THEORY THAT SAYS OSWALD DID IT?
SCHOOLBOOK DEPOSITORY
GRASSY KNOLL
PERRY ELLIS® SHIRT

PAMELA HOBBS

LIP SERVICE

"I've always suspected that women had richer, wilder fantasies than men. I must also add that I found them more capable of abandoning themselves more completely than men. In a good, healthy sense I would say, to use an old-fashioned word, that they are more shameless than men."

—HENRY MILLER

"One of the things that we know historically and biologically is that males are designed to be relatively irresponsible."

—REPRESENTATIVE NEWT GINGRICH

"Being a man doesn't make you a better [pool] player. You should have seen me with my newborn changing diapers. Just because I was a woman didn't make that easier."

—EWA MATAYA, THE WORLD'S TOP-RATED FEMALE POOL PLAYER

"If the kind of sex we saw in the movies happened every day, who would go to the movies?"

—BRAD MIRMAN, SCREENWRITER OF *Body of Evidence*

"Comparatively few fathers are committed to their children in the way that most women are. When men feel guilty, it is more often as husbands who do not do enough to help their wives than as fathers who do not do enough with their children."

—PENELOPE LEACH, PSYCHOLOGIST

WHERE DO YOU STAND ON ABORTION, WOMEN IN COMBAT AND GUN CONTROL?

NOW YOU CAN TAKE PART IN A *MANTRACK* PHONE SURVEY

Has a pollster ever asked *you* a question? Have you ever read the results of a nationwide survey and wondered, "Who answers these questions? That's not what *I* think at all." *Mantrack* wants to give you an opportunity to voice your opinion. Starting this month, we'll be asking your views on some important subjects. To give us your answers, call 900-896-8722—the cost is only 75 cents per minute—and Playmates will tell you how to register your opinion. You must be 18 years or older to call and must have a touchtone phone. (The average length of each call is three minutes.) PLAYBOY operates the *Mantrack* Survey Line as a service to readers, and the price is low to give you an easy, inexpensive way to sound off. We'll publish the results, along with new questions, in subsequent issues.

This month's survey covers abortion, women in combat and gun control. Here are some of the questions you'll be answering when you call the *Mantrack* Survey Line:

ABORTION

(1) Under what circumstances do you believe that abortion should be legal? Should it be allowed on demand or only in circumstances such as rape, incest or when a mother's life is in danger? Or should it be illegal?

(2) Have you ever been in a relationship with a woman who decided to terminate a pregnancy by abortion? Were you in favor of this abortion?

(3) Should a man have some rights in determining whether his child is carried to term or aborted?

(4) Should RU-486, the French abortion pill, be made legally available in the United States?

WOMEN IN COMBAT

(1) In this month's *Mantrack*, former Los Angeles police chief Daryl Gates argues that women are fully qualified to serve in combat positions. Do you agree? If not, why do you think women should not be allowed in combat?

(2) Should women be required to register for the draft?

GUN CONTROL

(1) Should guns be legal? If you think gun control is needed, how stringent should it be?

(2) Do you own a gun?

(3) Have you ever been the victim of a crime involving a gun?

A Product of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Chicago, IL 60611

To the Rescue!

Shown smaller than actual size of 8¼" in diameter

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the Danbury Mint

Sparky® is a registered trademark of the National Fire Protection Association, Quincy, MA.

Sparky®

By Marty Roper

A numbered limited-edition collector plate trimmed with 23kt gold

Clang! Clang! Clang!... the bell sounds. This time, *Sparky's* determined—they'll just have to let him come along on the fire truck! So he dons his special hat and red bandana and grabs a fire hose, ready to race to the fire. But the firemen are nowhere to be found. Then *Sparky* realizes ...it's not a fire alarm... it's the twelve o'clock whistle. Time for lunch!

Now, award-winning animal portrait artist Marty Roper captures *Sparky's* unique character and spirit on a limited-edition porcelain collector plate. Roper's paintings reflect a genuine love for his canine companions.

A Limited Edition

Sparky is appearing on a collector plate for the first time and is available exclusively from the Danbury Mint. Each numbered plate will be trimmed with a band of 23kt gold and accompanied by a personalized Certificate of Authenticity. The edition will be limited to 75 firing days, and the price is just $26.95.

No Obligation—No Risk

You can acquire *Sparky* with our Guarantee of Satisfaction. You may return your plate within 30 days for replacement or refund.

The wonderful colors and lifelike detail found in Marty Roper's work make *Sparky* a collector's dream. To avoid delay, mail your order today!

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P.O. Box 4900
Norwalk, CT 06857

Please Reply Promptly

Limit: two plates per collector.

Please accept my reservation for ***"Sparky."*** I wish to reserve ___ (1 or 2) plate(s) at $26.95 each (plus $2.95 shipping and handling — total $29.90*).

Check One:
- ☐ My check or money order is enclosed.
- ☐ Charge my credit card upon shipment:
  - ☐ VISA
  - ☐ MasterCard
  - ☐ Discover
  - ☐ Am. Ex.

Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____
Please Print Clearly

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Name to Print on Certificate(s) of Authenticity (if different from above)

*Any applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment.

FDP

Allow 4 to 8 weeks for shipment.

05

GUEST OPINION
BY DARYL GATES

LET'S GIVE WOMEN SOLDIERS A CHANCE

The controversy over whether or not women in the military should be sent into battle reminds me of arguments waged 20 years ago within the Los Angeles Police Department. The thinking then was that women did have a place in police work but not in the rough-and-tumble streets of Los Angeles.

When I entered the Police Academy in 1949, there was, in addition to 80 male recruits, a group of 15 women. They carried guns with two-inch barrels in their purses, and when a few opted for guns with four-inch barrels, *strapped on*, we were impressed. Women were assigned to desks, juvenile division and women's jail, and they were used as decoys to catch rapists—but only if an army of male cops lurked nearby, ready to protect them.

I never believed they should do anything more—or be promoted any higher. I was sure they were not strong enough, tall enough or tough enough to be charged with apprehending dangerous suspects.

How I came by those attitudes still mystifies me. From the time I was six, my mother worked 13 hours every day, never once complaining or causing my brother and me to feel neglected. Such was her strength of character that she made us want to do what she wanted us to do. So how did I develop an attitude that women had their place?

I wasn't alone. Throughout the Fifties and most of the Sixties, not much budged. The women knew their place, we knew their place and nobody questioned it.

A discrimination suit that was filed against the LAPD in the Seventies plunged the department into turmoil. The suit bounced around in the courts for years, with Chief Ed Davis fighting it. "There are times of the month," Davis flatly declared, "when women just won't function."

After I succeeded Davis as chief in 1978, the court ruled in favor of women, noting that the LAPD's physical standards could not be justified to the court's satisfaction. I remember one in particular: Police officers had to be able to scale an eight-foot fence.

"Can all your male officers do that?" asked the judge.

"Well, no. Not all of them."

"And how often is a police officer required to scale an eight-foot fence?"

"Uh, not often."

Personally, I fought the changing of the physical standards. I wasn't opposed to women, I was opposed to short people. I believe a five-foot-ten, muscular male is a far more commanding presence than one five-feet-three. But I was stuck. I lowered the height requirement to five feet.

It didn't take long for women recruits to prove the obvious: Most can do what men do, and some do it better. This doesn't mean both sexes are physically equal. If you were to randomly select ten men and ten women recruits, you would probably find that seven or eight men would prevail physically, along with two or three women. But sheer physicality is not all that matters.

One night, officer Stacy Lim was driving her 4x4 home from work when she realized she was being followed. In the trailing car, unbeknownst to her, were four hard-core gang members ready to steal her truck. When she reached her driveway and got out, one of the men, brandishing a .357 magnum, walked up to her. Stacy warned him she was a police officer. The guy, no more than five feet away, shot her in the chest. The bullet nicked the lower portion of her heart, damaged her liver, destroyed her spleen and exited through the center of her back. With tremendous courage, she reached into the truck, grabbed her nine-millimeter service revolver off the seat and calmly fired back, the bullet hitting her assailant. He turned and ran. Incredibly, she fired three more rounds, killing him. She then collapsed. Despite the tremendous loss of blood and three cardiac arrests, Stacy Lim lived and was awarded the LAPD medal of valor.

A gun may be an equalizer. But it takes a certain amount of cool to know how to use one properly. Our women have proved over and over that they are just as action-oriented as men.

The LAPD now has 1200 female officers. They ride motorcycles, take on suspects in high-speed chases, shoot to kill when necessary and perform as bravely and tirelessly as any man.

Problems of sexual harassment do arise. I have always had very little tolerance for men sexually harassing women. If some guy pinched my butt, I'd turn around and slug him. I believe women should be able to say, "Pinch me again, buddy, I'll rap you across the mouth with my baton." That's the kind of action that male officers would relate to and support.

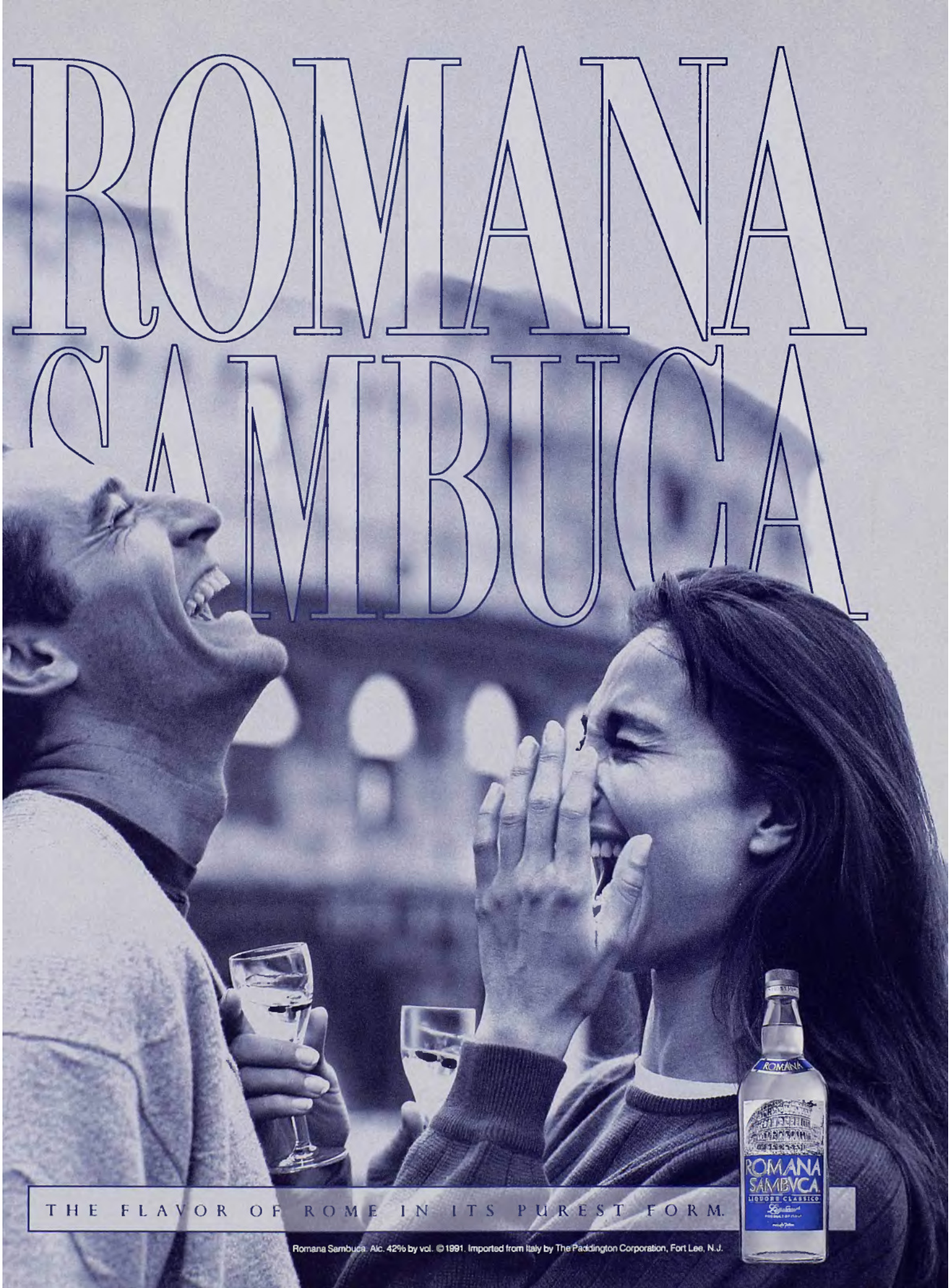
The military may face different problems in integrating its combat forces, but I find the derring-do platitudes of some generals sheer, unadulterated bullshit. Women have already proved that they can do almost any job and that some can do the job as well as, and often better than, some men.

Still, it's the military's job to win wars, and that must be the primary consideration. Women in the military, particularly in combat, require accommodation. That means more money and a more complicated organizational structure. But those are the only issues that need be considered. Believe me when I tell you women can be cool, calculating killing machines if that is their assignment. If women can be accommodated, the military should put them to work.

In the LAPD, we were a little inconvenienced when we brought in women. It cost more to train them and to put in extra bathrooms and showers. But what we gained in loyalty, commitment, dedication and smarts was well worth the expense.

 Daryl Gates is the former chief of the Los Angeles Police Department.

ROMANA SAMBUCA



THE FLAVOR OF ROME IN ITS PUREST FORM.

Romana Sambuca. Alc. 42% by vol. © 1991. Imported from Italy by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, N.J.

MEN

By ASA BABER

If you are an American male, chances are you have been called a misogynist at one time or another in your life.

The charge of misogyny has been around for years now, and it is never a comfortable one to have thrown at you. How do you defend against it? And what can you say to those who so self-righteously stick it to you?

The first time the accusation of misogyny popped up in my life was in 1969, when PLAYBOY published a short story of mine. I was proud of my publishing luck, and I took a friend of mine into a bookstore near the University of Hawaii to see my work in print in a national magazine.

She was shocked and disgusted. "You sexist pig," she said. "Any man who publishes in this magazine is a misogynist by definition." She then proceeded to tear up the magazine and scatter it across the bookstore floor.

OK, I confess: I knew she was pissed at me, but I had to look up the word to learn what it meant.

My dictionary defines a misogynist as "one who hates women." I consider it a valuable word, a necessary word, even if I do think it has been overused—and even if I think it cannot be fairly applied to me.

However, being the curious and troublemaking guy that I am, I often search through various dictionaries for misogyny's counterpart. What, I have wondered, is the word for those people who hate men? Does misogyny have a sister, and if so, what is her name?

The dictionaries I have checked define misogyny clearly and precisely. But, in most of them, misogyny's mate is harder to find.

Does this mean that our language is impoverished and politicized without our knowing it? Does it mean that men are left without a basic vocabulary for their own defense?

Fortunately, I met a man a couple of years ago who gave us some help. His name was Patrick M. Arnold. A Catholic priest, he wrote the book *Wildmen, Warriors & Kings: Masculine Spirituality and the Bible*, which came out in 1991.

The Greek word for misogyny's sister is "misandry," or man-hatred. Let me say that again: misandry.

What follows is the definition of misandry from Pat's book. Maybe one day it will be in *all* our dictionaries:

DARREN THOMPSON

MISOGYNY'S SISTER

> *Misandry* (mis'-an'-drē) *n.* hatred of men. (1) the attribution of negative qualities to the entire male gender. (2) the claim that masculinity is the source of human vices such as domination, violence, oppression and racism. (3) a sexist assumption that (a) male genes, hormones and physiology, or (b) male cultural nurturing produce war, rape and physical abuse. (4) the assignment of blame solely to men for humanity's historic evils without including women's responsibility or giving men credit for civilization's achievements. (5) the assumption that any male person is probably domineering, oppressive, violent, sexually abusive and spiritually immature.

As I read that definition, I recognized the truth of it. It made sense to me. And I realized how much I had needed that word to deal with some of the debates in my contentious world.

"Misandry is an ideological spin-off of extreme feminism," Pat wrote. "Its practice is by no means limited to women. Many men, full of self-hatred and guilt, also purvey it. Where it prevails, it presents a bizarre and Kafkaesque form of moral algebra to the males who live under it. Their very masculinity attaches to them a negative value. No matter how hard they try, no matter what they do to prove themselves, the best they can do is remove the 'minus' male sign and work themselves up to an even zero: inoffensive, harmless and acceptable."

Misandry lives, in other words.

That's just the way it is.

Now, at least, we have a more complete definition of it.

A question occurs, of course: When a man feels misandry's cold and clammy grip, what should he do about it?

I have some guidelines I use when misandry targets me:

(1) *When you see it and feel it, name it, at least to yourself.* The ultimate oppression is the oppression that has no name. When I'm in a lecture hall or TV studio or social situation where I feel misandry's perverted logic at work, I remind myself of what is happening. "Hello, misandry," I say. "I know what you are. I can name you now."

(2) *Denial sucks, so don't do it.* If people are placing a minus sign in front of me simply because I am male, better that I should spot it and name it than that I should ignore it and deny it. Denial is a cowardly act. It is also self-destructive. If I avoid noticing the minus sign attached to me, I set up a situation that will ultimately burn me.

(3) *Don't sell out. Because you will never please your critics, even when you try.* When you find yourself in one of those perpetual arguments about feminism and sexism and the big bad male, it will do you no good to capitulate to those misandrists who see masculinity as the root of all evil. When you are told that only men oppress and destroy and are aggressive, stand up for your sex. When you are told that only women are victims and only women are disadvantaged in this culture, don't buy that lament. Yes, you will probably be called a misogynist. But now you have a name to use in rebuttal.

Patrick M. Arnold, Society of Jesuits, died a premature death in the fall of 1991. I miss him and I honor him. I think he gave us a great gift with his personal definition of a key word, and I hope we use it when we need it.

Playboy Video Collections

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3 videos included in each collection—Regularly $59.85

Three stunning collections of the most beautiful Playboy women. Whether your taste runs to sexy splash parties, scintillating lingerie, or provocative video calendars, you'll find your pleasure here. Sexy, playful scenarios that will ignite your senses and bring hours of pleasure!

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A few months ago the *Advisor* ran a letter about multiple orgasms. I'm curious about a couple of things: How common are multiple orgasms, and are the women who have them different from women who experience just a single orgasm during lovemaking?—P. L., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Research published in the Archives of Sexual Behavior *that studied 720 college-educated female nurses found that "47.8 percent had experienced multiple orgasms via some method of stimulation. These methods included 26.3 percent via masturbation, 18.3 percent via petting and 24.7 percent via sexual intercourse. Of these, only seven percent had experienced multiple orgasms through all three types of sexual activity. For the multiorgasmic group, 39.7 percent reported that each successive orgasm was stronger, 16.1 percent that each was weaker, 35.1 percent that each varied in strength and 9.1 percent that there was no difference. The number of orgasms reported during a given multiorgasmic experience ranged from two to 20." Now we know why nurses are so popular. The researchers tried to find differences between the multis and the solos: It seems that the more responsive women were into giving and receiving oral sex and using clitoral stimulation through thigh pressure and vaginal stimulation through finger penetration during masturbation. They choose partners who give more nipple stimulation, more clitoral stimulation and who allow women to come first. They were more likely to use sexual fantasies, erotic films and erotic literature to enhance orgasm. The authors speculated that "women who experience multiple orgasms are more sexually adventurous. It could be that being more explorative, they continued stimulation after a single orgasm and thus learned to reach multiple orgasms. Alternatively, a desire to reach multiple orgasms may also have led women to experience a greater variety of sexual activities. Another factor, greater sexual desire, might account for both being adventurous and experiencing multiple orgasms." Go for it.*

One of my friends has a radar detector that he uses only on long trips. He claims that they are of little use in the city (since most speeding tickets are issued on interstates and thruways) and that it's not safe to drive fast in the city anyway. Is he crazy?—D. W., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Actually, he makes sense. John Tomerlin and Dru Whitledge, authors of "The Safe Motorist's Guide to Speedtraps" (available from Bonus Books, 160 East Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611), make the same point: "Statistics show that 80 percent of all fatal accidents occur at speeds of 40 mph or less, and within a 25-mile radius of the victim's own home. [Not surprising, since most driving takes place near home.] Under these circumstances, it's usually pointless to try to cut a few minutes or seconds off one's driving time; in fact, there's a strong incentive to drive a little slower than the law allows, to stay out of the way of faster traffic and to allow extra room in the front and rear when it's necessary to slow to a stop. Some of the reasons for so much caution can be found in a list of the eight most frequent causes of fatal accidents on surface streets. They are: (1) Vehicles emerging from driveways or side roads without warning. (2) Slowing or stopping without signaling. (3) Changing lanes without signaling. (4) Turning in front of oncoming traffic. (5) Running stoplights or stop signs at intersections. (6) Colliding with cars that have stopped for stoplights or signs. (7) Stopping within intersections. (8) Loss of control during unexpected braking or turning. The faster you're going when you meet up with one of these situations, the fewer options you'll have to keep from becoming involved; hence the wisdom of driving at or slightly below the speed limit on surface streets." Now, the fact that cops are busy writing tickets on interstates instead of policing the truly dangerous behavior on city streets is worth an entire sermon.

Help! I think I'm perverted. I love to go to a cheap motel and listen to people having sex in other rooms. I love to hear those squeaky beds creaking. What a turn-on. Am I weird? Also, I love dirty movies, but mostly I listen rather than look. Sometimes I can't help but look, but mostly it's the moaning and groaning that turns me on. When my boyfriend eats my pussy, it's the sound that makes me come. That slurping, that sucking, that gulping. I'm getting turned on just thinking about it. I've mentioned the motel trip to a few friends and they all think I'm sick. But I say it's harmless, safe sex.—A. D., San Francisco, California.

Years ago we wrote about using a Sony Walkman to mike oral sex: Your partner could listen to the sounds through headphones when you place the unit close to the action. As for being turned on by sound, why not? Sex is part friction, part fantasy. There are only so many nerve endings and so many ways to touch them: By opening up your mind to psychological stimulation—the sounds of sex—you can pump up the volume. We know one artist who created an installation of boom boxes, Dictaphones, hand-held tape recorders, CB radios and full-scale stereos—each blasting out a separate sexual encounter taped from movies, telephone sex and real life. It was an aural tapestry that still echoes. Why not make your own?

Would you please touch on the basics regarding sadomasochistic behavior? My girlfriend and I were on the beach near Montauk Point, Long Island. It was rather secluded. After swimming in the ocean, we went back to our blanket to towel off. While doing so, I rolled my towel into a "rattail" and, though I intended to give her just a love tap, I managed to produce an audible, crisp, whip-like snap. The towel barely kissed her muscular ass, but that was enough. Her entire body went taut, she turned to face me, her eyes squeezed shut, her lips puckered small and tight; she felt the pain. I just stood there. I didn't know what to do. Then her lips curved slightly upward at the corners and she whispered in a challenging tone, "Didn't hurt." Her defiant statement earned her one on the other cheek. It had the same effect. She drew a long deep breath through her nose and said, "Take me home." We packed up, drove home in silence and took showers. When I stepped out of the shower, I was confronted by my smirking girlfriend in her birthday suit. She rolled the towel she had in her hands and tried to whip me with it, but it only wrapped around my knee. She giggled and tossed the towel at me and said, "Your turn." She then turned around and placed her hands on the door frame, legs spread apart. I repeated the action that had taken place on the beach earlier, leaving matching marks below the ones already there (being a college lacrosse player, I was well practiced in such locker-room antics). She took the towel from my hands, put it around my neck and dragged me into the bedroom. She pushed me onto the bed and began sucking my cock like a champ. At times she had my entire cock in her mouth—

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

she'd never been able to do that before. While she was doing this, I spanked her. The harder I spanked, the more enthusiastically she sucked me. By the time I came I was spanking her so hard my hand was hurting. She swallowed every drop of come she could suck out of me. This is a girl who repeatedly told me she would never swallow, that it was too gross to even think about. So what gives? Why did the pain turn her on? Is it psychological, biological or just physical?—S. E., Chester, Pennsylvania.

OK, America, are we hot yet? We don't think we need to touch on the basics regarding sadomasochistic behavior—your letter pretty much covered them all. A partner, thrilled at being a sexual outlaw, led you into new territory. She set the pace, directed the action and you both enjoyed the result.

Recently, I bought a mountain bike for commuting around town. I like the fat tires, the handling, the look. But one of my cycling friends tells me that I should change tires—that knobbies don't work around the city. What's the scoop?—J. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

Most people who buy mountain bikes never leave the pavement. For that matter, neither do those guys in the 4x4 urban assault vehicles. You buy the look, not the function. Your friend is right. Knobbies are not the best for pavement—they hum and offer greater rolling resistance. If you want to improve commuting performance, go to your local bike shop and check out designer tires. Specialized offers a dozen fat-tire designs, from all-out dirt to city slicks. The semislicks and full slicks are somewhat narrower than mountain tires; they run on a higher air pressure, offer less rolling resistance and are faster than knobbies. You can even buy Kevlar models to resist punctures and the occasional gunfire.

A buddy of mine heard a rumor that not all TVs labeled "stereo" are really stereo. Is that true?—D. W., San Diego, California.

When the government authorized stereo TV broadcasting, it specified only the transmission system. Zenith designed the stereo transmission system incorporating dbx noise reduction. To properly receive stereo, your TV needs a dbx chip, which means the set manufacturer must also pay a small royalty to the creators of the chip. The bean counters at a few manufacturers figured they could save a couple of bucks per set if they substituted their own chip for the dbx chip. Without dbx, the TV reproduces enhanced mono, not stereo. This fraud occurs only on sets with screen sizes 27 inches or smaller and without the Subsidiary Audio Program feature normally found on stereo sets. Check for mention of dbx on the back of the TV, in the instruction manual or in the sales literature. If you're still puzzled, call the manufacturer. Don't let them get fresh with you. Any stereo TV without dbx is a lemon.

I am a 22-year-old male in the Army. I've enjoyed the best sex of my life over the past few months with my girlfriend, who is also in the Army. She is 19 and shy, but she is very bold sexually. A few weeks ago we tried sex in the motor pool. While we were working on an engine, she put her hand on my crotch and kissed me. We went into the tool room and closed the door. She bent over the workbench and I entered her from behind. It was fantastic. Seconds later, someone knocked on the door. We hastily dressed and opened the door—to two supervisors who gaped at us suspiciously. We got them to accept that we were just looking for something, so that they wouldn't file a report. When they left, I smiled and sighed in relief, but my girlfriend found the whole experience embarrassing and has been upset ever since. She now refuses to have sex in places where we could be caught. I really miss the excitement, and our sex is not all that it used to be. What can I do to get her back to her old self?—P. B., Davis, California.

Your girlfriend's hesitancy is understandable. Risky sex can be fun, but getting caught by someone who might file a report is different from scaring the horses or the innocent passerby. If you want to try this again, pick a truly secluded place—out in the desert, deep in the forest or up in the balcony during a retrospective of Army training films.

I buy subscriptions to plays at all the local theater companies. A radio station has advertised the broadcasting of a series of plays to be presented at the same time I'll be at the theater. How can I record these two-hour plays on my audio system while I'm out?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

You sound like a David Mamet addict in need of a fix. Fortunately, your question applies to normal people such as rock-concert and opera fans as well. There's no need to drag your VCR over and connect it to your audio system. You can record for more than three hours on ordinary audiocassettes. You have two options. Buy a dual-transport, autoreverse cassette deck that records on both transports. These start at about $350. Nearly all models include a timer-start setting. Then spend $30 on an electronic timer that's similar in function to the one in your VCR. Plug the deck and your receiver (or tuner) into the timer. Load the deck with two 90-minute cassettes (or the new 110-minute metal-tape cassettes), select serial record and timer-start, program the timer and leave. Or buy a minicomponent system or deluxe boom box with dual tape-recording transports and a built-in clock timer. Follow the script in the instruction manual.

Several months ago I started doing my aerobics routine in my health club's pool rather than using the treadmill because it puts less stress on my already aggravated knees and ankles. But the club's exercise instructor says that while water exercise is easier on my joints, I'll never be able to get my heart rate up to the level I achieve on a treadmill. Is he right?—G. G., New Haven, Connecticut.

Exercising in a pool is less vigorous, reducing your heart rate by about ten beats per minute. The water not only slows down movement, it also keeps your muscles cool, so your heart doesn't have to work as hard pumping blood to carry heat away from the skin. Water aerobics may be easier, but if it's the cardiovascular rush you're after, hit the beach.

Even though condoms as a method of birth control have a pretty high rating for effectiveness, accidents do happen. What if one should break in the middle of sex?—M. C., Parris Island, South Carolina.

Whatever you do, don't panic. Scientific estimates place the chances of pregnancy from a single unprotected encounter at not greater than 30 percent. Since that's probably of little comfort, Michael Castleman's book "Sexual Solutions" offers several steps to take to minimize the risk: Use spermicidal condoms. The spermicide will likely inactivate any sperm that might leak out. Keep some foam on hand and insert three or four applications as quickly as possible to kill sperm before they pass through the cervix. Douching is not recommended, as it may increase the risk of pregnancy by pushing sperm through the cervix.

After a two-year realtionship with a woman who was determined to turn me into someone I'm not, I've fallen in love with a woman who accepts me for who I am. It feels great and, I swear, my penis has grown larger. I thought that was impossible. Am I seeing things?—W. G., Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.

Not at all. Maximum attainable size can't be changed, but average size depends on blood flow into the organ, according to San Francisco sex therapist Louanne Cole. Blood flow, in turn, depends on relaxation. The more relaxed you feel, the more blood flows into your penis, and the larger it becomes. Hot water is relaxing, which is why penises usually look larger after showering. Feeling accepted in a relationship is also relaxing. Your penis is simply showing its appreciation for your new lover.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

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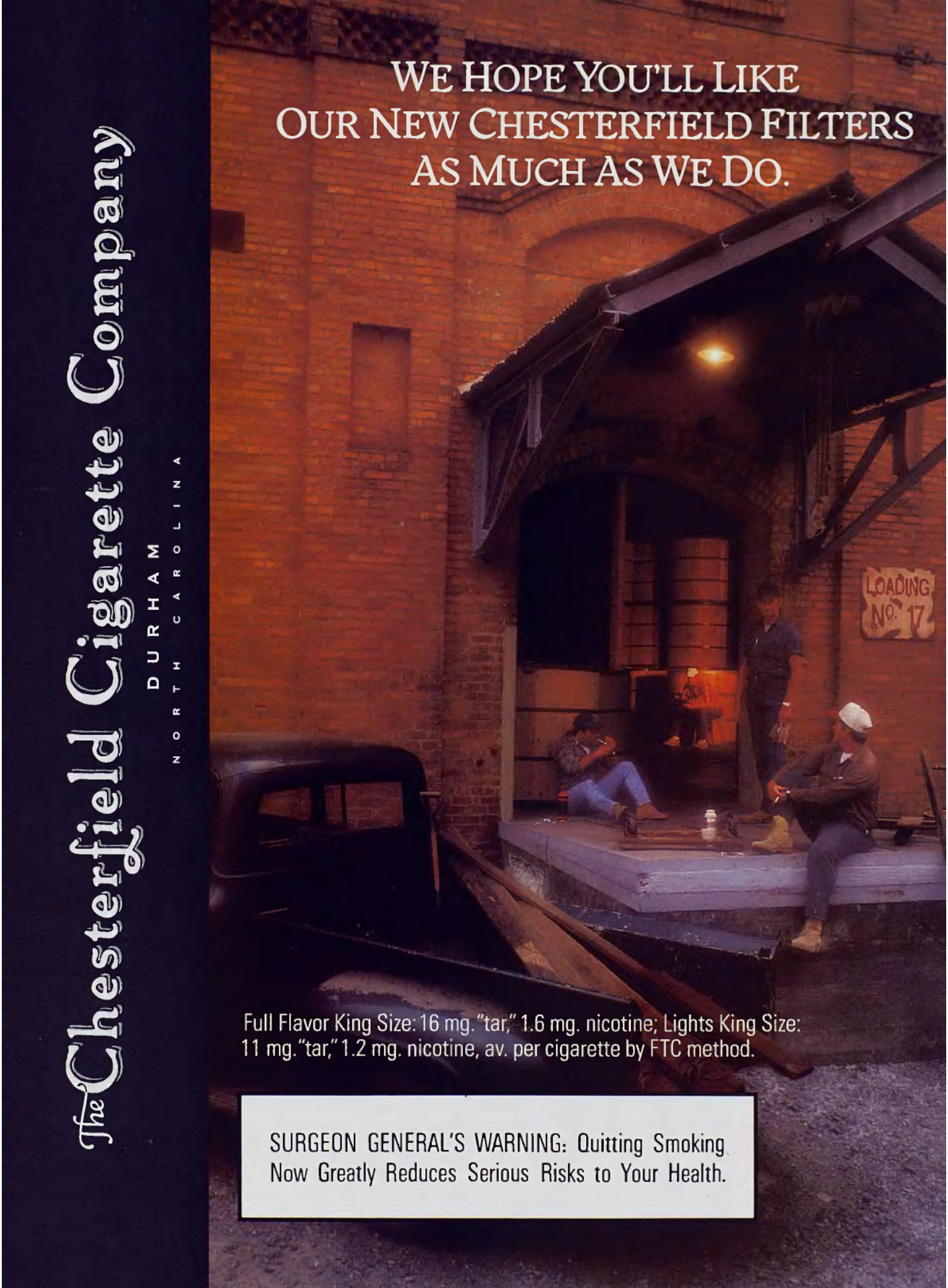
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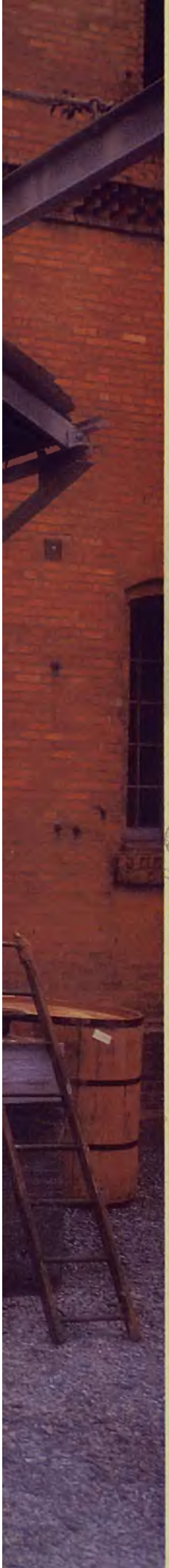

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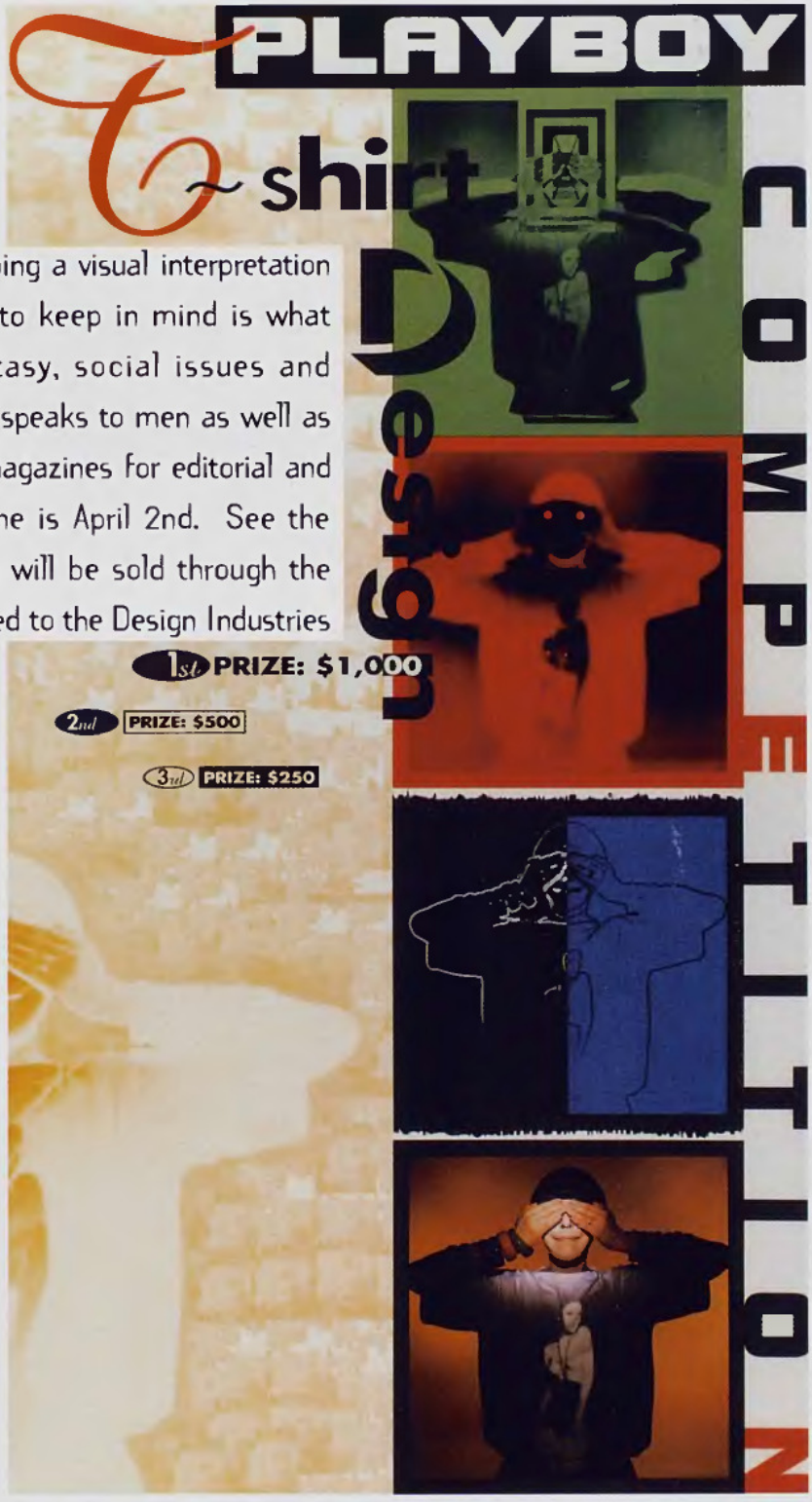

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CLINTON AT THE BARRICADES

as inauguration looms, the president faces some hard realities. for starters, we can't blame tokyo or welfare for the lack of jobs

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

This is the season of beginnings, and President Bill Clinton's inaugural speech will reverberate with references to a new world order and America's place in it. The talk will be about challenges from Tokyo, Hong Kong and Frankfurt in the competition for jobs, consumer markets and industrial orders, and how to put America back to work.

But if you want to know what's really going on in the world economy, start with a trip to Camden, New Jersey. This town used to be part of the industrial heartbeat of America. Now, 60 percent of its people live on welfare. As I discovered on a recent trip, its once vibrant factories are boarded up, its formerly bustling boulevards are desolate and a proud population of blue-collar workers is permanently unemployed. Most of the poor here are black; it's an old story—last hired and first fired. But the startling mark of our most recent recession is that white workers now outnumber blacks on the welfare rolls.

The problem in Camden, as in the rest of the nation, is that decent-paying manufacturing jobs have fled overseas. According to Labor Department estimates, 5.6 million American workers were laid off over the past five years. (As I write this, General Motors has proposed laying off as many as 100,000 workers.) Most were white and were never considered members of an underclass. The death of Camden and other industrial centers is not a matter of race but of jobs—good jobs.

A president can observe the landscape of despair in Camden, visible throughout America, and do the easy thing—blame the victims. You've heard the pitch: All those black underclass people are coddled by an overly generous welfare system. Why should they work, when they live so well on the dole? Bull. In real dollars, welfare pays 56 percent of what it did 20 years ago. It leaves a family 50 percent to 70 percent below the poverty line.

Contrary to much opinion, the poor did not swill themselves into existence through bad behavior. Welfare mothers have two children, just like the national average. The vast majority are on the rolls less than a few years, and most of their offspring, despite the myth, do not go on the rolls when they are adults.

It is also a lie that the poor on welfare are responsible for our unbalanced budgets. Welfare accounts for a pitiful one percent of federal and 3.4 percent of state budgets. It's unseemly that politicians who looked the other way while the savings and loans robbed us blind for billions want to nickel and dime struggling mothers with kids.

What's the alternative? The hard-headed and hard-hearted neo-liberals around Clinton will push the panacea of job training and job creation while threatening to eliminate from welfare those who don't comply. It may sound good to some, but it won't work. Clinton attempted this in Arkansas for 12 years and it failed there. Sure, thousands of mothers went back to school, but the cost of getting someone of grade school education up to snuff for high-paying jobs is prohibitive. And when the jobs exist, they are snapped up by middle-class kids with advanced degrees. What Clinton was able to do was to temporarily force some people off the welfare rolls and into low-paying jobs at chicken-processing plants. But they returned to welfare because such jobs pay too little to sustain family life and generally don't provide medical insurance.

The issue is not welfare but jobs, and here is where the president faces a great challenge. If Camden had the old good jobs back, there would be lines around the block. Suddenly people would know how to get to work on time and hold the job. The problem is, no one thinks those jobs are coming back. As New Jersey governor Jim Florio, who used to represent Camden in Congress, told me, "This is not a traditional cyclical recession that we are in. We are going to [have to] move to a higher plane, and that entails being able to have community colleges, technical programs and other skills needed to get jobs."

No one can oppose the expansion of educational opportunities that Florio and Clinton propose. But don't expect too much. The federal government spends $650 million a year on job-training programs with only spotty success.

So what is to be done? Face up to the reality that the old economy is never coming back and that no amount of job training or hand-wringing about job creation will change that. We are no longer the dominant economy in the world, able to market everything we make. That was an accidental consequence of World War Two, which temporarily destroyed our industrial competitors.

We are now a normal country that must compete as an equal among equals. In some things we do very well, and in others we are not so hot. We are no longer very efficient in steel production, but we do dominate the world's burgeoning entertainment market. Biomedical technology and computer software look similarly strong. People connected with the industries that fit into this world market will make out like bandits. Many will work for them in service jobs ranging from banking to housecleaning. And a significant number will not fit in at all.

This is a prescription for growing social disorder unless those increasingly sharp class divisions are somehow muted. The solution is for the productive people—say, the Hollywood producer—to pay a higher rate for the services they obtain, say from the Latino housekeeper who cleans his house and raises his children. Call it blackmail or social justice, but those who profit in the world market need to pay salaries at home to purchase some social tranquility. After the Los Angeles riots it should not be difficult to argue that an expanding outlaw class born of poverty will devour us.

Unlike the tax-protected golden parachutes and other boondoggles of the Reagan-Bush years that left the rich richer and the public treasury depleted, the buyout of the working poor won't cost much. What we should be talking about here is what every western European nation has been doing for some time—guaranteeing a decent minimum standard of living to all.

As the Democratic Party platform proclaimed: "No one who works should be poor." Clinton should remember that commitment to the tens of millions of working poor who voted for him in unprecedented numbers, instead of heeding the calls of lobbyists for well-heeled special interests. Most special interests now artfully vying for Clinton's attention remained loyal to Bush to the end.

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IS SEX AN ASSUMED-RISK SPORT?

taking responsibility for what occurs during lovemaking

A young man water-skiing barefoot and backward strikes his head against an overhanging tree limb. He sues the operator of the boat.

A young woman joins in a half-time game of touch football. One of the players steps on one of her fingers. After three operations, she loses the finger. She sues the offending player.

A softball player sprints to catch a ball in a field covered with geese droppings. He slips and then sues the town for not exercising reasonable care to make field conditions safe.

All these suits failed. Judges held that in each the participants knew and "assumed the risks inherent in the game."

The concept is fairly easy to understand. A person looks at any voluntary activity riskier than checkers and says, "What did you expect? You knew the odds." If you knowingly participate in a sport or other type of activity that is dangerous, you cannot recover damages for any resulting injury, even if the other person was negligent.

Now, here's the million-dollar question: Is sex an assumed-risk sport? And its corollary: Who's responsible when you have unprotected intercourse?

The issues: When someone has an infection and does not tell you, is he or she trying to cause intentional injury? Is it reckless "outside the range of ordinary activity involved in the sport"? Does someone with a sexually transmitted disease have a legal duty to protect a partner from the particular risk of harm?

A few widely covered legal cases have addressed these points. Michelle Tish Carter, a waitress at a comedy club in Los Angeles, sued Robin Williams for $6.2 million, claiming that he gave her herpes. Neither had inquired whether the other had a communicable disease before taking to bed. (Williams denies having any sexually transmitted disease.) That case was settled out of court.

Marc Christian charged that Rock Hudson had unprotected anal intercourse with him and that Hudson had not mentioned his AIDS. Christian himself did not test positive for AIDS. Even so, a jury awarded him $5.5 million from the Hudson estate.

One wonders, if the roles were different—had Robin Williams been a struggling waiter sleeping with a struggling waitress or had Marc Christian slept with another rich man's houseboy—would there have been these suits? Most likely not.

There are, however, as many as 31 million Americans with herpes. How many do you suppose knew the person who passed it on was infected? In the past two decades, there have been dozens of lawsuits against lovers who exchanged the herpes virus, an incurable, though nonfatal, lifelong companion. Because of this characteristic, the injury to the plaintiff is more evident than with STDs curable with antibiotics. Judges by and large are sympathetic to the victims: If a partner kept silent about herpes, or lied when asked, he or she erred.

Lawrence Gostin of the American Society of Law and Medicine told *The New York Times*: "It's almost as if you're talking about a sexual assault, because without that information, a person can't give true informed consent to intercourse."

If knowing about the herpes virus isn't enough to make you use a condom, if knowing that you could catch a fatal virus such as HIV isn't enough to make you use a condom, will knowing that you'll be able to suffer in luxury make you behave differently? Will Michelle Tish Carter tell her next lover that she has herpes? Or will Marc Christian mention his exposure to AIDS?

There have been fewer than 20 civil lawsuits involving transmission of AIDS but more than 300 criminal prosecutions. The courts seem clear: If a person with HIV continues to have sex after learning he or she is infected and does not inform his or her partners, that person is a threat to society, though the problems of proof are great.

When law and sex meet, it is to the detriment of both. We like the notion of sex as an assumed-risk sport. We would prefer to believe our partners are healthy, that we've chosen well and been attracted to an infection-free soul mate. Barring that, we cling to the idea that our partners will be open and honest in any discussion about their sexual status. Ethically there is no question that a person should inform a partner of risk. Realistically? The presumption, of course, is that a person would be aware of any infection. But the herpes virus can be asymptomatic, while HIV can take months to show up on an antibody test. Since an infection can be passed on unknowingly, the risk to both partners remains the same, even after a meaningful dialog.

Ultimately the responsibility for protecting yourself lies not with your lover, your lawyer or a judge and jury. It's your life, protect it: If you are going to have sex, don't do it barefoot and backward.

READER

HIGH JINKS

After reading "Infidelity Chic" (*The Playboy Forum*, November), I see the sexes are still at odds. Isn't it conceivable that someone can have an affair because it feels good and not simply as a manipulation of a partner? Occasionally, the adjective love is correct with the word affair. In our lives, there are few experiences that produce the excitement that comes with an affair. However, with the excitement also comes tension. Although there is the potential for disaster, affairs still flourish. So adulterers either are in denial or feel the payoff is worth the risk. Anyway, shouldn't we take it easier on ourselves? Affairs needn't be about relinquishing or asserting sexual power; often they're just powerful sex.

Judith E.
Silver Spring, Maryland

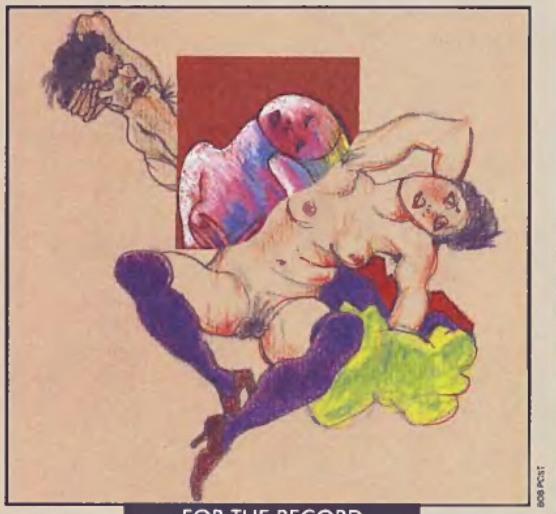
South Korea held public hearings to determine whether the government should drop adultery as a crime. The justice ministry argued that the existing law suppressed personal freedom, but conservative women's groups supported a provision calling for fines and a year in prison. So here are the alternatives, fellas: the freewheeling wives of Dalma Heyn's *Erotic Silence* or bread and water with your kimchi.

Willis Cox
Wilmington, Delaware

JUST SAY NO

After reading Hugh M. Hefner's article "Just Say No" (*The Playboy Forum*, November), I am left with the impression that Hefner does not think much of Republican leaders. Repression, prohibition and retribution are terms he used to describe Republican presidential agendas, including the war on drugs. The irresponsible use of alcohol is reason enough to restrict other, more harmful drugs from being legalized or freely used. Hefner would also like the government to stay out of our bedrooms. I'll be perfectly happy to go along with him when my tax dollars are no longer spent on treating the fatal diseases that people transmit behind closed doors. Our country is not coming apart at the seams. What we need is a truthful analysis of the problems and rational solutions. And, Mr. Hefner, a little bit of optimism wouldn't hurt.

Stephen Anderson
Mount Kisco, New York



FOR THE RECORD

FOR WHOM THE DRUG TOLLS

Andrew Sullivan, writing in *The New Republic*, offers an explanation of why the drug ecstasy is so popular with both gay and heterosexual clubgoers: "The obvious explanation is that it's cheap and fun. But it's also, I think, the latest wrinkle in plague psychology. As an antidote to anxiety, the drug has finally found its perfect market. Ecstasy seems to be able to provide instant intimacy, intimacy without fear, either of disease or commitment. It acts as a depressant of sexual desire, accentuating a more aesthetic form of eroticism. For people who have never known sexual relations without fear of death (which is true of my entire generation), it allows for a kind of pseudosex, in which contemplation replaces coitus, and terror is chemically dispelled. It also fosters, however briefly, a sense of community, where no community really exists, riven as it is by the strong tensions of HIV. For all these reasons, it is as ubiquitous as it is unsettling, a happy drug that is a cure for unbanished sadness, an ear muffler for the white noise of death."

BORDER PATROL

I read with interest both Barry Brown's letter and your comment on Canada's new rape-shield law ("Proof Positive," "Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, October). The amendments made by the justice minister still appear inadequate to prevent the law from breaching certain articles of the United Nations International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. Specifically, these articles require all persons to be equal before and under the law and ensure that everyone charged with a criminal offense shall have the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty. To require a rape suspect to prove his innocence would be a breach of this fundamental right under both Canadian law and the covenant. The law could be challenged before the U.N.'s Human Rights Committee, which monitors the application of the covenant. Women may need additional protection with respect to rape, but it should not come at the expense of basic human rights for all.

David Yarwood
Ascot, England

THE BIG SCORE

Where can I get a copy of the Purity Test reported on by Shane DuBow in the July issue ("The Unofficial Collegiate Sex Quiz," *The Playboy Forum*)?

Timothy Lett
Tehachapi, California

The Purity Test is found on most campus computer bulletin boards. Typically, the test can be printed after you sign on, or you can post a notice asking for a copy of the test.

COURT JESTERS

As chronicled in the article "Hate Speech" (*The Playboy Forum*, October), the definition of free speech will continue to be rewritten by a conservative Supreme Court. This could be of particular significance to the music industry. With musicians such as Ice-T and Sister Souljah advocating violence, the judiciary will inevitably be called on to evaluate the artistic merit of such work. The deciding factor will be

RESPONSE

whether the justices find such work to be a constitutionally protected form of expression or merely fighting words set to music.

Michael E. Tagliaferri
Thousand Oaks, California

NAMING NAMES

The ACLU observed the 1992 Banned Books Week with its first annual Arts Censors of the Year list. Recognized for their tireless efforts on behalf of censorship and suppression, the group of right-minded honorees are in a class by themselves. The ACLU list included Anne-Imelda Radice, acting chair of the NEA; the Duval County [Florida] Public School District for removing 17 books, including *Snow White* and two novels by Stephen King, from school libraries in the past year; Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin for advocating sex-crime victims' compensation legislation; and the Reverend Donald Wildmon for "a lifetime of disservice to the United States Constitution." Perhaps the awards will help people recognize censorship when they see it.

Carl Mitchell
Bethesda, Maryland

SKIN FLYNT

I never thought I'd see hard-core feminist Andrea Dworkin paired with *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt, but a recent libel decision did just that. The supreme court of Wyoming ruled that Flynt had the constitutional right to call Dworkin a "repulsive presence," a "foulmouthed, abrasive man hater" and a "shit-squeezing sphincter." Dworkin, whom Flynt also called "a crybaby who can dish out criticism but can't take it," filed suit. Despite her contention that Flynt's statements were defamatory to her, the court described Flynt's prose as "rhetorical hyperbole," further stating that as a critic, Flynt has a right to express his opinion about the meaning of her work. I agree with Flynt: Dworkin, who's made a career out of man bashing, should get a grip and stop whining.

Joseph Taylor
Crestwood, Missouri

DOWN BY LAW

The Fifth U.S. Circuit Court in New Orleans renewed my faith in the judicial system and the strength of the Constitution by striking down the state's criminal ban on abortion. The 1991 Louisiana law banned all abortions except those performed to save the mother's life and in select cases of rape or incest. A three-judge panel ruled that under June 1992's U.S. Supreme Court's decision, the law violated a woman's right to seek an abortion before the point when a fetus can survive or, as the courts put it, have viability outside the womb. Thank God the Constitution's viability is still somewhat intact.

Amanda Green
New Orleans, Louisiana

Knowing PLAYBOY's long-standing opposition to the death penalty, here's something you might find of interest: A federal district judge in Chicago ordered the resentencing of a man on death row on the basis of a study done by Hans Zeisel, a former University of Chicago law professor who died in 1991. Zeisel's study indicated that as many as 75 percent of jurors don't understand parts of the instructions given in death-penalty cases. Seventy-five percent is an overwhelming statistic: Imagine its significance when you're staring at an electric chair.

Mary Morgan
New York, New York

OPERATION SCAPEGOAT

Want an example of the military's idea of cause and effect? Remove sexually explicit publications from base stores, and sexual harassment cases such as the Tailhook scandal won't occur. Pentagon officials are considering whether an outright ban of all sexually explicit publications would raise First Amendment issues. You cannot restrict one specific kind of publication on the basis of one (or several) opinions about what is or isn't appropriate for adults to read. Perhaps if the military brass were paying more attention to the kinds of values they instill in their young recruits, they would have less time to stick their noses where they don't belong.

Ed Watson
Cincinnati, Ohio

GRAND FINALE

The epic saga of the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his attempts to censor Paul Yule's Emmy-winning documentary *Damned in the USA* is hilarious. The irony of Wildmon's censure of an anticensorship project certainly isn't lost on those of us following the case. What's up with it?

Leanne Sanders
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Embroiled in legal proceedings and enjoined for more than a year, "Damned" finally opened in October at the Directors Guild Theater in Los Angeles. The U.S. Appellate Court in New Orleans, which ended the stalemate, pointed out that many of the film's images that Wildmon objected to were actually used by the American Family Association itself to raise funds and rally support for its cause. We congratulate Yule, Britain's Channel Four (which picked up the legal defense tab) and anticensorship supporters worldwide.

We want to hear your point of view. Send reactions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939.*

Scott Rice says his T-shirt shows "safe sex is cool." Some profits go to the Pittsburgh AIDS Task Force. $14.50 from the Dick Club, P.O. Box 5407, Pittsburgh, PA 15206.

THE LAST

the legacy of supreme court justice thurgood marshall

This article was adapted from "Dream Makers, Dream Breakers: The World of Justice Thurgood Marshall," by Carl T. Rowan, to be published by Little, Brown. Rowan is a nationally syndicated and award-winning journalist whose relationship with Marshall spanned three decades. As Marshall's fierce passion for individual rights succumbed to the conservative majority, he was particularly eloquent in their defense, as his dissents illustrate (see sidebar). Few knew Marshall as Rowan did, or could chronicle the intimate details of the life of this Supreme Court giant as well.

To try to write a book about the world of Justice Thurgood Marshall is tantamount to trying to write the social, legal, economic, political and moral history of this nation over most of the 20th century. Marshall's life encompasses the violent years of the great black migration out of the postbellum South, the years of frightening powers wielded by the Ku Klux Klan, the years of the Great Depression and of economic recovery, a postwar black revolution in the courtrooms and streets of America and a counterrevolution led by politicians who were and are determined to break the dreams of liberty that Marshall and black Americans embrace.

No one watched with greater interest and concern than Marshall, just four days after his retirement, when President George Bush announced he had decided to nominate Clarence Thomas to become the 106th justice of the nation's highest court—and the second black person to serve there. Marshall has been circumspect in not criticizing Thomas publicly, but in a moment of sudden candor when the vote confirming Thomas was final, Marshall said to a close friend, "We've gone from chicken salad to chickenshit."

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For 24 years Marshall gave to the Court something the humiliated and caricatured Justice Thomas will never deliver: a credible moral pressure on other justices that sensitizes them to the rights of long-abused minorities, impoverished criminal defendants and pregnant women. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor wrote of Marshall in the *Stanford Law Review*: "His stories reflect the perspective of a man who immerses himself in human suffering and then translates that suffering in a way that others can bear and understand. He is a man who sees the world exactly as it is and pushes on to make it what it can become. No one could avoid being touched by his soul."

"What do you do if you execute a man illegally, unconstitutionally, and find that out later? What do you say? 'Oops'?"

When the man talks, you sense a fierce pride of self and race that made it impossible for him to sell out the rights of black people just to become a dinner favorite at the White House or anyplace else.

We may discover a special sense of humanity, a common man's sense of justice and fairness, in the written opinions of Marshall. But anyone who shared a few snorts with him, or engaged in a truly informal interview, realized that he had a special knack for bringing the majesty of the law to the level of the needs of a common American, of whatever race, color or financial circumstance. Marshall dealt with legalisms only when the constrictures of his profession forced him to. His preference was to talk about law and justice in terms of every man's understanding of what is decent and fair.

It was this Marshall that the other justices saw inside their sanctimonium, their conference room. They came to know a Thurgood who could be just as prim, proper and scholarly as he felt he needed to be to prove his right to sit there, but who could suddenly be as rambunctious, irreverent or outrageous as he needed to be to make the other members of the Court understand that they didn't know a damn thing about being a poor pregnant woman, white or black, living in Appalachia or the poorest precincts of the District of Columbia, with no fancy hospitals, no highfalutin doctors, no medical technology to nourish the futures of babies kicking in their undernourished wombs. Marshall could make the other justices understand what it meant to be poor and poorly educated, cheated in almost every level of life and suddenly having to face the awesomeness of a courtroom appearance on a charge genuine or trumped up, without a relative who knew how to speak up, or dared to, or a lawyer well enough prepared to protect that person's rights.

"The trouble is," Marshall said of racism, "if you haven't been a Negro, you don't understand. They think you're just sensitive about something. Well, let's find out what you're sensitive about. When you're not eating, or you can't find a place to sleep, sure you get sensitive."

The stereotypical assumption was

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE CIARDIELLO

GOOD MAN

By CARL T. ROWAN

that Marshall would stand out on the Court as a barrier against racial discrimination. He did. Few people expected that Marshall would become a towering symbol of all the fundamental reasons why the United States came into being. He was the Court's premiere challenger of the powers of the sovereign, of the state, to trample the rights of the people, especially those people without wealth, social clout, political power or any of the armor needed by a citizen under the siege of oppressive bureaucrats.

He possessed an instinct for the critical fact, the gut issue, often cloaked in a witty aside: "There's a very practical way to find out whether a confession has been coerced: ask 'How big was the cop?'"

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As a special kind of torture for Marshall, the principal at his Baltimore high school would banish the big ne'er-do-well teenager to the furnace room. He would give Marshall a copy of the Constitution and tell him to memorize it. Harsh punishment, but it gave Marshall his first knowledge and understanding of a document that would become central to his life. One admirer of Thurgood Marshall has written that "he used the Constitution the way that Moses used the Ten Commandments."

In 1987, when the country fell into what some regarded as an ill-informed orgy of celebrations of the constitutional bicentennial, Marshall delivered a back-to-sanity speech:

"I do not believe that the meaning of the Constitution was forever 'fixed' at the Philadelphia Convention. Nor do I find the wisdom, foresight and sense of justice exhibited by the framers to be particularly profound.

"To the contrary, the government they devised was defective from the start, requiring several amendments, a civil war and momentous social transformation to attain the system of constitutional government and its respect for the individual freedoms and human rights we hold as fundamental today."

Marshall's dedication to the First Amendment, without which, he felt, the Constitution was no great document at all, showed up in a wide variety of his opinions.

More than any other justice on the Court during his tenure—with the possible exception of William Brennan—

"I think a man's home is his castle, and, if his home is his castle, his bedroom is the middle of it. Nobody snoops around in my bedroom."

Marshall fought to expand the concept of the right to privacy and freedom of expression.

He worked as hard as any justice in the history of the Court to expand the parameters of free speech and the other protections of the First Amendment. Sure, he pressed hard for racial desegregation across the board, for affirmative actions to redress centuries of racial discrimination, for fairness to minorities in housing and in many other areas. But he also worked to preserve, even extend, the liberties of white people, of every citizen in the land, when he argued that the state could not decree what Americans could read or watch in the privacy of their homes.

Marshall wrote a ringing defense of privacy for the Court in *Stanley vs. Georgia*, a case involving a man who had been prosecuted for possessing obscene films. Justice Marshall rejected the argument that watching obscene materials in the privacy of one's home might lead to criminal conduct: "The state may no more prohibit mere possession of obscene matter on the ground that it may lead to antisocial conduct than it may prohibit chemistry books on the ground that they may lead to the manufacture of homemade spirits."

Marshall fought government uses of unwarranted searches and seizures, unprecedented electronic surveillance or tainted evidence. He stood up for the rights of the accused, no matter how impoverished, to representation by a competent lawyer and for sentencing procedures that were not skewed in favor of the rich and intolerably against the poor. He struggled, vainly, to pull America away from the emotional belief that eye-for-an-eye executions would somehow wipe out crime. He cried out against discrimination against women in the job market and in most other areas of American life.

Some of Marshall's crowning moments on the Court involved a woman's right to make her own decisions as to whether or not she would bring a child into this world. The Court's records indicate that no justice ever supported a woman's right to choice as uncompromisingly as did Marshall.

In *Roe vs. Wade*, *Beal vs. Doe*, *Maher vs. Roe* and *Poelker vs. Doe*, Marshall repeatedly tried to educate the Court and the country to the human dimension of abortion decisions. In *Poelker*, Marshall said: "An unwanted child may

IN DISSENT

In his last year in office, the liberal Thurgood Marshall, increasingly at odds with the conservative majority, often defended the rights he so passionately believed in.

Holland vs. Illinois, January 1990

Justice Antonin Scalia's majority opinion found that striking only blacks from the jury pool was not a violation of the Sixth Amendment (the right to an impartial jury): "It is not remotely true that our opinion today 'lightly . . . sets aside' the constitutional goal of 'eliminating racial discrimination in our system of criminal justice.' . . . Race has nothing to do with the legal issue in this case. . . . All we hold is that [Holland] does not have a valid constitutional challenge based on the Sixth Amendment."

Justice Marshall's dissent: "The Court decides today that a prosecutor's racially motivated exclusion of Afro-Americans from the petit jury does not violate the fair cross-section requirement of the Sixth Amendment. To reach this startling result, the majority misrepresents the values underlying the fair cross-section requirement. . . . The majority today insulates an especially invidious form of racial discrimination in the selection of petit jurors from Sixth Amendment scrutiny."

New York vs. Harris, April 1990

Justice Byron White's majority opinion found that Harris' confession was constitutionally valid, even though his arrest may not have been. "Where the police have probable cause to arrest a suspect, the exclusionary rule does not bar the state's use of a statement made by the defendant outside his home, even though the statement is taken after an arrest made in the home in violation of *Payton*."

Justice Marshall's dissent: "The majority's conclusion is wrong. Its reasoning amounts to nothing more than an analytical sleight of hand, resting on errors in logic, misreadings of our cases and an apparent blindness to the incentives the Court's ruling creates for knowing and intentional constitutional violations by police."

Illinois vs. Rodriguez, June 1990

Justice Scalia wrote the majority opinion in this case in which the suspect's ex-girlfriend let police into the suspect's apartment for a warrantless search: "A warrantless entry is valid when based upon the consent of a third party whom police, at the time of entry, reasonably believe to possess common authority over the premises, but who in fact does not."

Justice Marshall's dissent: "By allowing a person to be subjected to a warrantless search in his home without his consent and without exigency, the majority has taken away some of the liberty that the Fourth Amendment was designed to protect."

be disruptive and destructive to the life of any woman, but the impact is felt most by those too poor to ameliorate those effects. . . . The enactments challenged here brutally coerce poor women to bear children whom society will scorn for every day of their lives. . . . I am appalled at the ethical bankruptcy of those who preach a right to life that means, under present social policies, a bare existence in utter misery for so many poor women and their children."

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In the late Seventies the sense of the power and glory of being a Supreme Court justice began to fade for Marshall. He saw the impact of the departure of Earl Warren, the effect of the more conservative Warren Burger and of Republican appointments to the high tribunal.

Marshall's dissents began to take on an edge of anger, sometimes outrage. But in his public utterances he stifled most of the fury that was welling up inside him. He did not betray his feeling that political change toward activist conservatism threatened to wipe away every protection that he had won as a civil rights lawyer for the "ordinary people" of America.

But in 1979 Marshall decided he could no longer anguish in silence. In a May 27 speech to the annual meeting of judges and lawyers of the Second Judicial Circuit in Pennsylvania, he attacked the Supreme Court, according to *The New York Times*, "for affording 'insufficient protection to constitutional rights.'"

Marshall would lapse back into silent deference for the customs and traditions of the Court and then, when it was least expected, let go another verbal cannonade. His nights, even his dreams, were spoiled by his sense that some of the justices were ripping gaping holes in the safety net he had helped to build.

The years 1990 and 1991 became the most frustrating, angering, disillusioning years of Marshall's legal life. A string of Supreme Court decisions challenged, and mostly ran counter to, everything he had fought for as a lawyer and judge. It was clear by this time that the Court fashioned by Reagan and Bush had tilted dramatically in favor of the police, and that the clamor for law and order was prevailing over Marshall's interpretations of the Bill of Rights. But the changes involved much more than crime and the permissible behavior of police officers.

As a result of a series of Court decisions involving infringement of

individual rights, the gray-maned civil rights warrior ticked off 17 "endangered precedents." Among these, he said, Americans could expect the Court to overrule *Roe vs. Wade*, which said a woman has a constitutional right to abort a pregnancy; *United States vs. Paradise*, in which the Court upheld an Alabama federal judge's decree that the state promote one black state trooper for every white trooper promoted in order to remedy "long-term, open and pervasive discrimination" against blacks; *Ford vs. Wainwright*, in which the Court said the Eighth Amendment forbids execution of the insane; *Metro Broadcasting vs. FCC*, in which the Court upheld Federal Communications Commission regulations setting aside broadcast licenses for minority applicants.

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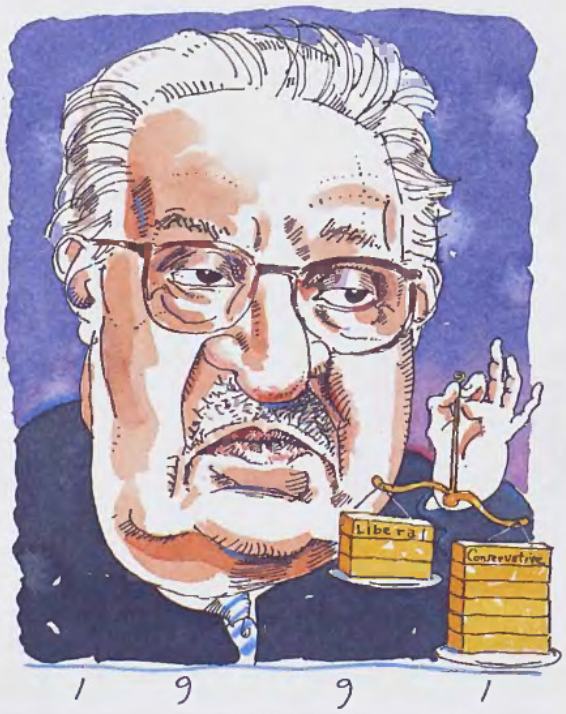
The law-and-order fever that swept America in the Eighties produced a ground swell of opinion in favor of victim-impact statements. These were to be read before a jury that was to decide whether someone convicted of a particularly heinous crime would get a life sentence or the death penalty. Beyond his absolute rejection of the death penalty, Marshall found revolting the idea that a jury that already knew the character of the crime and the criminal should be emotionalized at sentencing time by relatives' telling of their anguish. In his days as a lawyer, Marshall had seen numerous black men consigned to death, not by intellectual or legal considerations but by pure racial emotion on the part of jurors.

When the victim-impact issue arose in 1987 in *Booth vs. Maryland*, Marshall was on the winning side of a five-to-four vote that relatives could not be allowed to put on heartrending theater before jurors in hopes of inspiring a death sentence. In 1989, in *South Carolina vs. Gathers*, Marshall again was in the majority in a five-to-four decision to forbid victim-impact statements.

The decision that destroyed Marshall's hope, broke his spirit and heart, was *Payne vs. Tennessee*, decided six to three on June 27, 1991. It, too, was a victim-impact case.

On June 27, 1987, in Millington, Tennessee, Pervis Tyrone Payne murdered 28-year-old Charisse Christopher and her two-year-old daughter Lacie and attacked her three-year-old son, Nicholas, who miraculously survived. In the sentencing phase of the trial, the judge permitted the state to bring in Charisse's mother, Mary Zvolanek, who told the jury how Nicholas had been affected by the slayings of his mother and sister.

The jury imposed a sentence of death. Payne appealed, arguing that Zvolanek's highly emotional statement to the jury violated his Eighth Amendment rights. The Tennessee Supreme Court held that the trial judge was right in allowing the victim-impact statement. Payne then appealed to the Supreme Court, producing one of the most divisive brawls in the history of the high tribunal on the issue of victim-impact statements. Late in the 1990–1991 term it became obvious that the Rehnquist Court was going to use the Payne case to trample the legal principle of *stare decisis*—that is, once the court decides on an issue, it becomes a law that Americans can count on.



"If you're going to do what you did two hundred years ago, somebody's going to give me short pants and a tray so I can serve coffee."

Two hours before Marshall announced his retirement, he released his dissent, which said: "Power, not reason, is the new currency of this Court's decision making. Four terms ago a five-justice majority of this Court held that victim-impact evidence of the type at issue in this case could not constitutionally be introduced during the penalty phase of a capital trial. By another five-to-four vote, a majority of the Court rebuffed an attack upon this ruling just two terms ago.

"Neither the law nor the facts . . . underwent any change in the past four years. Only the personnel of this Court did."

Marshall thundered in his dissent. "This truncation of the Court's duty to stand by its own precedents is astonishing. . . . The majority sends a clear signal that essentially all decisions implementing the personal liberties protected by the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment are open to reexamination. . . . The continued vitality of literally scores of decisions must be understood to depend on nothing more than the proclivities of the individuals who now comprise a majority of this Court."

No one could read his final dissents without sensing that Marshall was an angry man, bitter toward some of the most recent arrivals on the Court, frustrated by his knowledge that he couldn't change them, worried that his seat would probably be filled by a black man who would ally himself with the most menacing whites that Marshall had ever confronted in the Court's conference room.

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Thousands of encomiums cite Marshall as the protector of the poor and of other outcasts of America—of every color and origin. Many of his great victories seem enduring, some are eroding under the assaults of virulent conservativism and a few of his victories appear to have been Pyrrhic.

Some people may idolize him while others despise him, but there is no disagreement on the fact that Marshall had a profound effect on the legal and social freedoms of the people of America and the world.

Whether in the courtroom or in his personal life, Marshall never pretended to be other than what he was: driven, sometimes compassionate but often ornery, hardworking, hard-cussing and sometimes hard-drinking, hard to get along with under pressure but self-effacing and graceful in triumph.

He has left us all a legacy of greater freedom.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

STIFF TICKET

LOS ANGELES—*An officer with the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department ticketed an illegally parked late-model Cadillac. No big deal. That is, until word leaked*

out that the officer had reached in the driver's window and put the summons on the dash—without noticing that the driver was dead. In the officer's defense, sheriff's department spokesman Sergeant Ron Spear said, "He never looked in the car where the victim [was] seated." Why not? He was worried that a person nearby was a gang member who was going to attack him. It's the new Daryl Gates community relations school at work.

UNREPORTED RAPE

MEMPHIS—*A study of male rape victims who sought treatment at a sexual-assault center in Memphis indicates that fewer than two percent of the estimated 13,000 men raped every year report the assault to police. A University of Tennessee researcher estimates that one in 11 males and one in five females nationally are sexually assaulted in their lifetimes, usually in childhood.*

DICTATING DEATH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*More than 10,000 pregnant women died and 200,000 children ended up in orphanages after Romania went "pro-life" in 1966. According to a report in the* American Journal of Public Health, *illegal abortions caused Romania's maternal death rate to soar and unwanted children to flood the country's institutions during the 23-year period when Nicolae Ceauşescu's government tried to increase the population by outlawing abortions and contraceptives.*

A VOTE AGAINST HOMOPHOBIA

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY—*By a vote of four to three, the Kentucky Supreme Court struck down a state law against "deviate sexual intercourse with another person of the same sex." Citing guarantees of privacy and equal rights under the Kentucky constitution, Justice Charles Leibson declared that just because a majority of citizens "finds one type of extramarital intercourse more offensive than another does not provide a rational basis for criminalizing the sexual preference of homosexuals."*

WEIGHING ANCHOR

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND—*As if the 1991 Tailhook sexual assault scandal weren't enough trouble, the Navy is in hot water again. Top brass recently canned a Naval War College officer who had asked a few female Navy personnel to pose nude for shipboard training posters. In another incident, a 17-year-old female clerk at the Naval Academy bookstore took offense at being asked to read a magazine article on Madonna and "highlight all the dirty parts." The officer in charge of the bookstore said he was supposed to monitor the store's reading material. "In retrospect," he said, "I should have looked at it myself." In response to all the flak, the Navy is setting up a toll-free sexual harassment hotline to offer "advice and counseling."*

NEW AIDS TEST?

BERKELEY—*A California company has applied to the Food and Drug Administration for a license to market a relatively inexpensive urine test for HIV infection. Anticipating a huge market among insurance companies, the military and private doctors, a spokesman for the Calypte Biomedical Corporation explained that urine, as well as blood, contains HIV antibodies but not the virus itself and thus would be safer to handle than blood in routine screening for AIDS. It's safer for health technicians, but privacy advocates are worried about the broader implications of such an easily administered test.*

IN YOUR GENES

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DANNY DEVITO

a candid conversation with the five-foot giant of the movies about his "taxi" ride to fame—from hairdresser to the penguin to "hoffa"

In Hollywood, some have actually begun calling him the new Robert Redford. He doesn't have the height, the golden-boy looks or the track record, but if his breakneck rise from TV actor to big-screen movie star to big-screen director is any measurement, then Danny DeVito can surely stand tall with the Redfords. He is one of an elite group of artists to find success both in front of and behind the camera. A diminutive dynamo (he stands five feet tall) who began his double duty as actor and director only five years ago, DeVito took an important step last month with his most ambitious project to date: "Hoffa," Twentieth Century Fox's $42 million epic starring Jack Nicholson as Jimmy Hoffa, the Teamster boss who disappeared in 1975.

It's not as if DeVito was doing poorly as an actor. After breaking onto the big screen in 1975 in the small but memorable role of Mr. Martini, the lewd mental patient in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," DeVito headed into a five-year stint as Louie DePalma, the lovable louse who managed traffic at a cab company on the hit sitcom "Taxi." Although he won fans and captured an Emmy for his interpretation of the pint-sized palooka, by 1983 he was dispatching his last cab: The series was canceled.

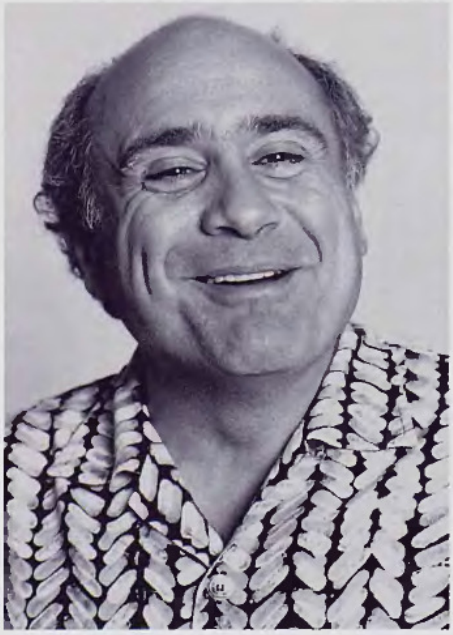
DeVito returned to the movies—and he's been there ever since. After solid supporting performances in James Brooks' "Terms of Endearment" and the Michael Douglas–Kathleen Turner adventure movies "Romancing the Stone" and "Jewel of the Nile," DeVito began to carve a niche for himself in the parts he played. Borrowing elements from his beloved "Taxi" character ("There's a little bit of Louie in everybody," DeVito admits), he combined them with personality quirks unique to each new role. DeVito was perfectly bumbling as Joe Piscopo's sidekick in Brian DePalma's less than successful "Wiseguys"; he was at his smarmy best as the hateful Sam Stone, who plots the murder of his wife (Bette Midler) in 1986's "Ruthless People"; he played a convincing aluminum-siding salesman in Sixties Baltimore in Barry Levinson's "Tin Men" (co-starring Richard Dreyfuss); and he even pulled off the role of Arnold Schwarzenegger's long-lost but not-so-identical brother in "Twins."

In 1987 DeVito made his most important career move. Having nurtured for more than three decades the dream of film directing (he started playing with home-movie cameras as a child), DeVito made his feature film debut with the dark comedy "Throw Momma from the Train." He also agreed to act in the film—co-starring with Billy Crystal as a vengeful schlemiel bent on killing his domineering mother. The plot of "Throw Momma" may have made audiences wince, but it also won them over.

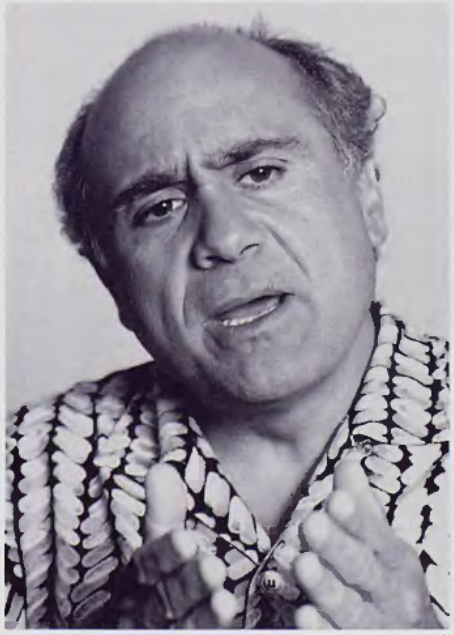
DeVito's next directorial effort was another startler: "The War of the Roses," a creepy divorce story that reteamed him—as director and fellow actor—with Douglas and Turner. "Roses" was DeVito's pitch-black comic ode to marital disharmony (he played a divorce lawyer), culminating in a jarring finale that found Douglas and Turner crashing to their deaths atop a falling chandelier. The film's far-from-happy ending helped reaffirm the title bestowed on him by longtime friend Douglas: "the prince of darkness." It's a sobriquet DeVito doesn't exactly reject—but one he doesn't embrace, either. "What do you call dark humor?" he asks. "Anything that's not light?" After "Roses" he concentrated on acting, playing Larry the Liquidator, the loathsome corporate-takeover artist in "Other People's Money."

In keeping with his sinister side, DeVito portrayed the Penguin in last year's "Batman Returns" as a character more in keeping with the original comic-book creature than Burgess Meredith's TV-series villain. And later this year he'll star in a film called "Jack the Bear." "The movie's about a widower who's the host of a late-night TV horror show," he says. "It's also about his two sons,

"The movie isn't a whitewash. It's Jimmy Hoffa, warts and all. From what I've learned, Hoffa would have made a great president—not of the Brotherhood of Teamsters but of the United States."



"When I walked in to do a reading for 'Taxi,' I took the script, threw it on the coffee table and said, 'Who wrote this shit?' I thought that would be a good ploy to get the part of Louie. And it worked."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I guess I always wanted to be a star. I sat in the movie theater and said, 'I can do that.' But I never really admitted it. It would've been like, 'Hey, are you crazy, Danny? Who do you think you are, Cary Grant?'"

the monsters that you carry inside you and the real ones that exist walking around the street."

But from now on, the yardstick by which DeVito's success will be measured is "Hoffa." Featuring what he calls "a cast of thousands," the film promises to be controversial, with a portrait of Hoffa that goes beyond the cardboard image of wiseguy—a label DeVito argues is too conventionally associated with the union boss. It is a gamble DeVito didn't really have to take. From Joseph Mankiewicz' "Cleopatra" to Spike Lee's "Malcolm X," fans are often less interested in a film's historical accuracy than they are with being entertained. Yet, with "Hoffa," DeVito insists he has satisfied both criteria.

Born in Neptune, New Jersey on November 17, 1944, and raised in nearby Asbury Park, DeVito is the youngest of the three children of Daniel and Julia DeVito. By the time he was 16, he was a streetwise Italian kid who could "run sixty to seventy balls" in a game of straight pool (the local pool hall was owned by his father). Even at that age, DeVito was enamored with moviemaking and shocking people. One night he and some buddies gathered in front of his dad's pool hall. They faked a loud argument that ended with one boy pulling a gun and apparently shooting a second boy. A black Buick that belonged to the father of the third member of the crew then whisked them all away. "We hopped in and burned rubber out of there," DeVito recalls. "And everybody's left standing there with their mouths open." DeVito had directed and filmed the entire phony shootout. He titled it "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening."

After high school, DeVito started working as a gardener, then as a beautician, styling hair at his sister Angela's salon. Realizing that more money could be made by learning the art of cosmetics, he applied for a makeup course at New York's American Academy of Dramatic Arts. In order to enroll, DeVito had to audition with a monolog, then take acting classes if he was accepted. He was accepted and, in no time, performing had replaced cosmetics.

In 1970 DeVito landed the role of Martini—a "greedy, lustful sicko," he says—in the stage revival of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." (He was a shoo-in for the role in the subsequent film.) While performing in another off-Broadway show called "The Shrinking Bride," DeVito met actress Rhea Perlman, who had been in the audience one night. Within two weeks, DeVito and Perlman were living together; they were married 11 years later. By then, both had become television stars—DeVito on "Taxi" and Perlman on "Cheers." Today they have three children: Lucy (age nine), Gracie (seven) and Jake (five).

To interview the often elusive DeVito, PLAYBOY *sent* **Lawrence Linderman** *to meet with the actor-director on the Sony Picture lot in Culver City, California. Linderman's most recent "Playboy Interview" assignment was last July, when he interviewed DeVito's "Batman Returns" nemesis, Michael Keaton. Here is Linderman's report:*

"When we met, DeVito was hard at work editing 'Hoffa.' He hoped to shoehorn our interview sessions in daily fifty-minute bursts—from 1:00 P.M. to 1:50 P.M.—over lunches in the Sony commissary. I got there early the first day and noticed that, as DeVito strolled in, diners throughout the room suddenly became silent, casting respectful, furtive glances at him as he trudged along.

"When he sat down and we shook hands—and after he ordered his customary first course, a bowl of matzoh-ball soup—I expected to be talking with a guy who had a lot in common with Louie DePalma of 'Taxi,' Sam Stone of 'Ruthless People' or even Gavin D'Amato of 'The War of the Roses.' I was dead wrong. DeVito was nothing at all like the mean and manic characters he'd made famous. During our first session, in fact, he was reserved to the point of being almost emotionally incapable of talking about himself.

"But once I was able to get DeVito to an outdoor picnic table—and especially to editing room 39 in what is known on the Sony lot as 'Cutter's Alley'—he had a much easier time opening up. But make no mistake, he's still very diffident, except when he's working. It's my guess that as soon as he truly decides that interviewing can be interpreted as a worthwhile adjunct of filmmaking, he'll mow down journalists any which way he wants. Just as Louie would."

"Hoffa did what he had to do, and as far as I could see, he really didn't do anything illegal."

PLAYBOY: You just finished acting in and directing *Hoffa*, a film that lionizes a labor leader who most people believe was corrupt. When this interview is published, the reviews will already be in. Do you think you'll be accused of doing a whitewash?

DEVITO: No, because the movie isn't a whitewash. It's Jimmy Hoffa, warts and all, and it doesn't go easy on anything. Certain things are known about Hoffa. He was incredibly dedicated to his friends; he was extremely loyal to his wife and his family. In my opinion, from what I've learned about him, Hoffa would have made a great president—not of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters but of the United States.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a reach, isn't it?

DEVITO: Well, Hoffa was there on every issue, on every deal. He was clear as clear could be on every single thing about his union. I think he was an honest guy. He just looked you in the eye and dealt with you the way you dealt with him.

Before I started this movie, I had the same impression of Jimmy Hoffa a lot of people have—that he was the head of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, that he had ties to the Mob and that he disappeared from the face of the earth. What I didn't have any idea about was the kind of twenty-four-hours-a-day guy he was. Hoffa cared more about working men and women than he did about anything else. He was an incredible leader who was there all the time for anybody who needed him and who selflessly gave himself over to the Teamsters. He did all of this in a heroic way.

PLAYBOY: Did you research Hoffa's life extensively?

DEVITO: I did, yeah. After becoming interested in the screenplay by David Mamet, I got more interested in Hoffa himself. So I read everybody's opinion of him.

PLAYBOY: What did the research tell you?

DEVITO: It seemed as if everybody knew him, everybody was his best friend and everybody killed him. Everyone was there when he died and everyone knew exactly where he was buried. It got to be fascinating. But I ended up feeling that Hoffa did what he had to do, which was to take care of the people in the union. And as far as I could see, he really didn't do anything illegal.

PLAYBOY: A number of Las Vegas casinos were financed by Teamster pension funds. That may or may not have been illegal, but it certainly was questionable.

DEVITO: Right. But under Hoffa, the Teamsters built a lot of things, including hospitals in the U.S. and orphanages in Israel. Still, we focus on the casinos. What's wrong with the casinos?

PLAYBOY: In theory, nothing, except that some of the people who owned them were mobsters.

DEVITO: Before those casinos could be built, there were hearings in Nevada. Those hearings included people such as the governor of Nevada, who was pretty high up in the Republican Party.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you go into this project with the conventional notion that Hoffa was, at least, shady?

DEVITO: Absolutely—that he was a hood, that he was a gangster on the take. In fact, he lived a simple life. Listen, until he became president of the International, he lived in the same house in which he and [Hoffa's wife] Josephine raised their children. She was in the labor movement as well. They met on a picket line. People have always believed he was a thug, a guy who was sticking money into his pocket. People say Teamster money built the casinos in Las Vegas, and that every time someone gambled there, Hoffa was making money. That isn't

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true. The Teamster loans Hoffa made were legal loans, whether he was loaning money to a man or a group of people or an organization. And the returns to the people in the unions were enormous.

PLAYBOY: Most people would respond to that by saying, "Look at the kind of characters he was loaning the money to."

DEVITO: You're talking about the people he was in business with?

PLAYBOY: They weren't exactly the charitable type.

DEVITO: So are we now saying that everybody who does business with people in Vegas is a criminal? That's ridiculous. Just because a man makes a loan to a person thought to be a shady character, does that suddenly make him guilty? I don't think it works that way.

PLAYBOY: You don't anticipate a reviewer saying, "Here's a film that goes easy on Hoffa and tries to make him a good and strong man"?

DEVITO: The movie doesn't go easy on anything. As I said before, this is not a whitewash of Hoffa. It's Hoffa——

PLAYBOY: Warts and all.

DEVITO: Warts and all. Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Why did you cast Jack Nicholson as Hoffa?

DEVITO: Jack's a brilliant actor and he was always at the top of my list. When I mentioned to him that I was doing the movie, he was in the middle of filming *The Two Jakes*. He was busy and I didn't know if I had a shot at him. In a lot of ways, it's uncanny how much like Hoffa he is. Jack's trustworthy, dedicated to his art and dedicated to his friends. And, like Hoffa, he's also Dutch-Irish. Everything clicked. So it was like, bingo! Let me have Jack.

PLAYBOY: Want to say anything about how he did?

DEVITO: Jack is one of the hardest-working actors I've ever had the pleasure of being associated with. He works constantly and he plays hard, but he is totally dedicated to what he's doing. I don't believe there were five minutes during the day where he wasn't working while he was on the set. Jack likes to improvise and really dig into his characters, as he did in *Hoffa*. I think you'll agree that it is one of his finest performances.

PLAYBOY: Good enough to be nominated for an Academy Award?

DEVITO: My expectations for him are very high.

PLAYBOY: What are your chances of getting nominated for directing the film? Do you think you have a shot?

DEVITO: I have high hopes for that, too. I want to be worthy of recognition by my peers. But, mostly, I just want the audience to enjoy the movie as much as I do.

PLAYBOY: Would you be shocked if all these nominations actually came about?

DEVITO: Probably, yes. *Very* shocked. It's just one of those things: You watch the Academy Awards when you're a kid—it's thrilling to watch them—and you can't imagine what it would be like to be there.

PLAYBOY: You and Nicholson go way back, don't you?

DEVITO: Yeah, we've been friends since 1974, when we filmed *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. This will be the fourth movie we've done together—*Cuckoo's Nest*, *Goin' South*, *Terms of Endearment* and now *Hoffa*. After *Cuckoo's Nest*, he recommended me to directors every time he did a job. When he did *Missouri Breaks* he recommended me to Arthur Penn. Penn didn't hire me, but I appreciated what Jack did. He's a very loyal guy and I've always admired him as a human being and as an actor. We're from the same neighborhood in New Jersey—he's from Neptune and I'm from Asbury Park, which is a mile or two away. We didn't know each other growing up, but a cousin of mine was real close to Jack's sister. I always used to hear about him. We'd be sitting around in a coffee shop and there'd be talk about this young kid Nicholson who went to California to become an actor.

PLAYBOY: Was that part of the reason you chose to give acting a shot?

DEVITO: No, I just remember hearing about him.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you started out as a hairdresser working with your sister Angela and then decided to become a Hollywood makeup man?

DEVITO: Well, I don't know about Hollywood, but, yeah, I wanted to learn makeup. My sister owned a shop and I was doing hair there. I knew I could make more money by branching out and doing makeup. The only problem was that I didn't know where people learned how to do that. One day I saw an ad for a makeup course offered at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, so I drove up there and talked to a woman who was the Academy's makeup artist. She said, "Oh, I can teach you how to do theatrical makeup. I can also teach you how to do regular makeup." I said, "Well, what kind of a deal can I make with you? I can't come during the day because I'm working in the shop." She said, "The only way we can do this is if you enroll in our night school." I asked, "How do I get in?" She told me, "You have to audition with a monolog." A few days later I did a monolog and was accepted. So I began commuting from Asbury Park to Manhattan.

PLAYBOY: At that point, had you thought about becoming an actor?

DEVITO: I was a big movie fan, and I guess down deep I always wanted to be a movie star. You go to a movie and see an actor and you relate to him. You say to yourself, "I can do that. That's who I am—I'm Clint Eastwood, I'm Edward G. Robinson, I'm Peter Lorre," depending on who you are, you know? Thinking back, I'm sure there were times when I sat in the movie theater and said, "I can do that." But I never really admitted it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

DEVITO: Because it would've been like, "Hey, are you crazy, Danny? Who do you think you are, Cary Grant?" So it wasn't something I went after. When I got admitted to the school, I concentrated on makeup. I was there only for that. But I had to take all the other classes, too.

PLAYBOY: You obviously liked them.

DEVITO: Yeah. And then I read a play or two and did scene studies, and pretty soon I got hooked on acting. So I had to break the news to my sister that I was going to New York to become an actor.

PLAYBOY: You wanted out of Asbury Park?

DEVITO: Asbury Park was a great place to grow up, but it was time for a change. New York was always my favorite place to be. My father was from Brooklyn, and every summer I'd go back there for a month. My cousin would come to Jersey in July. He would spend a month with us, and then I would go to Flatbush for the month of August. Those Augusts were the best times of my childhood. I did more Huckleberry Finn things in Brooklyn than I did in Jersey.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DEVITO: Flatbush was all swamps. We used to build rafts and light the cattails and float out in the middle of the weeds and listen to the crickets—it was great. That was in the Fifties.

PLAYBOY: How long did you study at the American Academy?

DEVITO: Two years. I finished up in 1966. Then I got a job right away in summer theater. That was good because, by then, I enjoyed getting out of New York. I went to the Eugene O'Neill Foundation in Connecticut for a while and did a play there. That's where I met Michael Douglas. He was a hippie on a motorcycle and we became good friends.

PLAYBOY: What happened to you and the stage?

DEVITO: When I thought of acting, it was always film acting. I was reading installments of *In Cold Blood* in *The New Yorker*, and when I found out that Richard Brooks was going to make the movie, I thought it would be great to give it a crack. I wanted to play Perry Smith. So I flew out to Los Angeles hoping to meet Brooks, with the idea of having a little tête-à-tête and telling him my idea of the role. When I got out here and finally got to see the casting director, the part was already cast—Robert Blake played Perry Smith and did a wonderful job—and they were getting ready to shoot the movie. I didn't have any idea they were so far along. But it was a nice trip, and I wound up staying around Hollywood for almost two years. Sunset Strip was fascinating, but after a year and a half or so, I hadn't found any work as an actor.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever think you had made a terrible mistake?

DEVITO: No, never that. I was never

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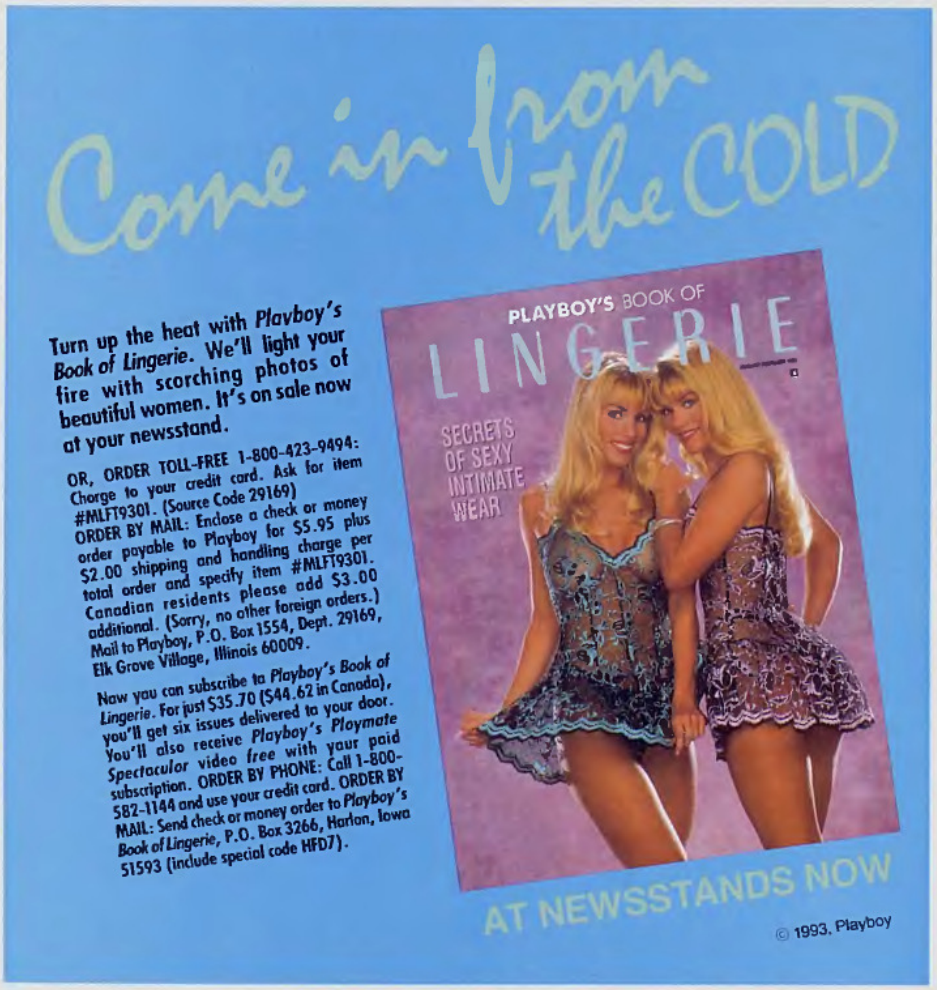
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discouraged—but I wasn't working, either. I felt that I wasn't in the right place.

PLAYBOY: Did a Hollywood agent really tell you that you weren't tall enough to act in movies?

DEVITO: It was a casting person. It was one of those things that actually gives you inspiration, in a way. They tell you you're never going to do it, and they don't even know you. You could be the greatest thing since who knows what, but they still tell you that you're not going to work—just by looking at you. Idiots!

PLAYBOY: So have you changed the way short people are treated in Hollywood?

DEVITO: Yeah, somebody had to do it and I guess I did. When I was in grade school, it was terrible. I always had to fast dance with the girls—not too many slow dances. It depended on the girl. That was tough. But I was never shy.

PLAYBOY: What about the guys? Did they torment you about your height?

DEVITO: My friends always took care of me, and I'm still very close to all of them. I would take a little shit from guys from different neighborhoods, but in my neighborhood in Jersey, my friends were the toughest. So I never took any shit.

PLAYBOY: When you returned to New York from Los Angeles, were you able to pick up where you left off in theater?

DEVITO: Yeah, and I started thinking about directing around that time. I got this great 8mm camera and started to make short films. I also read about directing. I remember reading how much Marlon Brando knew about directing. He never wanted to go back to the stage and he knew everything there was to know about filmmaking. I was trying to figure out ways to learn more about what it was I wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: In moviemaking, you wear a lot of hats—producer, director, actor. Does it cause problems?

DEVITO: Not really. Every film I make, whether I'm producing it or directing it or starring in it or just playing a small part in it, is very important, very precious to me. It's like your children. If somebody has three children and tells you, "Well, the third one is the one I really love," it's bullshit. Every single time I get involved in something, the emotional connection becomes strong no matter what it is—whether it's a picture I've worked on for two years or three months or I'm just sitting in a room with [director] Tim Burton talking about his bizarre take on the Penguin. They all demand so much. You want to give each of them every ounce of energy you can. And you do—at least I do.

PLAYBOY: Even if the movies themselves—or the parts you play in them—are stinkers?

DEVITO: Yes. They're all important to me. I had two lines in *The World's Greatest Lover*, for instance. I sat in a trailer on the Fox lot for two weeks until everybody forgot I was there. But when it

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came time for me to say my two lines, they were important to me.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your career as an actor. Until *Taxi*, how would you characterize the roles that you played?

DEVITO: Mostly comic. Like Hog in *Goin' South*. I don't think my role in *Cuckoo's Nest* was a comic role, though there was some humor in Martini's quest for sexual satisfaction. Then there was *Terms of Endearment*, which was my first serious role. But *Taxi* was a real comic role. I just saw a great episode where Iggy—Chris Lloyd—gets another job as a door-to-door salesman. He goes into a woman's apartment with his attaché case and says, "Does your vacuum cleaner really work? Does it really pick up as well as it should?" And the woman says, "I'm not sure." And Iggy drops a pile of dirt on her rug and says, "Will your vacuum pick this up?" She says, "Well, I think so." Then Iggy says, "But what about this?" And he takes milk, butter, grease and ketchup and grinds them into her rug. And she says, "Oh no! Is your vacuum cleaner going to get all this out?" And he says, "That's why they call it the Miracle Vacuum." He turns his back, opens his attaché case, pulls out a book and says, "Is there anywhere I can plug this in?" Then he does a double take and says, "Oh God, I didn't get the vacuum cleaner job, I'm selling encyclopedias!"

PLAYBOY: How did you land the role of Louie DePalma in *Taxi*?

DEVITO: Before my audition, I read the script and saw what kind of character he was. When I walked in to do a reading, I took the script, threw it on the coffee table and said, "One thing I want to know before we start: Who wrote this shit?" I'd actually heard that joke in a Truffaut movie. In *Day for Night*, Valentina Cortese tells this story about how, in Italy, when actors are bad on the stage, the audience throws cabbages and other vegetables at them. An actor was doing *Hamlet*, and they were bombing him with stuff. He walks down to the apron of the stage and says, "Hey, what do you want from me? I didn't write this shit." So I thought that would be a good move—a ploy to get the part of Louie and also in character with him. And it worked. [*As Louie*] Suckers!

PLAYBOY: How do you remember *Taxi*?

DEVITO: As a great five-year experience. Everybody connected with that show was wonderful. They never let you down, no matter what. They wrote until things worked. They always gave you the confidence and spirit to try anything, and you knew they were going to be there for you. So it wasn't so bad to fall on your face.

PLAYBOY: Did you personally like the character of Louie DePalma?

DEVITO: I liked him very much. I appreciated his sense of the world and the place he felt he was in. He was lucky to have people care about him as they did, even though he was sometimes very mean to them. And I think, as was exhibited in some of the shows, that they did care about Louie very much, and that he cared about them. It was a tough job—somebody had to boss those people around—and he did it.

PLAYBOY: Often with great relish.

DEVITO: Absolutely, but it was all give and take. Life is a negotiation.

PLAYBOY: Before you began working on *Taxi*, did you have any idea that it would become such a hit?

DEVITO: I had a hint that it was possible. I remember walking down the street in New York with John Belushi just before I started working on *Taxi*. I knew John from *Goin' South* and we were talking about my doing the show. He was telling me all about Andy Kaufman, who was on *Taxi*. John knew Andy and was one of the first people to see his work, in a café. Anyway, I remember what it was like with John on the street. People were yelling at him, "Hey, Johnny, do the samurai guy," and they'd hit him with all the different characters he did on *Saturday Night Live*. It was great. And John said to me, "You know, you're in for this." We were walking in Soho, and when he said that, I felt like—from his mouth to God's ears.

"That was the year 'Taxi' won a lot of Emmys. And they still canceled us. They're creepolas. I don't even like to talk about them."

PLAYBOY: Both Kaufman and Belushi died not too many years after that. How were you affected by their deaths?

DEVITO: When Andy died, everybody involved in *Taxi* was horrified and shocked. It was a great blow to all of us. I was very saddened by John's death. I had a lot of hopes that John and I would work together. We always talked about getting together on other movies someday. I thought it was going to be so much fun. I just loved being with him. He was an extremely talented guy. He was unique and had so much energy and such a remarkable comic sense. There was no limit to what he could have done. Johnny was special.

PLAYBOY: So why was *Taxi* eventually canceled?

DEVITO: I don't know. We got canceled twice. Once by ABC after four years and once by NBC after a year.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to imagine that the ratings weren't there.

DEVITO: Here's what I think happened: A network has to care about a show in order for the ratings to stay up there. *Cheers*, for example, started in something like last place during its first season. But the network took care of that show—kept it in the same time slot, made sure it grabbed its audience. I don't think that the people at ABC gave a good rat's ass about *Taxi*. At all. No offense to the rat. I don't want to put rats in their category.

PLAYBOY: It's amazing, though. The show was so popular—and it remains popular in syndication.

DEVITO: We're talking about a couple things here. We're talking about people who gave a shit and people who didn't give a shit. The people who gave a shit made the show. The people who didn't give a shit put the show on the air. You know what I'm saying? They did not care about the show. At one point, we were on every night of the week—on a Tuesday night one week, Wednesday night another week, Thursday night the next week. That's a good way to lose an audience. And we did. And they canceled us. And good for them—let them do what they have to do.

PLAYBOY: How did you and the rest of the cast feel when the ax finally fell?

DEVITO: We felt as if we were a family being wrenched apart by these bozos. It was just appalling. I went on *Saturday Night Live* that year and blew up ABC—did a little film of me blowing up the building. That was the year *Taxi* won a lot of Emmys. And they still canceled us. They're creepolas. I don't even like to talk about them. It's just not worth it. Whoever they are—I don't even know who they are.

PLAYBOY: How long did the NBC experiment last?

DEVITO: A year.

PLAYBOY: How was that?

DEVITO: It was OK. It was a good time to say goodbye. We knew the show wasn't going to continue, so it was nice for us. I appreciate what NBC did for us, bringing us over for a year. We had a lot of fun that season and we got to say goodbye. It wasn't like having the rug suddenly pulled out from under us.

PLAYBOY: Do you still keep in touch with the crew from *Taxi*?

DEVITO: Oh, yeah—a lot. I see Marilu [Henner] and Tony [Danza]. I saw Jeff [Conaway] not long ago. Chris Lloyd. Ed Weinberger. And Jim Brooks and I did *War of the Roses* together. As a matter of fact, right now we're both working here on the Sony lot. He's doing his film in a building two balconies away. We can throw stones into each other's windows and talk.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned *Cheers*. One of that show's most popular characters, waitress Carla Tortelli LeBec, has a lot in common with Louie DePalma: mischief,

a touch of malice and loyalty to the people with whom she works. Any coincidence that Rhea Perlman, who plays Carla, is your wife?

DEVITO: It's only coincidence. The character Rhea plays really stands on her own. I think it's true that Carla reminds people of Louie DePalma, but there's a little bit of Louie in everybody. She's no exception.

PLAYBOY: Do you help Rhea prepare for some of Carla's more outrageous antics?

DEVITO: Not really. The Charles brothers, who were producers of *Taxi*, created *Cheers* as well. They obviously thought it was a good idea to have somebody with that certain demeanor on the show. Carla's a very colorful character. She gets away with a lot, just as Louie did.

PLAYBOY: What's your assessment of your wife as an actress? How far do you think she can go?

DEVITO: There's no limit to where Rhea can go. She's a really talented woman. I believe this is the final season for *Cheers*, and Rhea's going to be doing a lot of things after the series is finished. She's got great range, but it's been eleven years since anyone's seen her do anything but *Cheers*.

PLAYBOY: Do the two of you plan to act in films together?

DEVITO: We have a couple projects in development that we want to star in, so there are things in the works. But it's not something that we're actively planning right now.

PLAYBOY: After breaking the Louie DePalma mold with *Terms of Endearment*, you went on to act in a number of comedies in which Louie resurfaced.

DEVITO: Well, the situations were different but the characters in *Romancing the Stone* and *Jewel of the Nile* were close to Louie. Sam Stone in *Ruthless People* wasn't exactly Louie, but he did have some of Louie's qualities that I just didn't want to let go of. Same thing with Larry the Liquidator in *Other People's Money*. Larry was more worldly than Louie, which had to do with his being a college graduate who traveled extensively and spoke a couple of languages. Nevertheless, he had a biting way about him and he definitely shared some colors with Louie—who was intelligent in a street sense but limited in his experiences. Larry the Liquidator could have been played other ways, I imagine, but not by me. Anyway, I finally got to play a good guy in *Tin Men*.

PLAYBOY: We didn't view you as a good guy in that film.

DEVITO: But I was!

PLAYBOY: Explain.

DEVITO: There were two groups of salesmen—mine and Richard Dreyfuss'. But I didn't get to hang out too much with Dreyfuss on the set because he was like the opposition—the bad guy. It came as a real shock to him.

PLAYBOY: In what sense?

DEVITO: Well, I remember that during the first day of shooting, we did the scene where Dreyfuss buys a new Cadillac and backs out of the dealership. Meanwhile, I'm driving down the street and we collide. While [writer-director] Barry Levinson was setting up the shot, Richard and I were sitting in chairs in the shade of a prop truck. It was a hot day. We hadn't really had much contact, so while we were sitting there, I leaned over to him and said, "How's it feel to be playing the bad guy in a movie?" And he did one of those looks that he does and said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Well, obviously I'm the good guy in this picture and you're the bad guy. That's a departure for both of us—especially for you, because you're usually the good guy." He asked me what I meant, and I said, "Well, Richard, first of all, you back out in your Caddy and hit my car." And he said, "No, you hit me." And I said, "No, Richard, I had the right of way. Look at any of those little books they give you at the Motor Vehicle Bureau and you'll see that you backed into my path. You're the bad guy. Not to mention, of course, that you steal my wife [played by Barbara Hershey] away." Well, Richard gets up and runs over to Levinson, and I can see him talking to Barry about whether or not he was the bad guy. Then we shot the scene and none of that mattered.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy working with Barbara Hershey?

DEVITO: Yeah. We had a scene in a bathtub; she washes my hair. That was great for me physically, because as soon as I found out I had to do a bathtub scene with Barbara, I went on a diet. I lost about twelve pounds. So the film was good for me in a lot of ways.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned *Romancing the Stone* and *Jewel of the Nile*. More than anything else, those films appeared to be a lot of fun to make. Were they?

DEVITO: Yeah, we had a ball. With *Stone*, we were in Mexico—Jalapa and Cuernavaca and Veracruz—and had a great time. The same thing with *Jewel of the Nile*. For that one we went to Morocco. We were in Fez for a month. It was beautiful. I had a new baby—five weeks old—and a two-year-old with me. Fez is the cultural capital of Morocco—it's beautiful. And Melilla is like a world city.

PLAYBOY: Did your wife go along?

DEVITO: Yeah, Rhea was with me. And we had the nanny, the nanny's boyfriend and I don't know how many refrigerator boxes full of supplies.

PLAYBOY: In *Other People's Money* you played the role of a hard-hearted takeover artist. In real life, did you get caught up in the money frenzy of the Eighties?

DEVITO: Not at all.

PLAYBOY: How often would people come to you with deals for you to invest in?

DEVITO: People don't come to me with deals. I'm not known as a financial expert. I'm an actor. I've got three kids. I have no time for that kind of speculation. I don't mind investing in a school, because that's the kind of thing that's useful. That's where my head is.

PLAYBOY: Do you employ someone to watch over your money?

DEVITO: I have people who do the books for me and stuff like that. But I don't have them look for investments I can make a killing on.

[*The conversation picked up the next day over lunch. DeVito appeared to be almost despondent.*]

DEVITO: You know, what's going on right now is fucked.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

DEVITO: In the world.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about Bosnia? [*News of Serbian detention camps had been broadcast on television the night before.*]

DEVITO: Yeah, it's fucked. It's hard to keep your mind on anything else. It's terrible. And no one seems to give a shit that people over there are being tortured. Not only them, people all over the world. We have to help them, to do something. Babies are being bombed over there. What's the matter with people? What the fuck. Nobody learns in this world. It's ridiculous. They have people in concentration camps, they're torturing them, they're killing them. It's terrible, and I don't know what to do about it. It takes the pleasure out of everything. In terms of doing and thinking of something else, it just takes the pleasure out of everything.

[*More silence*]

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the interview.

DEVITO: OK, go ahead.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about *Batman Returns*.

DEVITO: [*Smiles faintly*] Yeah, that was good. It was an incredible experience from the beginning, starting with my meeting with Tim Burton, where he explained his concept of the Penguin character. It was fun learning things about the Penguin—how he was raised by birds, then taken around by a circus company so he could be gawked at by the public. It was a great role, but the costume part of it was very uncomfortable. They made molds of my body. I had to put on long silk underwear—a silk sweat suit—and was completely covered with grease and then plaster of paris. They did a few of those body molds, and when they were finished, they sculpted a big glob, a mass.

PLAYBOY: We've been told that even before Michelle Pfeiffer was cast as Catwoman, most people in Hollywood considered you a lock for the role of the Penguin. True?

DEVITO: Before anybody talked to me about it, there were a lot of rumors that I was going to do it. I was a fan of Batman comic books when I was a kid, and

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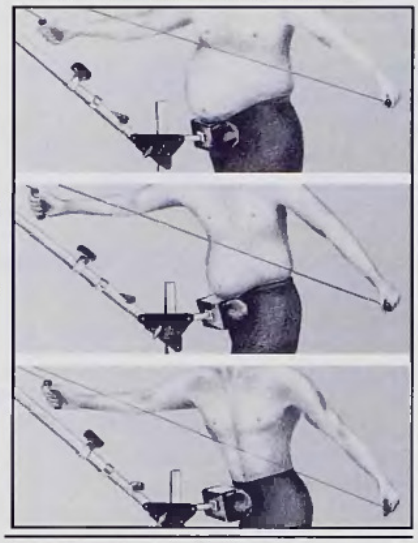

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I also liked the TV show. But I didn't see myself playing the Penguin. Then Tim Burton asked me to meet with him, and I decided to listen to what he had to say. What he had to say was pretty exciting.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DEVITO: I liked his physical take on the character, which was more like a bird boy than the comic-book version of the Penguin. Tim gave me a painting he did that had a kind of a circus background, with stripes in front that were like bars. And behind them was a little round-faced boy with sharp, pointy features, tiny flippers and a bulbous body. The boy was sitting down, and the legend on the bottom of the painting said, "My name is Jimmy, but they call me the Hideous Penguin Boy." That was intriguing and challenging, and it made the difference about whether or not I thought *Batman Returns* would be good. And it was good. The only drawback was that I wasn't able to socialize or communicate with people during the filming, including the crew and my family.

PLAYBOY: You didn't want your wife and children to see you in costume?

DEVITO: No one came to see me. No one was allowed to see me. From the beginning, I realized that to be in the same room with Oswald Cobblepot—that was the Penguin's real name—was uncomfortable for other people, and for myself as well. Having my wife and children and my agent and publicist come down to the set and see me in my Penguin get-up wouldn't have been fair to anybody. In fact, it would have been horrible. Usually, while I'm working, I don't want anybody around, because I need total concentration and focus. But the Penguin was a special case. So I just stayed in my trailer. About the only times I socialized were when Vincent Schiavelli—he played an organ-grinder in the movie—made lunch. Vinnie's a wonderful cook, and every afternoon he would make some sort of Italian meal for me and my stand-in. And once in a while, people from the cast—usually Chris Walken and Michelle Pfeiffer—would eat with us.

PLAYBOY: Was life a little more lightheartened making *Twins*?

DEVITO: That was a different story, and a funny one. When we began that movie, the script called for me to have the kind of relationship with Arnold Schwarzenegger's character, Julius, that a streetwise guy would have with a country bumpkin. It wasn't unlike some of the relationships I had with the people on *Taxi*, except that Arnold wasn't my employee. Also, on *Taxi* I could rule the roost in a much greater way. I was more of a con man with Julius than I was with the gang on *Taxi*. Those guys had to do what I said, or else they'd be out on the street.

PLAYBOY: In *Twins*, it appeared as if you turned Schwarzenegger on to a whole new strain of comedy.

DEVITO: Arnold is used to experimenting. In his way, he really wants to do other things. I imagine he was going through the same thing someone goes through when doing a television series: If you do one action movie after another where you have to say these cute lines just before you demolish your opponents, there's eventually a sameness in that. The movies that he was choosing to do around the time of *Twins* were kind of a departure for him.

Arnold is a very hard worker. He has this kind of determination about what he wants to do. As far as his comic abilities are concerned, he's a funny guy—always has been—who likes to joke around and break chops. Arnold's very comfortable with that side of himself, and all of his friends know it. He's got a good sense of humor and he handles people with a light touch.

PLAYBOY: Was *Twins* a stroll in the park for you?

DEVITO: No, I worked hard. Arnold's character, Julius, was on a quest to right a wrong. He really needed Vincent—my character, his blood brother—to find our mother. I got heavily involved with the concept and the writing of *Twins*. I thought, Terrific idea, but let's see what else we can do with it. I felt it would be nice to make a good film that had a strong story and well-developed characters. I've always been interested in finding movies that are fun to do but have something else going for them.

PLAYBOY: Which you did when you costarred in *Throw Momma from the Train*. That movie also marked your debut as a feature film director. Why did you choose *Throw Momma* for such an important career move?

DEVITO: I read the screenplay, liked it and had some ideas about it. Like *Twins*, it could have been a joke—a very light, over-the-top movie.

PLAYBOY: And it wasn't?

DEVITO: No, I made sure of that. *Throw Momma from the Train*'s dark humor comes out of the sick relationship the character Owen has with his mother. He wants to kill her. So it's dark and scary—but it's funny, too. And I'm pulled toward that.

PLAYBOY: What else is important to you when you direct?

DEVITO: I like to know as much as possible about the characters. For instance, when I was a kid, I was the only boy in the family. I had two older sisters, Angela and Theresa. If you were a cousin or a friend from down the block, when you came over, I would take you into my room and show you all my stuff—like if I had dinosaurs, an Erector set, whatever I was into, I'd show it to you. You share it, right? It's a male bonding kind of thing. Anyway, I asked for such a scene in *Throw Momma*, and the writer, Stu Silver, came up with one: My character,

Owen, shows Larry [Billy Crystal] his coin collection. And it's a unique coin collection because it's not made up of rare coins—the coins aren't worth more than their face value. But they're worth a lot to Owen. They're all small change that his father had let him keep. It was a sweet and lovely scene. That whole movie was an enjoyable experience.

PLAYBOY: Even the directorial aspect?

DEVITO: Yeah. Directing isn't a piece of cake, and there were other people in town who were able and willing to direct *Throw Momma*. That was a big risk for Orion Pictures to take, a real leap of faith.

PLAYBOY: Were you confident that you'd direct *The War of the Roses*?

DEVITO: No. It was a big movie at the studio and, as I said before, it's not that easy to move from acting to directing at the studios. I knew the writers, Jim [Brooks] and Michael [Leeson], would let me do it in a second, but it was going to be a lot tougher to get the people—the *scarolla* folks—over at Twentieth Century Fox to go along. Those are the ones who are saying, "You're going to let Danny direct this? This is a big movie. Why don't you get somebody who's already done one?"

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to direct and act in that film?

DEVITO: Well, as with *Throw Momma*, I saw that it could be dark and funny. It was a chance to find humor in an angry divorce fight, which is a serious thing to make fun of. Plus, I had wanted to work with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner again. We'd had such a ball with *Romancing the Stone* and *Jewel of the Nile*.

PLAYBOY: We've read that Turner and Douglas battled from start to finish on *War of the Roses*. How did that affect you?

DEVITO: It didn't affect me at all.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

DEVITO: Because the stories about Michael and Kathleen fighting with each other are all bullshit. I guess being a journalist is a tough job, because you always have to come up with interesting angles and new stuff. There were some uncomfortable times during the movie, but that's because I put them through hell. And they deserved it. [*Laughs*] Especially that end sequence with the chandelier. I don't remember exactly how long that took to shoot, but every day they got coated with petroleum jelly and dirt. I wanted them to look sweaty.

PLAYBOY: Were they really hanging up in the air?

DEVITO: They certainly were. We attached them to a chandelier and swung them up thirty-five feet. It was very uncomfortable for them.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that there was some real concern about how *The War of the Roses* ended?

DEVITO: There was no question that the ending was going to be a problem because we killed off the two stars of the movie—two of the three stars of the movie, thank you very much. We never thought of changing it, though we did pitch around a few different ideas.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DEVITO: That Michael and Kathleen didn't die. That it was all a horrible lie that my character was telling his new client just to save the guy's marriage. I think we talked about the new ending for eight minutes—not just that specific idea, all the ideas.

PLAYBOY: If you knew you were satisfied with the ending, why discuss changes?

DEVITO: Because of the low numbers we got at previews. You take a movie out and show it to an audience so you can get a feeling for how it plays. We got such low numbers that people were saying we were in for real trouble. The low scores came because we killed off Kathleen and Michael at the end, and we were told that people weren't going to like that. So when you ask the viewers, "Well, who will you recommend the movie to?" what are they going to say? That they'll recommend it to their two friends down the block who are having some difficulties decorating their apartment? [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: When the studio executives saw your preview numbers, did they panic?

DEVITO: No, not at all. *War of the Roses* was

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finished just as Joe Roth came in and took over Twentieth Century Fox. And never did we get a boink from him, like, "Change the ending!" It was more like, "Whew. OK, the two stars are dead." In some cases people might panic about this. The point is, Fox didn't.

PLAYBOY: Did you hear any epic divorce stories that even approached the one you filmed in *War of the Roses*?

DEVITO: The only one that struck me that way was one I heard about on the radio. It was a weird thing about some woman who poured paint into either the gas tank or the engine of some guy's Ferrari. Then I heard another story about a woman cutting the nose out of a guy's Picasso painting. Those are the little revenge things that can happen during divorces—things we explored by having Oliver cutting the heels off Barbara's shoes. All of these different tit-for-tat things.

PLAYBOY: After the movie, did people ever approach you for marital advice?

DEVITO: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you now have opinions about the best and worst ways to handle a divorce?

DEVITO: I think Oliver and Barbara Rose handled it the worst way. At the time I made the film I thought divorce was a dangerous arena to tread in. There was a line in the movie—"There's no such thing as a civilized divorce"—that I think is pretty true. You have to be careful about it because of the pain involved—coupled with the instigation factor of somebody telling you, "You should be doing this" and "Why are you letting him get away with that?" Both men and women are vulnerable to suggestions in that situation. And suggestions are sometimes made by people who have their own best interests—not yours—in mind. I don't want to point fingers or anything, but there are a lot of lawyers who churn fees during divorce cases. It's a business and you've got to be careful. When people want to separate—even if there was a compromising thing that happened—you ought to be adult enough to work it out. But too often, people get their feelings hurt, their hearts stepped on. It's messy and difficult.

PLAYBOY: Having directed and acted in *Throw Momma*, *War of the Roses* and *Hoffa*, are you determined to direct most of the movies you appear in?

DEVITO: I'm torn in that area. I like to do it—and it's exciting. If you ever wanted to throw yourself into your work totally, this is it. You get right inside of everything, including the music. You work with the artists, the actors, the technicians, everyone involved on the the film.

PLAYBOY: So the job is a lot less solitary than simply acting?

DEVITO: Very much so. [*Laughs*] Oh, God. [*Facetiously*] There's never a dull moment. Seriously, it's great to experience. First of all, working with actors—you can't compare that to anything else. And designing everything in the movie is also wonderful. Sometimes I think I'd like to stay behind the camera and concentrate on that. But in *Hoffa*, for example, I have a wonderful role. I play Bobby Ciaro, who is a compilation of several people. I've never played a part like that. I couldn't pass it up. As soon as I read the script, I knew I wanted to play that part.

PLAYBOY: And you never had concerns that you may have bitten off more than you could chew?

DEVITO: Three or four weeks into a movie, I usually say to everybody, "This is the last time I'm going to do both." But that goes away. I love the thrill of getting into a new costume, of never having a second when I'm not thinking about anything but the project.

PLAYBOY: What's the down side?

DEVITO: It would be great to be able to film scenes over and over again, which is why I admire and envy Woody Allen. If he takes a look at one of his movies and doesn't like it, he probably gets to shoot the whole thing over again.

PLAYBOY: Would you do that if they let you?

DEVITO: Probably not, because you have to move on. Life goes on. Daylight comes and everybody wants to go home.

PLAYBOY: Except the director.

DEVITO: That's right, and now I'm doing something bigger than I've ever done before. I've never been involved in a movie for this long a stretch. I got *Hoffa* three years ago and I became emotionally attached to it immediately. The scope of this film is bigger in every detail than any other I've done, beginning with the deal that said we were going to make the movie. I've never been involved in something so complex.

PLAYBOY: In what way specifically?

DEVITO: First of all, we knew that *Hoffa* was going to be expensive to make.

PLAYBOY: How much did it cost?

DEVITO: I don't know what the final number will be, but it'll be more than forty million dollars. Even *War of the Roses* wasn't nearly as costly. So *Hoffa* is big. I guess it shouldn't be a surprise that it is that big. I shot scenes in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: How did that go down with the studio?

DEVITO: Well, when we started out, Twentieth Century Fox was enthusiastic about it. Then they saw the price tag. That kind of put a damper on things. But, fortunately, I had it in my power to make it happen—and I did.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

DEVITO: Let's say that it was a real good thing for Twentieth Century Fox that somebody was willing to work for nothing because he wanted to make the movie. Otherwise, *Hoffa* never would have been made.

PLAYBOY: The idea being that if the movie's a winner, you get a piece of it?

DEVITO: Hello? What? What did you say?

PLAYBOY: You heard what we said: You worked for peanuts, but if *Hoffa*'s a winner, you get a piece of it. And if not, the studio has already cut its losses.

DEVITO: Right.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take to negotiate that little deal?

DEVITO: I guess it took a year and a half.

PLAYBOY: Has that now become a standard part of a director's contract?

DEVITO: Not all the time. But I think what's happening in the business is that people don't really want to make big, rich, expensive movies anymore. And they don't want to make movies that die. They want to make money.

PLAYBOY: They do. The last movie you appeared in was marketed so thoroughly that McDonald's was selling cups with Batman characters on them.

DEVITO: Yeah, but I really think that's an exception. People don't want to spend a hundred million dollars to make a movie.

PLAYBOY: Does having a huge movie such as this take you to an entirely different plane as a director?

DEVITO: Yeah, and the cost of that movie will be up on the screen for all to see. We did strike scenes in *Hoffa* that are like the taking of Aqaba scene in *Lawrence of Arabia*. There's an energy to Mamet's script that's unique and captivating. I imagine he read lots of books about Hoffa, threw them all away and then created this piece with fictitious characters. Mamet creates a dramatic tone and touches on all the things I talked about earlier: Hoffa's loyalty, his dedication, his unending energy, his quest to take care of his family—and his extended family, which was the Teamsters.

PLAYBOY: And you're satisfied that those elements in Mamet's script were indeed elements in Hoffa's life?

DEVITO: Absolutely. Now all I have to do is finish editing the picture.

PLAYBOY: It's been only a handful of years since you directed your first film. Are you surprised that you've become such a strong presence in Hollywood so quickly?

DEVITO: Am I surprised? I don't know, man. I'm just happy that it happened. I always thought I could do it—and now I'm hoping that I'll do it better. And I appreciate your kind words. [*Laughs*] A guy's gotta do what a guy's gotta do.

PLAYBOY: So what's next for you?

DEVITO: I don't know. I'll read some things, look around, hope that something tickles my fancy. But right now I've got to finish editing this picture. Then maybe I'll go skiing. Yeah. How's that?

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No Justice, No Peace

los angeles' former top prosecutor argues that until cops face the same justice as everyone else, riots will threaten our cities

article

By Vincent Bugliosi

"In the minority communities, I sense a fire in the systems of the masses, a fire that can only be extinguished by justice."

I spoke these words when I ran for district attorney of Los Angeles County in 1972. Even before I ran, I was aware—it was common knowledge at the D.A.'s office, where I was a prosecutor—that there was a virulent strain of Los Angeles police who were manhandling and mistreating members of the minority communities. But when I went to the ghettos and barrios during my campaign and pledged to enforce the law equally, I heard shocking testimonials about police brutality and examples of how some police were treating members of these communities like second-class citizens. When I sought the support of police officer associations, I told them I intended to increase the conviction rate in felony jury trials. But I also told them something they had never heard before—or, regrettably, since—from a D.A. candidate.

I candidly warned them that if I became D.A., I was "going to come down hard on you guys" if excessive force continued. My disclosure did not meet with disapproval. One reason is that I was accurately perceived as being pro-police and pro–law enforcement. I had worked closely with the police for several years as a prosecutor at the D.A.'s office. During some complex murder cases they had even asked my superiors to assign me as prosecutor. I've always spoken publicly for increased pay for police. With their daily risk of death, police are the poorest-paid members of our society.

Another reason my bold statement was not met with recrimination was that the police know that only a small percentage of them use excessive force. I'd say it's roughly five percent, though I've heard slightly higher estimates. The vast majority of police officers have respect for people and the law. Rogue cops not only are

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

responsible for creating enormous animosity in the minority communities, they are also harmful to law enforcement in general—just as the small sliver of Italians in the Mafia hurt the reputation of law-abiding Italian Americans. Good cops know this.

For instance, there is no question that the Los Angeles Police Department—along with the L.A. County Sheriff's Department, one of the finest, most innovative and least corrupt departments in the country—has suffered immeasurably from the conduct of the officers in the Rodney King case. Following the King beating and verdict, anti-LAPD venom is at an all-time high: KILL THE LAPD and LAPD 187 (a reference to the penal code section for murder) are scrawled on the walls in South Central Los Angeles. So a small percentage of police stain the blue uniform and, by the hostility they create, endanger the lives of thousands of innocent officers—the majority of the force. The latter clearly have a vested interest in weeding out the outlaw officers.

•

In the wake of the L.A. riots sparked by the verdict in the King trial, most politicians and concerned citizens asked what could be done to avoid another monstrous civil riot. Obviously, the poverty and economic deprivation of the rioters was one cause of the riots. Despite the wacky belief of some on the far right that there is something which inheres in the genes of blacks that predisposes them to crime, the cause of most crime, manifestly, is poverty. How many people of easy circumstances were looting and pillaging during the recent riots? Look at a map of any large American city. It is no coincidence that, without exception, the area with the highest crime rate—whether it's populated by blacks, browns or whites—has the highest poverty and unemployment rates, the worst schools and social conditions. Divest the residents of Bel Air or Grosse Pointe, Michigan of almost all their money and possessions and keep them in that deprived state for a meaningful period of time. See if crimes such as theft and burglary don't rise dramatically.

Two weeks after the Los Angeles riots ended—the costliest in American history—mayors from major American cities led close to 200,000 protesters in a march on the nation's capital demanding billions of federal dollars in urban aid to avert a repeat of the riots. And in a statewide poll conducted in May by the *Los Angeles Times*, registered voters were asked which action would be "the most important to prevent violence like the Los Angeles riots from occurring again." An improved economy with more jobs led the long list of responses. However, we must not lose sight of the fact that, even given the indigence of the rioters, without the King beating and not-guilty verdicts, the riots would not have happened.

Although blacks have been denied economic justice for centuries in this country, the historical record shows it's when they feel they have been physically brutalized or mistreated by law enforcement that they have engaged in large-scale violence. For example, in the past half century—not including the riots by blacks throughout the nation following the assassination of Martin Luther King—there have been five massive race riots started by blacks. They were spawned not by economic injustice but by what blacks perceived as a physical violation by law enforcement. The four before South Central were the Watts riot in L.A. in 1965, the Newark and Detroit riots of 1967 and the riot in the Liberty City and Brownsville ghettos of Miami in 1980. (The Detroit race riot of June 20, 1943—which lasted only 24 hours—was a riot started by whites, not blacks. A fight between a black man and a white man exacerbated existing racial tensions and the riot began when mobs of whites invaded a black section of the city.)

The six-day Watts riot in August 1965 was ignited when rumors spread in the black community that two white California Highway Patrol officers had beaten and kicked 21-year-old Marquette Frye into their squad car. (Frye had been suspected of driving under the influence after one of the officers spotted his car weaving recklessly.) The riot that followed his arrest resulted in 34 deaths and more than $40 million in property damage.

The Newark riot in July 1967 started when a black cab driver tried to pass a slow-moving police vehicle. Two white officers allegedly struck and injured the cabbie during a traffic arrest. Within minutes, a crowd of blacks converged on precinct headquarters and hurled rocks and bottles. By the end of the riot four days later, 26 people were dead, with an estimated $15 million in property damage.

The five-day Detroit riot the following week started when police arrested 73 customers of an after-hours club where black-power harangues and antiestablishment curses were regularly served up with the booze. As the paddy wagons ferried the angry arrestees to the police station, a bottle thrown by one of 200 protesters smashed a squad car window. When the riot was over, there were 43 deaths and more than $50 million in property damage.

The three-day Miami riot followed the acquittal of four Dade County policemen indicted in the fatal beating of a black 33-year-old motorcyclist, Arthur Lee McDuffie, a former Marine and associate manager of a life insurance company who, like Rodney King, led the police on a high-speed chase. The riot toll was 15 dead and close to $200 million in property damage. "It's always a shame when someone gets hurt," said one 58-year-old Miami black man after the riot, "but the police are set up to protect white people from their enemy, and that is us."

As far back as 1922, a writer cited by the Chicago Commission on Race Relations wrote: "History proves that nearly all race riots are started by white policemen. East St. Louis, Houston and Washington, D.C. have had terrible cataclysms provoked by white bluecoats who, in nine out of ten cases, carry their prejudices with them whenever they enter black belts [ghettos]."

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Police brutality, obviously, is not confined to Los Angeles. As Hubert Williams, president of the Washington, D.C.-based Police Foundation and former chief of police in Newark, New Jersey, says, "Police use of excessive force is a significant problem in this country, particularly in our inner cities." Steven Hawkins, assistant counsel at the NAACP Legal Defense Fund headquarters in New York, adds that "from rural America to America's big cities, police brutality has been and continues to be pervasive in the black and Latino communities."

Although members of minority communities are by far the most frequent victims of police brutality, the Los Angeles *Daily News* observed that rogue cops administer street justice to any suspect who angers them. "Often, this curbside punishment takes place after a high-speed chase, when a suspect talks back—'contempt of cop'—or when a person is slow to obey an order." Attorney Allen Bell, a former police officer, says, "There is a code of the West. If you run from the police you get beat. The only thing different in this one [the King case] was that it was caught on tape."

In the aftermath of the King beating on March 3, 1991, everyone tried to assign blame. Former LAPD chief Daryl Gates received the brunt of it for allegedly fostering a militant climate in the department. Ultimately, after a long and prominent career, he was forced into retirement.

But the moment the media, public officials and nearly everyone else started blaming the chief of police for the beating and unfolding conflagration, I

(continued on page 156)

"Guess who!"

STEPHANIE'S SECRET

SUPERMODEL MS. SEYMOUR, WHO DOES SO MUCH FOR THE CLOTHES SHE'S PAID TO WEAR, FEELS BEST WRAPPED IN NOTHING AT ALL

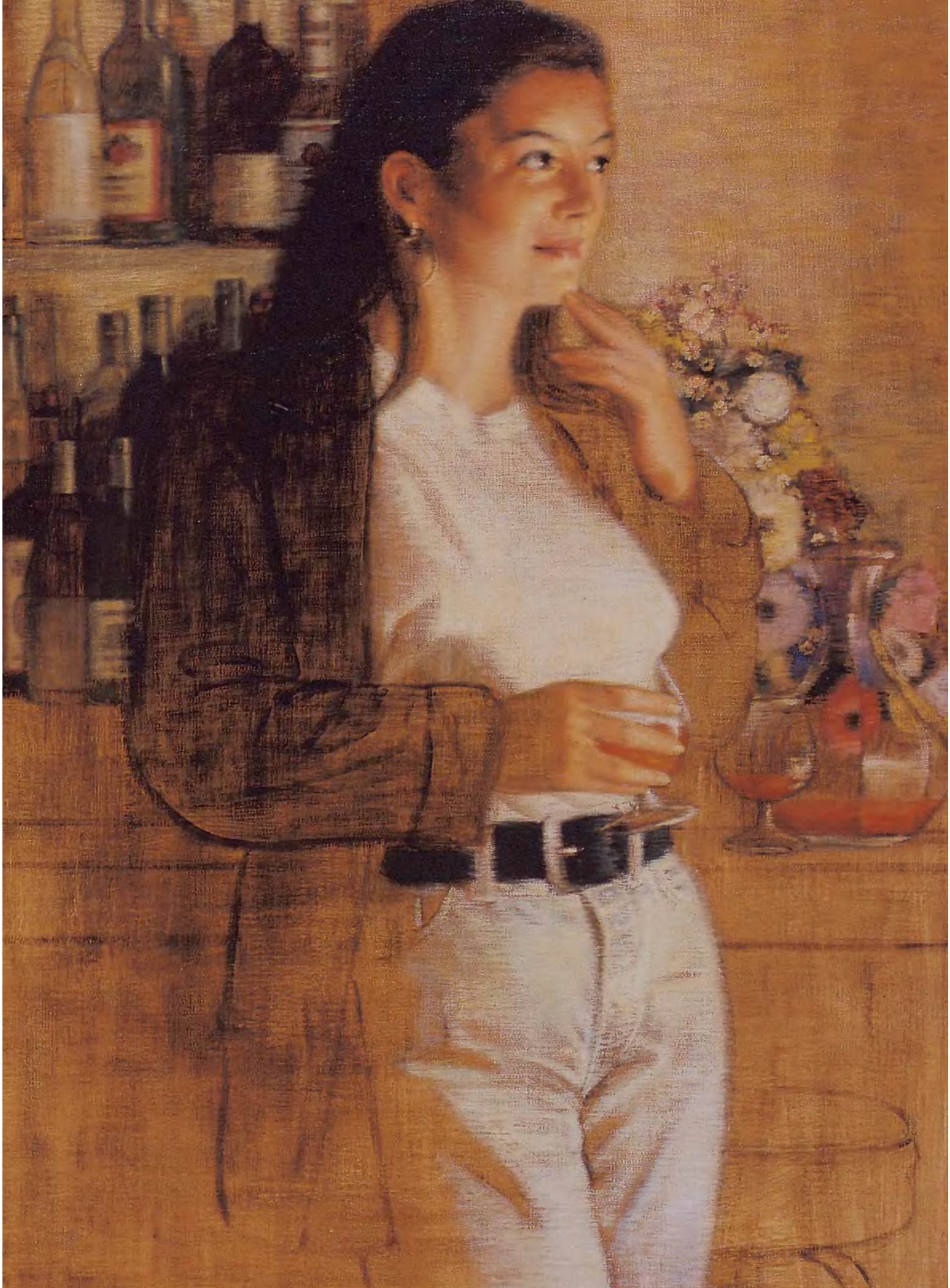
LOOK CLOSE. Keep looking. Study every pose, every photo from here to the picnic on page 77, if you haven't already, and remember one thing: There is no S on Stephanie Seymour's chest. Although you seldom see her name in print without the word supermodel attached, the S word isn't sufficient to specify Ms. S. "Celebrity" is better, but that rings of empty glamour. "Beauty" is not enough. In fact, this famously beautiful woman resists any single word. That's one of her secrets. Like anyone worth dreaming of, Stephanie is a bit of a mystery enigmatically wrapped. In this portfolio by Sante D'Orazio, she is wonderfully wrapped in nothing at all. *Harper's Bazaar* called her "one of the world's most sought-after and highly paid models." By way of self-definition, she tells us, "I'm a model, a mother, but mainly just a normal *goil*." Now, on the isle of St. Barth's in the Caribbean, you can see this superb model modeling nothing but herself. "I do love posing nude. For me the feeling in these pictures is freedom and strength. Put clothes on me and I wouldn't look pretty anymore, I'd look sad!" Stephanie, 24, took Manhattan by storm in 1985 as the latest in a line of long, leggy cover girls launched by the Elite modeling agency. Romantically linked to Elite guru John Casablancas, Stephanie became a star. Her love life was tabloid fodder, her privacy gone for good. Soon came four stellar appearances in *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue, along with fashion shoots for magazines from the West Coast to the Ivory Coast to the Côte d'Azur. *Allure* magazine named Stephanie, along with her friendly rivals Cindy Crawford, Naomi Campbell and Elle Macpherson, as the embodiment of "perfection for the Nineties." "I don't have the perfect Barbie-doll face," she says modestly, "but I did get famous for this body." Less perfect than Stephanie's flesh was the psychic cost of stardom. First, a fling with Warren Beatty titillated celebrity hounds. Then came her relationship with Axl Rose of Guns n' Roses—producing a gossipfest that welcomed Stephanie to the jungle of heavy-metal fame. Axl gave her a $20,000 ring after a lovers' spat, the papers said. Axl reportedly canceled a concert because she had dumped him for Charlie Sheen—a story denied by Rose's spokesman. (Sheen's spokesman did confirm the romance, however.) Axl ripped "old man" Beatty's "parasitic needs" onstage in Paris. He was just sticking up for the *goil* he loved. "Axl is the most honest, open, bright and sensitive man I know," she says of the noted musical maniac. "I'm sad the world doesn't know him the way I do or the world would love him, too. You know what we do? We go to the grocery store and then cook. He's a little domestic head." She has a son from a marriage that

So vivid are Stephanie's portrayals of feminine fire in her Victoria's Secret catalogs (above) that many people think Stephanie is Victoria. But there is nothing Victorian about Ms. Seymour. She is most comfortable in the nude, she says. Men of all ages—from Charlie Sheen to Warren Beatty, if you believe the gossip—love her for it. And for those who have loved her in lingerie, the best is yet to come.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SANTE D'ORAZIO

ended last year. "We're toilet training now. Glamourous, huh?" Not as glamourous as her Victoria's Secret spreads, and not close to these pages. Now for the news: "I don't think I'll do any more nudes. It's done. The pictures are strong and unique and maybe a bit shocking. I didn't hold anything back," says Stephanie. "So save this issue, people. It's my grand finale." Five years ago Stephanie was in such demand on New York City's social circuit that it seemed she never slept. "Life was moving too fast," she says. Weary of that sleepless town, she returned to California, her home state. Stephanie lives in Los Angeles and communes with the sea, generally dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, not a gown. "I'm no fashion plate at home," she says. "That would be like work." Although she played Axl's bride in a Guns n' Roses video, in real life they're not Man n'

Wife and aren't telling if they will be. "I don't want to jinx it," says superstitious Stephanie. What is it about Stephanie that magnetizes men? Her eyes, which may be green or blue depending on the light, are unique. Ditto her modeling technique: A photographer friend calls it sensuous creativity. Maybe her secret is secrets. Stephanie seems to keep them behind those changeable eyes. "I am a very private person," she says. "I don't open up easily, share my feelings impulsively. I think a person's feelings should be sacred." Stephanie Seymour, supermodel? "Why not?" she asks. "I guess it's good to be a super something." Her credentials are in order. Like Cindy Crawford, Naomi Campbell and a few others, she is gorgeous, glamourous and seldom seen in public without a famous man beside her. But Stephanie is also a devoted mother, an independent thinker, a celebrity in her own right. More than her looks or her press clips, she is, in one fan's words, "a superwoman."



HIDDEN AGENDAS

she taught me the secret of attracting beautiful women. what she wanted in return was strictly unfair

FICTION BY MARSHALL BOSWELL

MY BEST FRIEND'S girlfriend—or, I should say, his fiancée—taught me a remarkably effective method of picking up women, and I don't care what your feelings are on the matter, I'm here to tell you the lady knew what she was talking about: She told me what to do, I did it and it worked. Simple as that.

"The thing you have to remember," Pamela told me, "the key thing, is that women aren't trying to impress men. Not really, anyway. What they're doing is competing against one another."

Brennan was out of town. That I was suffered to spend evenings in his apartment, with his fiancée, in his absence, surely testifies to the amount of trust he invested in me. I admit this freely. Brennan and Pamela's apartment was an opulent affair, with a living room as big as an airport hangar and an assortment of leather furnishings so plush and profligate that they threatened to swallow you whole in their aromatic embrace.

"Explain," I said.

"It's simple, Ryan. When a woman walks into a bar, what's the first thing she looks at?"

"The guys," I answered, though even then I knew I was just her straight man.

"Wrong. The first thing she looks for are other women. She walks in and scopes out the prettiest women there. That's how she knows what the competition is—by looking at the women first."

"But I thought the men did that."

"Exactly. The women are the center. Don't you realize it? Both men and women look at women. Think of *Vogue*, think of *Cosmo*."

"So where do the men come in?"

"Men," Pamela said, leaning forward, "are just the spoils."

"Do you talk to Brennan this way?"

"Of course not. Now listen closely, because I'm about to tell you something not many men know. But first let me ask you a question: How do you make yourself more attractive to a woman?"

I arched my eyebrows, did a basset hound drop of my head and said, "Be thenthitive."

"Cute. But you're dead wrong. If you want to make yourself attractive to women, make sure you're seen with a beautiful woman."

I should point out here that I met Pamela before Brennan did. I should also point out that I introduced Pamela to Brennan. Our lives, it seems to me,

PAINTING BY JOHN RUSH

are punctuated by little coordinate points on which we map our fate. Introducing Pamela to Brennan, I realized very early on, was one of those coordinate points. I was reminded of this fact the moment I heard Pamela say "a beautiful woman." I wanted to say, "That's exactly what I was thinking."

And what did Pamela look like? She looked like Greta Garbo on a health kick. She looked like a picture of your best friend's mother, back in 1962, say, when she was a busty college coed. Pamela's blonde hair, held at bay by a white headband worn in an elegant arch, gleamed luxuriantly beneath the track lighting with which Brennan illuminated their living room. She wore thin tortoiseshell glasses, a tasteful brush of eye makeup and hoop earrings. Her smile, with accompanying dimples, was like sunlight streaming through a cloud.

I said, "If you're with a beautiful woman, Pam, you aren't necessarily in the running."

"*Precisely.* That's part of the appeal. You're not going to hit on these women. Therefore, your stock shoots way up."

"So what's the other part?"

"The other part is narcissism. Women need validation. They need to know that they can compete with other beautiful women. So any guy who's with a beautiful girl must have something—money, intelligence, prowess—simply because he's with *her*. So the other women think, Well, if I can hook up with this guy, then I can compete with that bimbo. Voilà! The guy with the beautiful girl becomes the target."

To which I said, "Very interesting, but what's your point? Surely you didn't ask me over here just to give me a lesson in feminine wiles."

"It's like this," Pamela said, taking my wrist between her thumb and forefinger the way one might take a pulse. "I want to be your beautiful woman."

I waited a few seconds for the cobwebs in my throat to dissolve, and then, after a cough, I said, "Come again?"

"We're friends aren't we?"

I shrugged, then added, "Sure."

"Oh, Ryan," she said, letting go of my wrist. Then she stood up. "I get so bored, you know. I mean, not always—not often—but still. Brennan works long hours, I don't blame him, and then, of course, you know how he feels about drinking——"

I gave her a wave of my hand, as if to brush the subject aside. Last summer Brennan swore off alcohol, and rest assured I've heard enough about it to last a lifetime. About his job and his salary I've heard enough to last *two* lifetimes.

"OK," she said, "right. More wine?"

"I'm set." I waited.

"Take me out," she said.

My heart skipped and bobbed. Inanely, I asked, "Where?"

"Anywhere." She sat back down and took my wrist again. "Take me out dancing, pretend I'm your date, pretend I'm not your date, whatever. Just take me out—out of this living room, out of this apartment. I sit here every night with Brennan while he unwinds, and when he's gone he expects me to stay home and read a book. I can't stand it. I want to go out tonight and pretend I'm single again. I want to flirt and dance and drink. I want to go out, and I want you to take me."

My first reaction was to say "*No way*" and walk out the door. But since my id was doing the talking, I hedged my bets and said, "Have you told Brennan all this?"

"Sure. I mean, we've talked about it and all, but, look, if you don't want to do this, just say so."

I hesitated, and when I did she released my wrist—again—and got up to leave the room. The effect was instantaneous: I felt as if I had been set adrift in outer space. Before she got as far as the kitchen I said, "We'll tell Brennan, all right?"

"Oh, forget it, Ryan," she called, and disappeared. When I found her she was standing at the sink, holding her index finger under the running water. Why, I have no idea.

I said, "Then you don't want him to know?" When she didn't answer, I grabbed her arm and forced her to look at me. "But why? Why don't you want him to know?"

Placing her palm flat against my chest, she said calmly, "Because I'm twenty-six years old, that's why. I don't have to clear *everything* with him, you know."

And that was all I needed to hear.

"OK," I said. "Let's get a move on."

•

Since Pamela had been out of commission for several years, she left it to me to choose a night spot, an office I performed perfunctorily while listening to her change in the bedroom: hangers rattling, compacts snapping. A former girlfriend of mine once described Pamela as a "Laura Ashley nightmare," and I guess I can understand what she meant: Pamela was born to be married, to run a house with an anteroom and a veranda, to head committees and exploit her civic zeal. It did not escape my notice that the first two things Pamela did after accepting Brennan's marriage proposal were to quit her job and to subscribe to *Town & Country*. But she also kept up with the latest alternative bands, read Margaret Atwood and followed the NBA with the passion of a 17-year-old male. Her car sported a JORDAN RULES bumper sticker. Still, I was surprised when she stepped out of the bedroom. For her night on the town she had affected a sort of Eurocasual chic: faded 501s, a thick black belt, white T-shirt and blazer. Totally au courant and totally unlike Pamela Martin.

Smiling, she took my arm and said, "After you."

She drove. That suited me fine, as my own heap smelled of cigarettes and fast food. Hers, on the other hand—a new Acura, hardly a heap—smelled of nothing so much as comfort and ease. The dashboard glowed, the tires licked the pavement. For some reason, being in Pamela's car made this untoward scenario seem much less sinister than it actually was. I recalled that Depeche Mode song from a few years back—"My little girl, drive anywhere. Do what you want, I don't care"—and felt better. Sort of.

"And you know," Pamela was saying, expanding on her theme, "this will be perfect for you too, Ry. The perfect setup. We're about to put a theory of mine into practice. If this works, then not only will you be forever in my debt, but you'll also qualify for royalties from the book I plan to write. I'll call it *Hidden Agendas*."

"But this isn't for me," I said. "It's for you."

"Well, yes and no. I mean, yes it's for me, but not exclusively. You're not just along for the ride, is what I mean. You keep telling Brennan and me how hard it is out there, how impossible it is to meet women and all that? Well, this will give you a leg up—no pun intended."

Shamefully, this was true. My perorations concerning the perils and vagaries of women-stalking constituted a depressingly large portion of my discourse with Pamela and Brennan.

"Well," I said, not altogether sure how I meant it, "thanks a lot."

I had decided on Rollo's, a polished-wood-and-brass affair in the heart of Georgetown, by the mall. In the abstract it seemed to be a harmless enough place for Pamela to reenter, however tentatively, the arena of the desperate and drunk. The place was neither hopping nor hopeless—it was just another weeknight in the big city—and yet, as I entered, I found myself viewing this commingling of lonely bodies with new eyes, that is, with Pamela's eyes. I saw myself, as it were, in the monitor.

Which was very strange if you considered the fact (and I'll confess it now) that I generally go out drinking five

(continued on page 136)

"I just noticed you're sitting all alone."

WRITING on the WALL

the wit and wisdom left on the stalls of higher learning at the university of california

ARTICLE BY ELIZABETH C. GRANT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

WHY DO women take so long in the rest room? They're creating graffiti. That's what I concluded after numerous trips to women's rooms in a liberal arts building at the University of California at Berkeley, where I was doing post-graduate work. In fact, the most entertaining stuff from my time there was what I found in the bathroom. Armed with my notebook and tape recorder—for when my hand got tired—I began to transcribe what I saw in the campus' most well-read and well-written women's bathrooms.

ON RELATIONSHIPS

I'm 21 years old and I've had 11 lovers. Is that normal?

—Define normal.

—Do you mean serious lovers or casual flings—one-night stands?

—Honey, by the time I was 21, I'd had 15 lovers. It seemed pretty normal to me and my friends, but that was before AIDS.

—Did you love all 11? Or did you just have intercourse with 11 males?

—Who said anything about males only?

—You're doing great. By the time I was 21, I was turning tricks.

—Whatever feels right for you is normal—just have safe sex.

—Statistics say the average woman has nine lovers in a lifetime. I'm 23—I've had 14. I guess it's an old statistic.

—What is normal? Most of my friends, including me, have had at least three and we're 22. Are we slow? Or do we have different definitions of the word lover?

—I know many women who are 23 and older who have had 30-plus lovers. It depends on how you feel about it personally, not on what anyone else says. The better I feel about myself, the more comfortable I am with sex but the fewer lovers I have. I have a boyfriend now who keeps me satisfied and I don't want anyone else.

—You are fine as long as you can deal with it. No one has the right to say anything about your lifestyle because in the end, you are stuck with yourself. I'm 20 and have had the same lover for three and a half years. He is my first and only.

•

What do you do about a boyfriend who is sweet, wonderful, kind, generous, sincere and intelligent but doesn't know what passion is?

—Drop him now, unless you can live with boring sex all your life.

—Yeah, sex is great. But what about the next morning and the rest of your life? Sex becomes less important.

—Is he young? Give him a chance.

Teach him right. Say erotic things to him, tell him fantasies, eat figs in bed. After a year, if no luck, move on.

—Teach him passion—or at least try.

—Passion is rooted in doing what it is that you love. It is a feeling of being absolutely absorbed in something that feels very good to your mind, body and soul. There are many things in my life that I'm passionate about. Sex usually takes a backseat to all of them.

•

I love Fernando. But he's married and has a kid. He's showing interest in me also. Should I walk away?

—Yes, you slut, he's a pig.

—Some friendly advice!

—Think about his wife and her pain.

—The guilt and trauma you'll go through with love relations with a married man are not worth it.

—I was in the same situation. I pursued the relationship until I figured out it was worthless, that I didn't mean half as much to him as he meant to me. There are lots of other men who are loyal and trustworthy. Any man who will cheat on his wife is definitely not worth the trouble.

—He will cheat on you, too!

•

I like my boyfriend because we match. We're both good-looking, with brown hair and very toned bodies. Can I help but be proud of us?

—You're not just proud, you're insecure enough to have to brag. Is he as insecure as you?

—My love is 6'4" and white. I'm 5'1" and Indian, but our minds match and that's why we're in love.

—Truly loving someone means loving your differences as well as loving your similarities.

—Like, how totally boss. Gee, you're so great. I wish I could be like you: dumb, insecure and superficial.

—Congratulations! I bet you two make a cute couple. More power to you.

—What kind of insipid nonsense is this? "I like my boyfriend because we match." Are you human beings or Underoos?

•

What do you say to having an affair with my professor? We're now friends, but I want some kind of relationship.

—Run like the plague. Bad, bad idea.

—Run fast, far away—don't do it.

—I'd suggest waiting until he ceases to be your professor (at the end of the semester). Going for it that way, the authority-figure thing won't be a problem.

—That's what we decided to do. Thanks for the advice.

—Maybe it's the authority thing that attracts her to the professor?

•

Wanted: A nice, sexy bi to participate in a ménage à trois with me and my boyfriend. Must be willing to have sex with both of us.

—Fine. How about with a couple?

—Are you all AIDS-free?

—OK. What's your phone number?

—Have safe sex, whatever the answer. Most people haven't been tested and still think the answer is definitely yes.

—Why is it always female-male-female? Why not male-female-male? Or female-female-female?

—I tried both and male-female-male is just too much work.

•

I need a big, strong construction worker to keep me warm at night. Mmm.

—Male or female?

—Get a blanket. It has the same IQ!

—Good call!

—Very classist of you rich college kids who'll probably never do an honest day's work.

ON ORAL SEX

Last night my boyfriend got on my face and said that it was so pretty he wanted to fuck it. It seemed weird to me but I let him. Is this abnormal? Please help. I want to know.

—The point is, do only what you feel comfortable with. Nothing is abnormal if it feels good between two or more consenting people.

—I don't think it's weird or abnormal. The passion of sex sometimes makes people say things that they wouldn't normally say. Besides, men love oral sex. I think they enjoy it more than most women do.

—I totally agree.

—No way!

•

My boyfriend seems to enjoy tasting vagina. Is this normal?

—This is normal.

—Count yourself lucky.

—Amen!

—No, this is not normal, it is an abomination. You need to really think about yourself and to get yourself together because you both have serious problems. God bless you.

—This is not normal.

—Who has the problem?

—Either you've never been eaten out or you're frigid. Self-righteous, to be sure. Get a life and a mind of your own. If there's a God, He created the clitoris, which has no purpose but to give pleasure. So what does that tell you? When you stop criticizing others, you might learn to enjoy your own experiences more.

—Come on, you wieners—you take yourselves too seriously. Wake up. This is a joke.

—Most older, more experienced men I've been with do this, but the younger ones are less likely to do it well, if at all.

—I'm not sure, but my girlfriend enjoys tasting my vagina and it feels perfectly normal to me.

—I just wish I had a girlfriend to taste mine.

—I'm addicted to cock. Don't get me wrong—it's not that I don't love to have my pussy eaten, but nothing is better than a nice stiff cock.

—Gag me.

—Can't you enjoy both?

—I said that for years. Then I met this sexy woman—and I've never wanted cock again. [signed] Lesbian come home

—I'm curious. Do you like feeling that you're pleasing somebody or do you enjoy the softness or both?

ON ANAL SEX

I finally took it up the ass. It felt good but it did hurt. Will it always?

—Yeah, if your boyfriend's hung like a rhino, like mine.

—Yeah, because it's about their pleasure, not yours.

—Well, do *(concluded on page 147)*

PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

five leading car writers team up with superstar race driver bobby rahal to pick this year's hottest wheels; plus, playboy's 1993 car of the year

article by KEN GROSS

AS CARS HAVE IMPROVED, it's become more difficult to narrow the choices. That's why PLAYBOY has once again assembled a panel of six opinionated automotive mavens (see page 163) to evaluate 1993 cars in a variety of categories. For the third consecutive year, as part of our new-car roundup, we're also presenting Playboy's Car of the Year award. The winner is pictured overleaf. **Best Bang for Your Buck:** When it comes to getting the most for your driving dollar, the Honda Civic came out ahead. According to PLAYBOY Senior Editor David Stevens, it's "tough and taut, with an in-your-face raspy exhaust and kick-ass acceleration." With a base price of about $8400, "it still sets the gold standard for affordable small cars," said PLAYBOY Contributing Automotive Editor Ken Gross. Champion race-car driver Bobby Rahal agreed, adding, "There is none better. Room, handling and Honda quality; it's the best way to start." James R. Healey, *USA Today*'s auto writer, preferred the Saturn SL. In addition to citing the car's crisp and tight handling, Healey pointed out that Saturn's customer-satisfaction scores are just behind Lexus and Infiniti. *Car and Driver* columnist Brock Yates liked the Nissan Sentra E: "It may be buck-ugly, but it's a sweet little runner and a hoot in traffic." The Ford Escort also got a nod. "I know it's not sexy," said John Davis, producer of the TV show *Motorweek '93*, "but when you look at Ford's one-price policy—that is, any of the four Escort bodies for about eleven grand with air conditioning and a stereo—you have to admit it's a great buy." **Hottest Pocket Rocket:** This race was a tie between Mazda's redesigned MX-6 LS and the Eagle Talon TSi. According to Healey, other cars might outgimmick or outhandle the MX-6 slightly, but none has its "sweetly enduring lines." Stevens agreed: "This is one sexy little runner that's built for comfort and speed—like a chauvinist's idea of the perfect woman." Gross also liked the MX-6, pointing out that Mazda's chief stylist took design cues from several Italian classics, including the Alfa Romeo Sprint Speciale. Davis, Yates and Rahal all chose the Eagle Talon TSi. "It's been around awhile," said Yates, "but in turbo form, the peppy little Talon remains a wonderful driver and a world-class value." Citing automotive history, Davis added, "The first sports cars were crude and unreliable and you wore them like a suit that was too small. That was their charm. Take away the crude, add a reliable turbocharged engine and you have the Eagle Talon TSi." **Most Improved Old Model:** "The big winner here has to be Volkswagen's Corrado SLC," said Gross. "Adding a V6 engine totally transforms the old four-cylinder Corrado into a Jekyll-and-Hyde street screamer." Davis seconded the motion: "What a difference a V6 heart transplant *(text continued on page 162)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

PLAYBOY'S CAR OF THE YEAR

It's fitting that the third annual Playboy's Car of the Year award and accompanying bronze statuette (pictured above left) go to Mazda for its totally redesigned RX-7. Why? Because in our opinion, this aerodynamic two-seater is a technical tour de force that's lighter, more powerful and more aggressively styled than its predecessors. "Instead of making this coupe bigger and heavier," said PLAYBOY Contributing Automotive Editor Ken Gross, "Mazda's engineers painstakingly trimmed every unnecessary ounce to make it lighter and faster." Under the hood, for example, is a compact, twin sequentially turbocharged, 255-hp rotary engine that's similar to the one that

John Dovis, producer ond host of the PBS show *Motorweek '93*, comments thot the new Mozdo RX-7 "reminds me thot sports cars ore supposed to be exciting, with the singulor purpose of commonding the rood."

won the classic Le Mans 24-hour roce for Mazda in 1991. With its power-to-weight rotio, the $32,000 RX-7 clocks a zero-to-60 time well under six seconds and reaches a top speed of 160 mph. Whot's more, a race-inspired, four-wheel double-wishbone suspension and high-performonce V-roted tires help the RX-7 stick like a slot car in the corners. Standard features include cruise control, power windows and mirrors, a leather steering wheel and o driver's side oir bog. And there's even an optional touring package, which includes leother seats, a power sunroof and a Bose Acoustic Wave stereo. And every RX-7 is covered by a free roodside assistance program.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

BOP TILL YOU DROP

life got faster, more complicated after world war two—and so did jazz

JOHN BIRKS "DIZZY" GILLESPIE has said he was playing what came to be called bebop as early as 1936. This is a little like Jelly Roll Morton claiming he personally invented jazz—but as with Morton's boast, there is some truth to Gillespie's claim. Gillespie started as an acolyte of trumpeter Roy Eldridge but kept having new ideas about chords and key changes. Cab Calloway used him as a featured instrumentalist in his big band, but Calloway didn't appreciate some of the modern flights in his solos. He recalls: "I'd say, 'Man, listen, will you please don't be playing all that Chinese music up there!'"

They were already calling him Dizzy in 1939 (above), even before the cheeks and tilted-up horn (opposite page). Dizzy and Charlie Parker (on coin, top) created the bebop rebellion, joined by stars such as Lester Young, whose saxophone is at left.

Before Calloway fired him (in 1941 over an incident that started with spitballs and ended with Gillespie knifing Calloway in the thigh), Gillespie had been breaking other rules, among them, jamming for the fun of it at various after-hours clubs—which was against union rules and Calloway band policy.

One main joint where Gillespie played was Minton's in Harlem—the legendary birthplace of bebop. Former saxophonist Henry Minton had turned the down-and-out dining room of the Hotel Cecil on West 118th Street into a jazz supper club called Minton's Playhouse. Most accounts of it suggest a smoky basement dive where people shot up in the shadows and crazies on the bandstand made up wild new music. But Miles Davis remembered it differently in his autobiography:

"Minton's and the Cecil Hotel were both first-class places with a lot of style. The people that went there were the cream of the crop of Harlem's black society. People who came to Minton's wore suits and ties because they were copying the way people like Duke Ellington or Jimmie Lunceford dressed. It cost something like two dollars if you sat at one of the tables, which had white linen tablecloths on them and flowers in little glass vases. It was a nice place—much nicer than the clubs on 52nd Street—and it held about a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five people."

It was just another club until January 1940, when bandleader Teddy Hill was hired as manager. He had been at the World's Fair on Long Island, where his band—which included Gillespie and drummer Kenny Clarke—had played at a replica of the Savoy Ballroom. They were fired after a contract dispute over time and money, the band broke up and Hill went to Minton's. His modern friends followed.

Hill hired Thelonious Monk as pianist for the house band.

Monk was born in North Carolina in 1917 but grew up in New York in the West 60s. Before his gig at Minton's he toured with a swinging female evangelist. He was largely self-taught on piano. Jazz historian Leonard Feather points out:

"Monk went his own way, and it was perhaps significant that he rarely worked as an official member of any of the small bop ensembles [as recording units]

PART FIVE IN A SERIES BY DAVID STANDISH

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

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In 1944, Billy Eckstine (on trombone, above) organized the first bop big band. It included Gillespie, Charlie Parker and Dexter Gordon (above at left). Thelonious Monk (center), one of the first bop pianists, was too original ond idiosyncratic for these aggregations. Bop 78s (below) never dented the pop charts. Naturally, Parker was featured on the first jazz LP in 1949 (right).

when that idiom was crystallizing. For the most part he was a loner, making solo stints or leading a trio or small combo clear through the Forties and Fifties. Although his compositions are his most important gift to jazz, he has extended his mastery of an individual piano technique to the point where his harmonic innovations, coupled with the stark, somber quality of his approach and the uniquely subtle use of dynamics, place him among the most important and influential figures in jazz today."

Drummer Art Blakey said it more emphatically: "Monk is the guy who started it all. He came before both Parker and Gillespie."

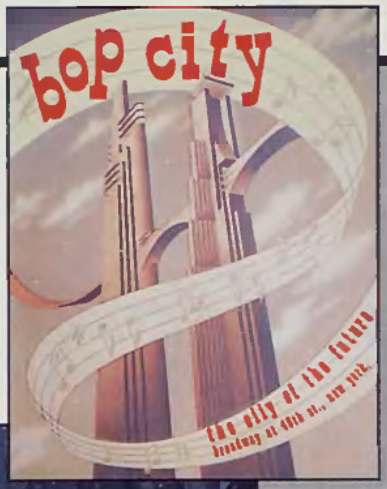
Gillespie sat in at Minton's when he wasn't on the road with whatever band he was in at the moment. Another Minton's regular was Charlie Christian, then with Benny Goodman. His only competition for the title of first great modern jazz guitar player would be French Gypsy Django Reinhardt.

The electric guitar was an invention of the Thirties and had been relegated to the rhythm section (the joke was that Count Basie's guitarist, Freddie Green, had played more quarter notes than anyone on earth). But Christian started playing single-string melodic lines, treating the electric

Dead at 23, Charlie Christian (below left) was on the scene with Benny Goodman (center) only from 1939 to 1941. He played the recently invented electric guitar in o new single-note melodic style. Guitarist Arnold Covarrubias (right) is proof that fame can be ephemeral.

Sarah Vaughon (above) was doing for vocals what others were doing for their various instruments—completely changing the game. All were indebted to Parker (left), who poured out musical ideas like o boundless fountain.

"Hey, eh eee ooo bop sh-do, always reminds me of you. Eh eh eee eee ooo ooo uh ooo, I'm beboppin' too."
—DIZZY GILLESPIE, 1949



Bop inspired o new generation of jazz clubs olong the lines of Bop City (left), built on the music made by such innovotors as Mox Roach (for left) ond Bud Powell (below left). Roach was the first "melodic" jazz drummer, and Powell wos both the most soulful ond most influential jazz pianist of the time.

guitar as another lead instrument.

His career set a world record for brilliance and brevity. Born in Dallas but raised in Oklahoma City, Christian was taught guitar by his father. He played as a kid in "territory" bands and was 20 years old when ubiquitous critic-producer John Hammond heard him and got Christian into the Benny Goodman band in 1939. Clarinetist Goodman was at his jazziest in the small groups—sextets, generally—he assembled for recording sessions, and Christian was soon a part of these sessions. A typical one in October 1940 included Goodman, Christian, Lester Young on tenor sax, Buck Clayton on trumpet, Count Basie on piano and Jo Jones on drums—not bad company for 21-year-old Christian. But in 1941 Christian came down with tuberculosis. He died the next year, helped off this mortal coil by some friends who went to visit him in his Brooklyn hospital and took some wine, a lid of dope and a girl to cheer him up. They probably did.

Jazz critic Barry Ulanov, an editor for *Metronome*, has said that Christian deserves considerably more credit than he usually gets for helping to invent this new music:

"He played up at Minton's in Harlem in those first experimental sessions, which yielded, in the early Forties, the altered chords, the fresher melodic lines. All of the musicians who played with him then, as did all of us who heard

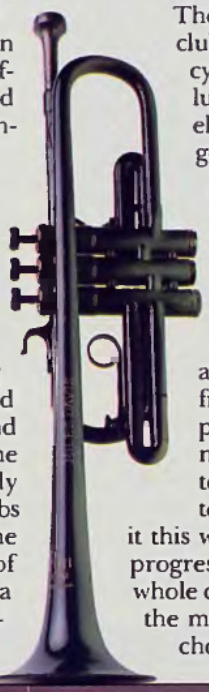
Fans followed Charlie Porker oround the clubs, recording his solos on wire recorders (left). Porker (right) brought a baby-faced Miles Davis (far right) in os part of his 1947 quintet. The legendary jazz club Birdland was named after Parker. He often ployed there (above, at left, with Gillespie in 1951).

him, insisted on his large creative contribution to the music [bop] later associated with Parker and Gillespie."

Jazz critic Nat Hentoff describes the music this way:

"Bop—the birth of modern jazz—has strong roots in the past but was characterized by much more complex and rapid rhythm, driven by cross-accents, on and off the beat. The melodies, often based on highly enriched chordal patterns, were also careeningly unpredictable."

Minton's usual drummer was Kenny Clarke, generally credited as being the first bop drummer (even though he was inspired by Count Basie's drummer Jo Jones). Clarke had been in the Teddy Hill band with Gillespie, where, like young philosophy students, they bashed heads about theory and chords and progressions. Clarke's nickname was Klook-mop, coined by Teddy Hill for the new-rhythm bombs Clarke dropped while playing. The name was inspired by the scat of one tune called *Oop Bop Sh'Bam*, a portion of which went "a-klook-a-mop." What Clarke did was shift the timekeeping duties from the bass drum to the lighter sound of the cymbals, freeing the bass drum to play off-rhythms and surprises.



Born in Pittsburgh, Clarke grew up in a musical family. By 1933, at the age of 19, he was playing in a group led by Dizzy's early idol, trumpeter Roy "Little Jazz" Eldridge, another Pittsburgh native just three years older than Clarke. Klook and Dizzy played together off and on until Clarke became one of the founding members of the Modern Jazz Quartet in 1952.

The scene at Minton's and other clubs was the setting for a conspiracy that was plotting musical revolution, with Dizzy as its chief proselytizer. Dizzy was a born teacher, generous with his ideas. Bassist Milt Hinton used to go up on the roof of the Cotton Club with Dizzy, dragging his big fat acoustic bass three floors up a spiral fire escape, so that Dizzy could teach him new rhythms, how to go up and down inside a chord instead of modulating from one to another, how to explore the dimensions and connections of chords. Another Minton's after-hours regular, Texas tenor player Illinois Jacquet, put it this way: "Dizzy started changing the progressions and started playing the whole chord instead of the melody. Play the melody, too, but you can play the chords, and you don't even hear the melody."

This new music sounded pretty weird compared with what had gone before in jazz. But pianist Mary Lou Williams, a longtime member of Andy Kirk's 12 Clouds of Joy, dug it. She was a few years older than these new players. She hung out at Minton's and, like many others, benefited from Dizzy's teaching. She was also friends with fellow pianists Thelonious Monk and Bud Powell. And she felt that for all its experimentation, bop still stayed connected to the source—the *(continued on page 112)*

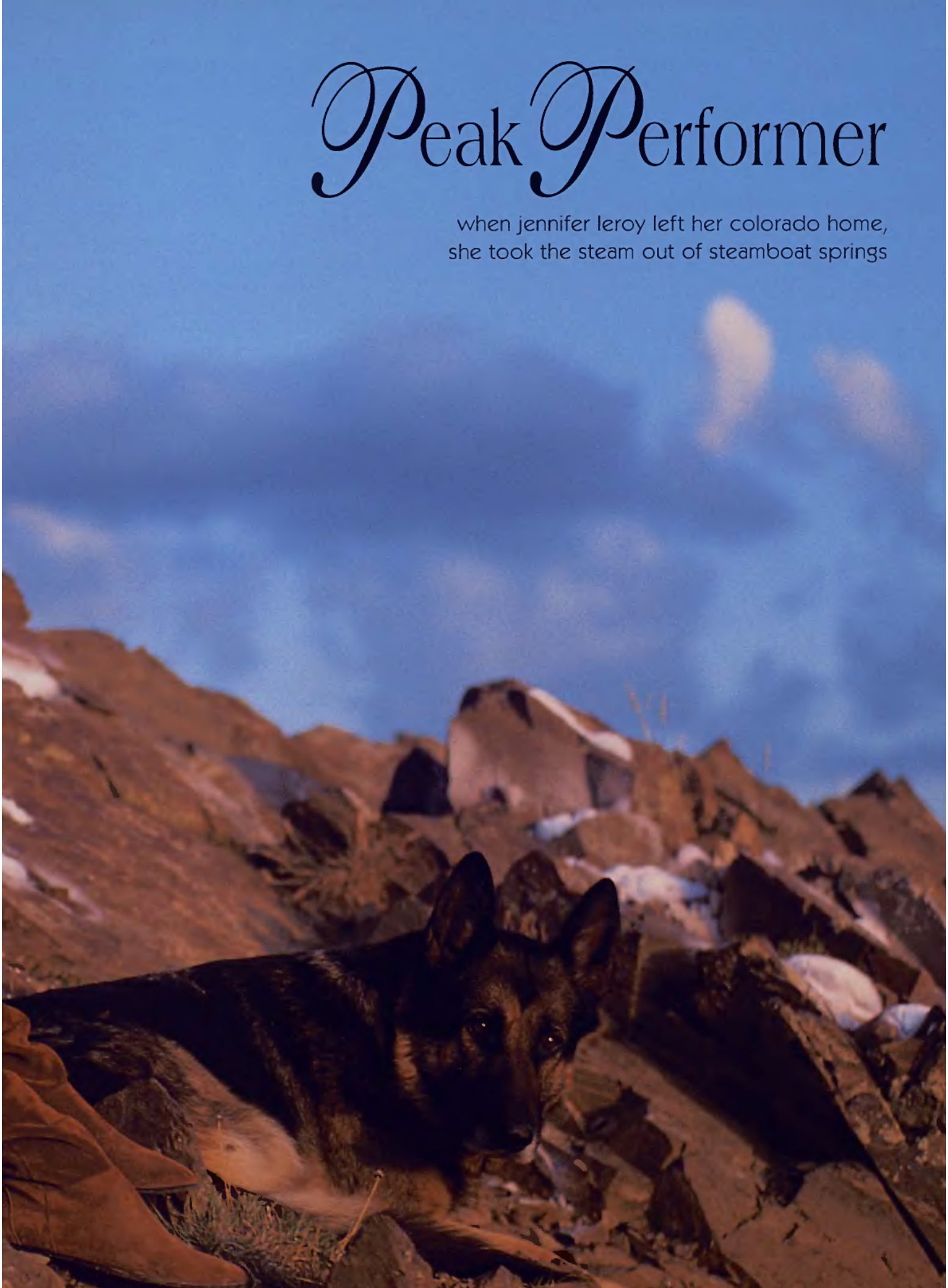
By 1947, bop was ascendant—there was even sheet music (top). But Miles Davis was a chameleon, forever transforming himself. His association with arranger Gil Evans led to Miles' short-lived but ground-breaking nonet, which was recorded in 1949 and 1950. That's his trumpet from those days (center page), and that's Miles (above) in the studio during the *Birth of the Cool* sessions that would inspire much of Fifties jazz. Spiritual Miles is to the right.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID COWLES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

Peak Performer

when jennifer leroy left her colorado home,
she took the steam out of steamboat springs



JENNIFER LEROY is 19 years old this month (assuming you're reading your February PLAYBOY in January, like a normal person). If you were a friend of Miss February, you might have gift-wrapped a sweater for her or boxed a gold ring with garnets or—sweet dreams are made of this—taken the cool Coloradan on a getaway beach vacation. She likes beaches. And she could use the rest. Since Jennifer said *see ya* to her mountainous home state two-plus years ago, she's been continent-hopping as a model—good work if you can get it, but exhausting. At 16, she left Steamboat Springs for New York City, where she was signed by an agent and sent to the fashion runways of Paris. Her mom went with her, "but Mom left after two weeks. That was OK. I kicked it in Paris for three months." The next year took her west of the Rockies: L.A., Tokyo, Taipei. East fell for West big time. "I was working six days a week, three jobs a day sometimes," Jennifer marvels. Print ads, catalogs, magazine covers: The leggy *gaijin*—who worked on college correspondence courses at night—was a hit. "Amazing," she admits. "I really appreciated the work." Jennifer's plans include continuing her education and, of course, her travels.

"My mom is a happening chick," Jennifer says. "Have you seen the Cher movie *Mermaids*? That's my mom. Half the time I'm with her I'm having an asthma attack from laughing so hard."

The perfect man for Miss February is "honest, rugged, the Sam Elliott type. I'm not one of those women who have to have a man jumping around opening doors and pulling out chairs. That stuff makes me nervous. Don't try to impress me. Just make me smile."

Growing up, Jennifer plied the slopes of Snowbird ski resort in Utah (where she's pictured on the opening spread). She became so proficient in the sport that she began strutting her stuff with a Steamboat Springs ski team. Besides the downhill thrills, small-town life meant security: doors unlocked, car keys in the ignition. Now she enjoys living in West Hollywood, but sometimes misses home. "Living in a city, I've had to learn how to close that door in myself."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jennifer LeRoy

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 1-7-74 BIRTHPLACE: Craig, Colorado

AMBITIONS: If I knew, I wouldn't tell. Everyone can just kiss my... face!

TURN-ONS: Hidden tattoos, a wicked smile, attitude. An all-around **Bad Boy!**

TURN-OFFS: Small-town Gossip. Hey y'all, keep your noses out of my business!

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER: I was s-o-o-o-o sweet, innocent and naive.

THEN I LEARNED: The facts of life: Sex! (Safe sex, please. You know that.)

NOW I KNOW: Boys aren't icky. I can have what I want, when I want it!

P.S.: You may think I'm a bitch, but I'm not. I'm just a smart... person. Wanna make something of it? Huh?

Kick your ass down the hill!

Taiwan '93

Puberty here I come.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The old guy was on trial for selling drugs, and a neighbor was called as a witness. The prosecutor asked, "Did you ever get any cocaine from the defendant?"

"No, sir," answered the man.

"Did you ever get any from his wife?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever get any from his daughters?"

"Excuse me, sir," the witness said, "are we still talking about cocaine?"

Heard about the new status symbol for the Nineties? A job.

We were sorry to hear that a young friend of ours dropped out of med school. He really wanted to be a doctor but just couldn't stand the sight of money.

When a Las Vegas vacationer won $500 at the tables, he ordered the best hooker in town. "Two hundred fifty for a blow job," she said.

"Two hundred fifty?"

"Look," she said, "do you see that BMW in the parking lot? I paid cash for it because I give the best blow jobs in town." The man paid and was not disappointed.

The next day, the man won $1000 and sought out the same hooker. "I want to do it Greek style," he said. "How much?"

"Five hundred," she said. "See that penthouse over there? It belongs to me because I have the best ass in town." The man paid and was not disappointed.

The following evening, he asked for the same hooker. "I just want some pussy tonight," he said.

"That's a thousand," she said. "See that shopping center over there?"

"Don't tell me you own that, too," he said.

"No. But I would," she replied, "if I had a pussy."

Concerned about her teenager, a mother sought the advice of a psychologist. "My son likes girlie pictures," she said. "I found them while straightening his underwear drawer."

"I don't think there's anything to worry about, Mrs. Brandon," the doctor said. "It's only a phase he'll be going through for the rest of his life."

While traversing a steep mountain wall, a mountain-climbing party was horrified to see a large section of ice give way, carrying with it one member of the group. After the hapless climber fell into an abyss, his friends above shouted to him, "John, are you alive?"

"Yes!" he shouted back.

"Are your hands OK?"

"Yes!"

"Are your feet OK?"

"Yes!"

"Can you climb back up?"

"Shit, no. I'm still falling!"

Why is sex with your spouse like a convenience store? There's not much variety, but what else is open at three A.M.?

On the brink of closing the biggest business deal of their lives, Fred's partner, Henry, died of a heart attack. Fred, desperate for his late partner's advice, decided to go to a psychic. When he was seated in her chambers, he noticed three prices listed for her services: $25, $50 and $75. "What do I get for twenty-five dollars?" he asked.

"For twenty-five, you can talk to Henry," the psychic replied. "And for fifty, he will talk back to you."

"And for seventy-five?" he asked.

"For seventy-five, you can talk to Henry and he will talk back to you—while I'm drinking a glass of water."

Sent to prison as a first-time offender, a former English instructor was told by a longtime inmate that if he made amorous advances toward the warden's wife, she'd get him released quickly.

"But I can't do that," he protested. "It's improper to end a sentence with a proposition."

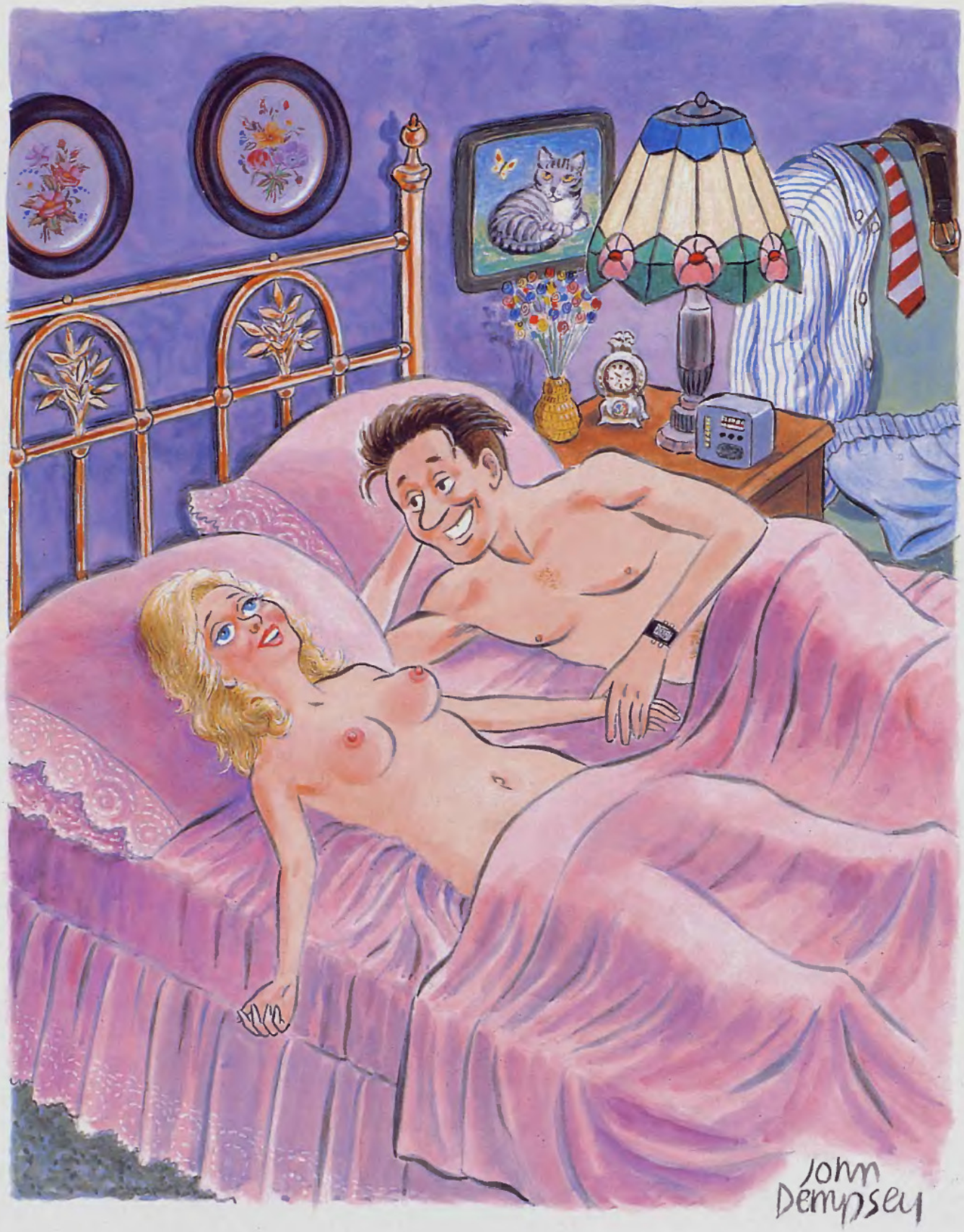
After watching his friend down drink after drink, Dan finally insisted he talk about what was bothering him.

"It's my girlfriend."

"That figures," Dan said. "What's wrong?"

"When I asked her if she could learn to love me," he said, "she asked me how much I was willing to spend on her education."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Now can we talk about computers?"

LAPS OF LUXURY

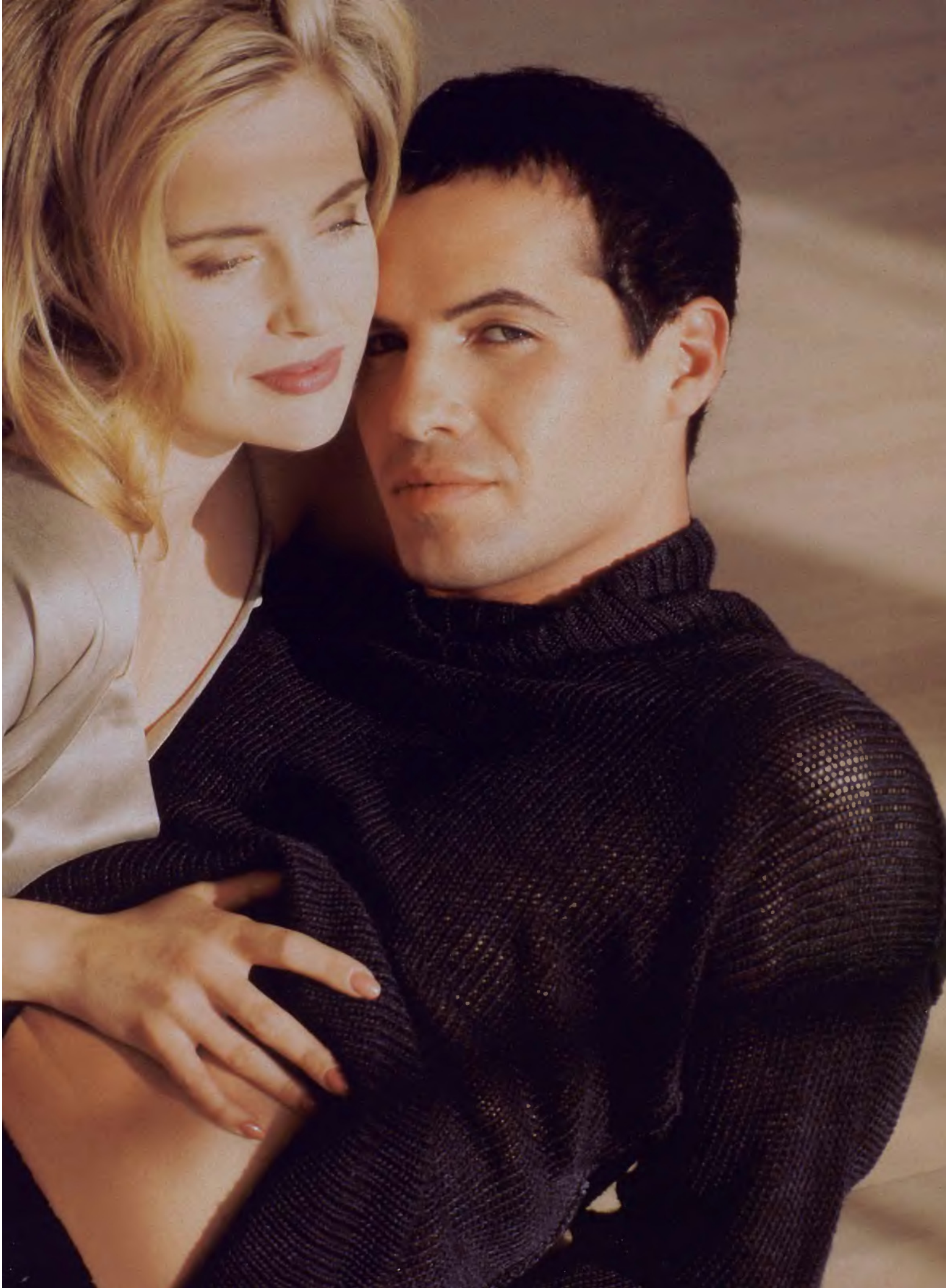
two sexy hollywood couples kick back in the season's most comfortable styles

ASK ANY MAN why he wears clothing made of silk or cashmere and he'll immediately answer "Comfort." Then he'll reveal the real reason: Women love to touch it. The truth is, both sexes find it hard to resist the supple, sensuous qualities of these and other luxurious fabrics. Not only do they look sensational, but shirts, sweaters and pants made of washed silk, cashmere, suede and washed linen have the relaxed, drapey fit that feels great after a workweek of stiff business suits and ties that bind. Plus, they're about as easy to mix and match as T-shirts and jeans. Wear a suede or washed-linen shirt with a pair of cashmere pull-on pants—or go with an all-linen outfit if you prefer. The rules are yours to set. To get you started, we asked two hot Hollywood actors, Billy Zane and Lorenzo Lamas, to relax in some of our favorite combinations. As you can see on these four pages, their wives, actresses Lisa Collins and Kathleen Kinmont, respectively, obviously approve.

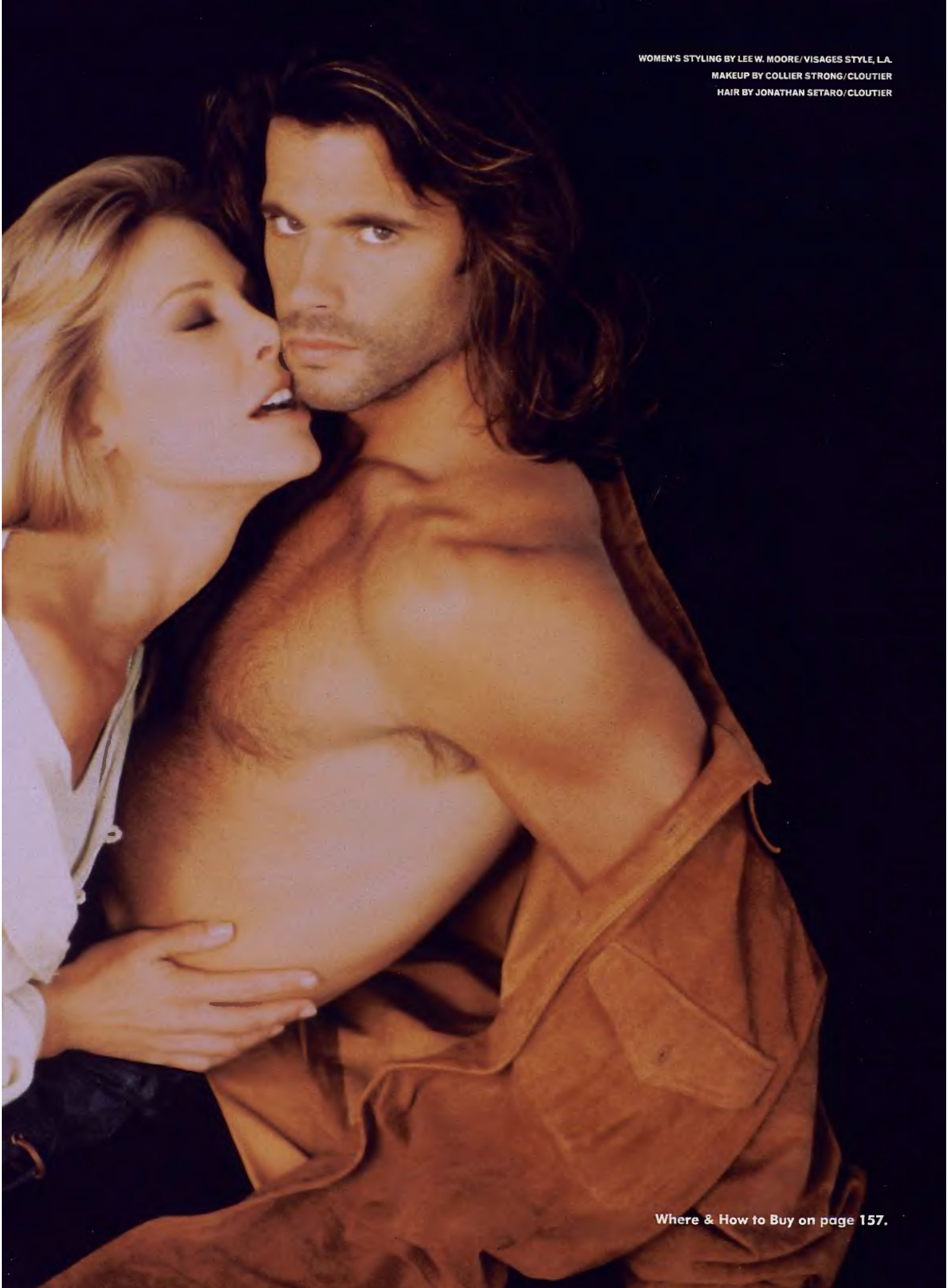
fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

Billy Zane's performance in the 1988 thriller *Dead Calm* led to roles in *Memphis Belle*, *Twin Peaks*, the upcoming *Sniper* and *Gargoyles*, a gothic film in which he shares the screen with his wife, Lisa Collins. Above: Zane gets comfortable in a washed-silk banded-collar tunic, $300, and washed-silk pull-on pants, $300, both by Donna Karan. Right: He's sporting a washed-linen fishnet mock turtleneck, about $240, and linen blend pull-on pants, about $330, both by Calvin Klein Collection. (Both of Lisa's outfits are by Donna Karan.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALBERTO TOLOT



Lorenzo Lamas and his wife, Kathleen Kinmont, are co-starring in the syndicated TV series *Renegade*. He plays a street-cop-turned-bounty-hunter and she's a computer whiz who helps him track down the bad guys. Left: Lamas enjoys a different kind of action in a suede shirt, $924, a cashmere V-neck pullover, $847, and cashmere pants, $990, all by Industria Collection. Opposite: He's draped in a suede shirt, by Silverado, $175, and suede jeans with lace-up sides, by Mario Valentino, $750. (Kathleen's outfits are by Calvin Klein and Tehen.)



WOMEN'S STYLING BY LEE W. MOORE/VISAGES STYLE, L.A.
MAKEUP BY COLLIER STRONG/CLOUTIER
HAIR BY JONATHAN SETARO/CLOUTIER

Where & How to Buy on page 157.

BOP TILL YOU DROP *(continued from page 92)*

"They didn't call him Bird for nothing. Like Louis Armstrong before him, he changed jazz forever."

blues. As she said in Dizzy's autobiography: "The blues stayed in [jazz] from the beginning of the spirituals. The blues feeling has always been there. Well, it was still in bop, except it was just millions of notes. When we first heard it during the Forties, it sounded like Dizzy was playing a million notes in one bar."

Dizzy helped add another ingredient to the music: "My own contributions to the new style of music at this point were rhythm—Afro-American and Latin—together with harmony," he said.

He credited himself with introducing polyrhythms into jazz, taking the music back to its polyrhythmic African roots. And again, he wasn't exaggerating much. His bop classic, *A Night in Tunisia*, written in 1942 but not recorded until 1944 because of the musicians'-union recording ban (and then recorded by everybody), is a great example of this. "The melody had a very Latin, even Oriental, feeling," notes Dizzy. "The rhythm came out of the bebop style—the way we played with rhythmic accents—and that mixture introduced a special kind of syncopation into the bass line."

In 1947, leading his own big band, which *Metronome* named Band of the Year, Dizzy hired a Cuban conga player named Chano Pozo, who helped teach them more about polyrhythmic playing. Pozo was a hard character, with a bullet still in him from some fray in Cuba. In the late Thirties he was a member of what Leonard Feather describes as "a Nigerian cult, the Abakwa, that provided much of the excitement at the local Mardi Gras celebrations. Soon he became a celebrated figure in Cuba as drummer, dancer and composer." Pozo spoke no English, but on long trips between gigs on the band bus, he'd pass out various drums to the band members and show them how to play polyrhythms. Pozo was with Gillespie only a year before he was shot to death at the Rio Café in Harlem "for what was rumored to be negligence in paying a bill," as critic Ira Gitler put it.

Dizzy saw a historical dimension to his interest in polyrhythms. These rhythms took the music back to Africa via the black Caribbean. Dizzy used to joke that he was descended from the ex-slaves who lived on the islands off South Carolina, whose homogeneity and isolation helped preserve their African culture and musical heritage. But North American slaves weren't allowed to have drums. "We could talk with the drum," wrote Dizzy, "and they figured you could foment revolution with the drums. You can talk to somebody two miles over there and say, 'Let's get these motherfuckers. Get ready!'" The field holler, keeping time with hoes, was one way to compensate, but the sound didn't carry very far. Missing was what Dizzy called "the main instrument, the rhythm maker, the one that you play with your hands. Our ancestors still had the impulse to make polyrhythms, but basically they developed a monorhythm from that time on. We became monorhythmic, but the Afro-Cubans, the South Americans and the West Indians remained polyrhythmic."

Dizzy had bounced through a lot of bands in the late Thirties and early Forties before he began leading his own outfits.

As early as 1942, he was being hired to write arrangements for various popular white big bands. "The peculiarity about these things I wrote for bands like Woody Herman and Jimmy Dorsey," wrote Diz, "is that it was just like the current craze, the rock craze. They had to have some bebop in the book. But when I'd bring in these arrangements and songs, sometimes they'd have a hard time playing them." Jimmy Dorsey had to hire Gillespie to show his band how to play the stuff.

But if Gillespie was the head in this speedy new uptown jazz, Charlie Parker, another regular at Minton's, was its heart and soul. If Gillespie brought a brand of technical wizardry to bebop, Parker brought his own, and the blues, too. They played together off and on through the Forties and together put bebop on the map. But who influenced whom isn't clear. Dizzy once said of Parker, "When Charlie Parker came to New York in 1942, the new style of music had already begun, but he made a gigantic contribution, which really added a new dimension to the music. Charlie Parker's contribution to our music was mostly melody, accents and bluesy interpretation. And the notes! He was the other side of my heartbeat." Count Basie said that Gillespie created "seventy-five percent of modern music." According to Miles Davis, "Bird might have been the spirit of the bebop movement, but Dizzy was its head and hands, the one who kept it all together. He looked out for the younger players, got us jobs and shit." Pianist Lennie Tristano said late in the Forties that if Parker wanted to invoke plagiarism laws, he could sue 90 percent of the jazz players then working. Gillespie's and Parker's musical ideas, developed separately, may have simply flowed together like two streams creating a new river.

But nonmusically, they were the odd couple, with Gillespie playing Felix to Parker's Oscar. Dizzy was speedy and orderly, always taking care of business. Parker's life was chaos. Parker was trouble. He was lovable and a constant pain in the ass to everyone who knew him. But on the saxophone, he was a genius—one of a handful in jazz. You have only to listen to Parker play one fluid chorus to understand why people put up with his idiosyncracies. They didn't call him Bird for nothing. Like Louis Armstrong before him, he changed jazz forever.

Parker was born in Kansas City, Kansas in 1920. His family moved across the river to the real K.C. when he was seven. He started playing professionally at 15, was married and had a heroin habit by the time he was 16, was the father of a son at the age of 17. He did everything fast, just like his playing, and managed to live all of 35 years.

He was married four times, but that didn't slow him down when it came to women. Most heroin addicts lose their interest in sex, but Parker was known to make it with three or four women a day—most of them white "band chicks," as groupies were known back then. Drugs. You should have a nickel for every story told about him nodding off on the bandstand or not showing up at all because he was wasted. His drug of choice was heroin. He smoked pot and cigarettes, too. Drinking. Before the first set at a club, he would sometimes line up eight doubles along the bar and down them in a row, just to get straight before going on.

One story told by Miles Davis about a taxi ride sums up Parker's Rabelaisian side. It was 1945, Miles was not even 20, still a kid from the Midwestern sticks, newly in New York to study at Juilliard. He was suddenly befriended by Parker, who either quickly recognized Miles' talent or needed a place to crash, or both. In any case, he glommed on to Miles and moved into his tiny apartment with him, where Miles would sometimes find him zonked, needle still in his arm, bleeding on the sheets. For an upper-middle-class kid from East St. Louis—Miles' father was a dentist—it was an education. Parker wasn't yet well

(continued on page 149)

"I don't like the looks of this!"

FOUR YEARS AFTER PAN AM 103 EXPLODED OVER LOCKERBIE, OUR GOVERNMENT HAS PINNED THE BOMBING ON LIBYA. BUT NEW EVIDENCE SUGGESTS WE FINGERED THE WRONG GUYS

TRAIL OF TERROR

article by **MORGAN STRONG**

THIS IS THE tale of a suitcase. It was a particularly lethal suitcase. At a designated hour, a timer inside it detonated enough Semtex explosive to blow a Boeing 747 out of the air. What most of us remember are the pictures. The pancaked husk of the fuselage in a field at Lockerbie, Scotland. The body bags. The investigators in a hangar poring over the reconstructed scraps of what was once Pan Am flight 103.

That was in December 1988. Four years later we still have no clear answer as to who was responsible for the deaths of 259 passengers and 11 people on the ground. The Justice Department claimed that Muammar el-Qaddafi did it. On November 14, 1991, it announced the indictments of two Libyans and charged them with superintending the fatal suitcase from its origin in Malta. The bomb in the suitcase was supposedly transferred from Air Malta flight 180 in Frankfurt to the Pan Am plane bound for London and New York. As evidence, investigators produced the remains of a shirt that one of the Libyan suspects purchased at a shop in Malta. The shirt, charred from the explosion, was said to have been wrapped around a cassette player that contained the bomb. A tiny piece of a circuit board was also found in a search that covered 845 square miles of Scottish countryside and was identified as part of a timer device traceable to Libya.

Time magazine didn't buy the story. Last April it disputed the Justice Department's claims and instead fingered a Syrian arms dealer by the name of Monzer al-Kassar. Although somewhat vague on the details of how the bomb was placed on the airplane, *Time* implicated the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine–General Command, in the person of Ahmed Jibril. According to *Time*, this alliance of a Syrian thug and Palestinian radicals aimed to thwart the release of American hostages in Beirut. The actual targets, suggested this theory, were two U.S. intelligence operatives, Charles McKee and Matthew Gannon, who had been in Lebanon to explore a possible military rescue of the hostages and who went down with the plane.

Had *Time*, as it trumpeted, produced the untold story of Pan Am 103? Untold, maybe, but one with troubles of its own. Months after the *Time* article, separate cover stories in *New York* magazine and the *Washington* *(continued on page 124)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

US VIMEANE S
FRANKFURT
DEA
LEBANON
LONDON

TIM ALLEN

america's handiest man hammers out advice on feminine danger zones, tools you never use and why daughters are better

Tim Allen, the 39-year-old star of TV's monster hit sitcom "Home Improvement," calls his brand of comedy masculinist. It's meant to celebrate guyhood without resorting to uncouth gibes at women. And it largely does. Allen plays Tim Taylor, the married-with-three-boys host of the cable show "Tool Time." Taylor is fixit maven Bob Vila in a tie and sharp slacks, bullshitting his way through repair and remodel tips while his earnest assistant, Al, does the real work. "Home Improvement" was helped to big numbers in its first season by being the lead-in to "Roseanne." Now the centerpiece of its own night (Wednesday), "Home Improvement" proved its clout by trouncing the competition. Allen has come a long way from the time in the Seventies when he spent two years in jail for selling cocaine. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with him in Los Angeles. Says Rensin: "Allen's maleness is more complicated than the gorilla grunting he's turned into a trademark. The older he gets, the tougher he finds it to vote the straight male ticket. And his only child is a girl—which serves him right."

1.

PLAYBOY: You probe the male psyche—avoiding the misogyny of Andrew Dice Clay and the gross-out humor of Howard Stern. What went wrong?

ALLEN: I just couldn't commit. [*Laughs*] My comedy celebrates what's cool about guys. Guys love brand names, especially tool brand names and big-block motors. That's how men communicate. They do not say, "That's a nice outfit." They say, "Hey, is that your hemi out there?" And the other guy knows that means you respect old Chrysler products, big-block 426s. It's a language most women don't understand, so it keeps us private.

2.

PLAYBOY: Share a manly fantasy.

ALLEN: Scottish bodyguards. Ian and Ion and Ogor, dressed in kilts. Each one three hundred pounds. We'd go to functions and these guys would say, "Aye! You gotta get back, laddie! Timmy's coming through!" I also wonder, just for a goof, what would happen if a guy like me had tits. Just so I could go to the beach and watch my friends in an uncomfortable situation. "God, Tim, man, you got some nice tits." And you can't really tell me to put on a bra, 'cause I'm a guy. I could walk around, take off my shirt, go into a garage; the mechanic says, "God, you got nice tits! Has anybody ever said that? I'm not gay, but, man, you got some *tits*." I don't know why I brought that up. I recently went to a topless bar in Houston and the girls were so fake they looked like candy.

3.

PLAYBOY: And how would you rewire women?

ALLEN: Stop them from mumbling when they walk around corners. Have them finish conversations while they're looking at you. My wife does this all the time. "Yeah, yeah, the most important thing is *mumble, mumble*," then they're gone. A week later, "I told you all about that." And you can't say they didn't, you just didn't hear it. There's more: Learn the value of a good stereo. They hate loud music. And get their temperature regulated better. They're always cold. They don't like the extremes. Everything that men really like, women don't like at all: loud noises, explosions, Schwarzenegger movies, the Three Stooges. Men really like those things. Most women would rather sit around for an hour than drive a tank.

4.

PLAYBOY: What makes you uncomfortable about being a man?

ALLEN: Any of the traits I attribute to men that I don't seem able to get away from. Like glaring at women. No matter how much I think of myself as a current guy who doesn't regard women as objects, I look at women as objects all the time and I can't stop that. I'm also aggressive. I think of warfare all the time. I have cruel thoughts. This stuff comes from some bottomless pit. Women don't think these things. Men have dark sides that can hurt everybody. When women are dark, they manipulate. When men are dark, we blow up bridges.

5.

PLAYBOY: Although you've had fixit boss Bob Vila on *Home Improvement*, have you ever actually cut wood with the man?

ALLEN: He came to my house in Michigan, where we did a project together for his show. I'm putting in a new garage and a family room. His crew wanted to do a run-through, but Bob knows me well enough and said, "Nah." Then he just went around the house and asked, "What are you doing here?" And I bullshitted as though I knew what I was doing. I did it just as he would. "Well, Bob, what we've done here is we've poured our foundation." He was throwing me off with these big words: "You're using double-ought blah-blah-blah," and I said, "No, we're not. We're using triple." Everything he said, I upped it. "How are you heating the place?" I said, "We're using a coat of low-level uranium six inches underneath the floor. The natural breakdown of reactive materials causes heat." He said, with a straight face, "Is that a danger to your family?" I said, "It's an unseen danger. You don't see it, therefore it doesn't exist. Maybe generations from now we'll look like frogs, but now we heat our house for almost five thousand years penny-free." He said, "There's no basement here?" I said, "Actually, we built the basement off-site. We will finish the basement, then lift the entire house and set the basement underneath. That's cheaper." This went on for an hour. As we were talking, my crew finished doing the floor, and then Bob walked right through the wet concrete. Think about it: Construction guys, who were amazed to be at this job site with Tim Taylor, the fake, and Bob Vila, the real guy, who've switched roles, are yelling, "Hey, hey, *hey*!" at Bob as he sloshes through the concrete.

6.

PLAYBOY: What is the only sensible response when a woman asks, "Do you like my dress? How do I look?"

ALLEN: Being married is different from dating. Dating, you have no fucking choice. You can't commit to anything but "great." Marriage—my wife does this to me all the time: "You're going

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHIP SIMONS

out like that?" I say, "No, this is a pre-outfit. I just wore this to get to the outfit. What do you think I should wear?" She says, "How about the brown shirt with those pants I just bought you?" "Yeah, that's what I should wear! I just wore this to get to that outfit." Meanwhile, she has changed clothes five times.

7.

PLAYBOY: What tool did you have to have but have never used?
ALLEN: I bought a Makita mini circular saw. I've used it once. My wife has used it a number of times, but never for its intended purpose—cutting wall paneling on the job site. She'll blow the blade and say, "This thing doesn't work right." Well, I'm not sure you're supposed to use it to cut hair or chicken.

8.

PLAYBOY: When you wear a tool belt, do you really need the suspenders?
ALLEN: To avoid butt cracks, yeah.

9.

PLAYBOY: What's in your tool chest that you don't want anyone to see?
ALLEN: A brass bong. I made it in college. Everyone had a bong then. I don't know why it's there. Every time I look at it I go, "I'm gonna get that out of there because at this stage, it's indefensible. Unusable." What if my kid or nephew finds it? What would I say to questions like, "What kind of tobacco do you smoke in a pipe like this?" "God, that was years ago. Tobacco used to be a lot stronger."

10.

PLAYBOY: You may be a man's man, but your only child is a daughter. Did you get the kid you deserve?
ALLEN: When we did the ultrasound and they said, "It's a little girl," I went, "Ohhh." I actually made that sound. Like I'd opened the wrong Christmas present. Three people in the room said, "What was that all about?" My wife goes, "What's 'ohhh' for?" I went, "Oh, I was clearing my throat. Oh, look! A girl! Dresses and parties and a friend to you! Look at that!" I was very disappointed. And now, of course, I feel guilty in front of God. This girl is so much pleasure to me that it's incredible. I go to other guys' houses and their little boys are fucking monsters. The difference is night and day. Kady is bitchy only to me. She already toys with my emotions. She can hurt me so desperately by saying she doesn't want to talk to me or that she doesn't love me anymore. I'm a very sensitive guy and I think she means it. And beyond that, I keep thinking that she—any kid—could potentially ruin or rule the world. What a responsibility. And there's no manual.

11.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be a note of authenticity in your relationship with your TV wife, Jill, played by Patricia Richardson, that's missing from most other sitcoms. Are you getting away with something?
ALLEN: It just happened. We got along right away. We agree on just enough to make us like each other and disagree on enough stuff to make us a real couple. For instance, we're night and day politically. I like to argue with Pat. Someone from the *National Enquirer* saw us do that one day and extrapolated that we hate each other's guts. So now our running gag every time we're in public is, "I hate your guts!" Then Pat had the idea to have her pants down, as if we were screwing, and get caught backstage. Then the *Enquirer* would really have to explain it. "They hate each other so much, now they're screwing onstage!" This is how she thinks.

12.

PLAYBOY: What part of a woman's body should you never comment on because whatever you say will always be wrong?
ALLEN: Ass. Butt. Rear. Derriere. "Hey, your butt looks different in those pants." Can't say that. You never want to mention their ass in any other way than, "You have a fine ass." Nothing else. It's a danger zone.

13.

PLAYBOY: What book do you have in your bathroom?
ALLEN: *Sexual Personae*, by Camille Paglia. I read twenty pages and was out of breath. I've never highlighted a book more in my life—yellow marker, by the way. But it leaks through the cheesy newsprint-type paper. It's not the high-quality glossy stuff like *Spanky and the Maid*. Her writing reminds me of listening to Richard Pryor talking about white people. You get a clear view from someone outside the race. What a wild woman! Real strong feminist and antifeminist. Love to meet her. A very provocative thinker. I don't know where she gets the brainpower to come up with all that stuff. Did she spend a lot of time visiting Greco-Roman exhibits in museums? I also read Deborah Tannen's *You Just Don't Understand*. I need to do this stuff for my act. I mean, I do have distinct ideas about men. I believe in the stuff I say. I parody it, but I believe it.

14.

PLAYBOY: Your real name is Timothy Allen Dick. When did you cut off the Dick?
ALLEN: When I did my first TV talk show and they would not put it on the screen. They said, "It's obvious, isn't it? People will think you made it up." I couldn't disagree, but it offended me greatly. How would I explain this to my dear deceased father? I grew up a Dick. All my brothers are Dicks. My whole family are Dicks. I caused a scene at a restaurant once and almost got kicked out. I said, "You're gonna kick me out because I'm a Dick? Lady, my *father*'s a Dick. My *mother*'s a Dick!" She said, "Sir! Sir!" And then my wife comes in: "He's right, they're all Dicks. All of them are Dicks!"

15.

PLAYBOY: What part of the men's movement should we throw away? Ever attend a movement weekend?
ALLEN: Any time it becomes a thing, then it's over with. I was reading a men's magazine and every other ad was for drums to beat on. "We can get you back to *it*." Business ruins the flavor. Some things you go through and you don't know it at the time. For instance, the Japanese are very into their sand gardens. I figure they were never allowed to be children, because most Americans went through that at an early age and called them sandboxes. The American Indians used sweat lodges. Well, Indians obviously never drove from Detroit to Indy in the back of a Dodge van with twelve guys to see a race. That was a sweat lodge. I've been to a J. Geils concert where you have twelve guys going, "Dju-dju-dju-dju-dju." That was my movement weekend. I've had the experience.

16.

PLAYBOY: How would you improve mankind?
ALLEN: Men need to learn to make better decisions, especially concerning their own creativity. A guy in Florida designed a bullet—took time out of his day—that would pierce a bulletproof vest. Now, what was the thought process there? He could have been making something that made canned goods last longer or, heaven forbid, made certain durable goods less expensive for people who can't afford them. Instead, he spends his time making a shell that will pierce police armor. The guy's obviously creative, talented, but very misdirected. I wish there were more guys like Edison and Buckminster Fuller. More heroes.

17.

PLAYBOY: Women seem obsessed with body hair. In what locations where hair naturally occurs should women be

(concluded on page 144)

"Don't tell me he's just your personal trainer. I used to be just your personal trainer!"

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

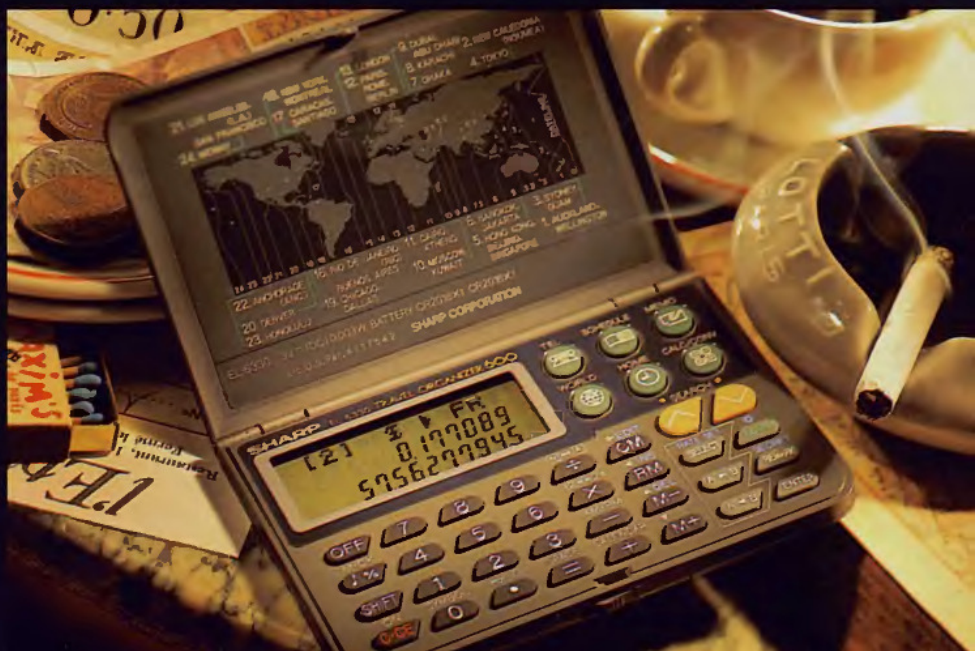
A striking marriage of design and technology, Bang & Olufsen's 160-watt aluminum-bodied Beolab 8000 bi-amplified loudspeakers are compatible with both stereo and home-theater systems, $3000 a pair. They're shown with the Beocenter 9500 Compact Music System, about $3500.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Jason's embossed-ostrich-leather Perma Focus 2000 Theater Glasses, with fixed focus from 13' to infinity and a reading light, give you the best seat in the house, $175.

Bike it to work with the Backrider C-420, a nylon garment bag with padded backpack harness straps and pockets that protect clothing from wrinkling, by Enrge Sports, $149.

Sharp's EL-6330 Travel Organizer includes a world clock, a currency converter, a 600-name telephone directory, an appointment calendar and much more, $60.



Walk and roll with the Metroblade, Rollerblade's newest in-line skate, featuring a rugged single-buckle boot frame and removable shoes for hoofing it, about $225.

For men who prefer to shave electric, there's the new Braun Flex Control Rechargeable Shaver featuring a pivoting head that adjusts to the contours of a face, $130.

Pan Optx sport glasses look like sunglasses and function like goggles. The foam-lined frame seals out wind, snow and sand, and a dual-lens system eliminates fogging, $180.

Where & How to Buy on page 157.

Flasks include a pewter camera with a lens drinking cup, from William-Wayne & Co., $110; and an elegant leather-bound and gold-plated Victorian book, by Pusser's, $195.

TRAIL OF TERROR *(continued from page 114)*

"He had a bag that contained documents, but it was later exchanged with the one containing explosives."

Journalism Review raised doubts about the veracity of *Time*'s sources and the credibility of its reporting. Indeed, during the four years since the bombing, virtually every story has been refuted or questioned; many sources have been exposed as double or triple agents. If there is one overwhelming legacy to the tragedy over Scotland, it is the web of obfuscation that overshadows the event.

I was aware of this last spring when I was offered an interview with a man who claimed to be familiar with the details of what had happened to Pan Am 103. The intermediaries who proposed the interview had proved reliable in the past, having led me to Abu Nidal, among others. They told me that the man they wanted me to meet had been the intelligence chief of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine–General Command. The PFLP–GC is a radical Palestinian group that has intermittently aligned itself with Syria, Iran and Libya. The former intelligence chief's name is Major Tunayb, a 17-year Popular Front veteran and a member of its executive committee for nearly seven years. Also part of his dossier is that he was a 1980 graduate of a Soviet military academy. Tunayb, 44, is reported to be an explosives expert who defected over a schism in policy with a more violent faction of the Popular Front. He was granted temporary asylum in the Middle East and may be the highest-ranking living member of the PFLP–GC to defect. I verified his identity with a high-level Middle East intelligence agent familiar with the Popular Front operations in Lebanon. I met with Tunayb, under heavy guard and in extreme secrecy, in a Middle Eastern country.

What follows, with minor editing, is a transcript of my interview with Tunayb. If the talk veers erratically, it reflects the intrigue that prevails in the Middle East. Here, every story has its mirror image, every informant its shadow, and fact-finding can be a tortuous endeavor.

PLAYBOY: Are you a member of the group that organized the Pan Am 103 action?

TUNAYB: No. I am not in the group that carried out the action, but I am aware of it.

PLAYBOY: Do you know how the operation was launched, and do you know the members of the group that carried it out?

TUNAYB: I know a few of them.

PLAYBOY: Do you know how the bomb was brought on board the airplane?

TUNAYB: Yes, the operation began in America and passed through Lebanon and then returned as far as Lockerbie, Scotland. The group that organized the operation did it for money.

PLAYBOY: Who paid the group?

TUNAYB: Several sources. I can't identify them exactly, but they ought to be generally known.

PLAYBOY: Where did the money come from?

TUNAYB: I don't know. I can say for sure it came from the Middle East.

PLAYBOY: There are reports that Iran sponsored the group.

TUNAYB: It is possible.

PLAYBOY: Therefore, you have no details and no proof.

TUNAYB: I have no precise knowledge.

PLAYBOY: It was also reported that Ahmed Jibril planned and executed the operation with funds received from Iran. Is that true?

TUNAYB: It's a group from among his supporters, but Jibril himself had no knowledge of them.

PLAYBOY: Jibril, therefore, didn't know that the bomb was going to be placed on Pan Am 103?

TUNAYB: I don't believe so.

PLAYBOY: Who carried the bomb on board and how was it actually brought on the plane?

TUNAYB: The entire operation started in the U.S. By that I mean Khalid Jaafar. Khalid Jaafar had connections to fundamentalists in Lebanon.

[Tunayb is not the first to invoke Jaafar, a 20-year-old resident of Dearborn, Michigan who was killed on the plane. Within hours of the Lockerbie crash, CBS News in London contacted a top Drug Enforcement Administration official, Michael Pavlick, because it had received reports that Pavlick had recruited Jaafar for the DEA. According to a high-ranking Senate investigator, Pavlick then called the DEA director in Washington to relay his concern that Jaafar might be somehow responsible for the bombing. Pavlick has admitted making the call, but in an interview with PLAYBOY denied he knew anyone on the plane. Jaafar surfaced again on special segments of an October 1990 *NBC Nightly News*, in which correspondent Brian Ross reported Jaafar's suspected involvement in the bombing and referred to undercover DEA operations designed to snare drug dealers in Detroit who dealt in heroin from the Bekaa Valley.]

PLAYBOY: Khalid Jaafar was a courier for the Drug Enforcement Administration's sting operation. Is that true?

TUNAYB: I think Jaafar was connected to the DEA in the U.S. I am sure of it.

PLAYBOY: He was also in contact with a Shiite group in Detroit, where he is from. Is that correct?

TUNAYB: Yes, he has a relation with the Shiites in Detroit that he maintained for the benefit of fundamentalists in Lebanon.

PLAYBOY: Can you tell me exactly what happened?

TUNAYB: The operation had been organized by fundamentalist groups in the U.S. They knew that Jaafar worked with the DEA. They wanted to take advantage of the relationship between Jaafar and the DEA to organize some operations in the future—whether smuggling or something for the benefit of the fundamentalist group. Khalid Jaafar traveled frequently to Lebanon with the knowledge of U.S. intelligence in order to follow the activities of drug traffickers from Lebanon to America and Europe. The last time he came to Lebanon, there was coordination between the fundamentalists and the group following Jibril. During that trip he was with two agents from U.S. intelligence who accompanied him all the way to Juniyah [in Lebanon]. He believed he was carrying documents that concerned fundamentalists in Lebanon. He had a bag that did contain documents, but it was later exchanged with the one containing explosives. He then went to Juniyah to wait for the American agents. He told them he had received the desired documents. They then accompanied him on his trip to Cyprus, and his bag was not searched at the airport. This occurred with the knowledge of the CIA.

[The possible role of the CIA in the crash of Pan Am 103 is particularly convoluted. *Time*, among others, reported the CIA was running a rogue drugs-and-guns operation using al-Kassar's network to effect the hostages' release. In this theory, McKee and Gannon had stumbled upon the secret group and cut short their own mission and were returning to Washington to blow the whistle.]

PLAYBOY: You're saying that Khalid Jaafar was transporting documents for Hezbollah, is that correct?

(continued on page 144)

"So that's why he kept pigeons on Wall Street!"

BEING IN NOTHINGNESS

text by HARRY CREWS
the granitic novelist reflects on the
tender zone where flesh meets fantasy

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BYRON NEWMAN

I AM TOLD there are men—and women—who do not much care for lingerie. They don't even like the fairly simple stuff women use primarily to sleep in, such as a camisole and tap pants, a chemise or a teddy. And to such people the notion of a satin bustier with black garters holding black silk stockings is cause for stroke-country blood pressure. The main quarrel these people have with lingerie, as I've been able to understand it, is that it smacks of fantasy.

Good enough. If these people have no fantasy life, or prefer to think they don't, that's righteous with me. But I'm here to say that Mrs. Crews' baby boy, Harry, does. Always has. Fantasy has been the stuff of my life. I want to be moved and grooved and taken where I've never been before. And so do the women given us here on these pages, wearing fine mesh *(text concluded on page 148)*

The dressing (or, more precisely, undressing) rooms on the preceding pages are occupied by (left to right) Notosho Alexonder, May 1991 Ploymote Corrie Yazel, Melindo Armstrong, October 1990 Ploymate Brittany York, Liso Boyle ond December 19B9 Ploymote Petra Verkoik. Hats off to gordeners Liso Boyle and December 1990 Ploymote Morgan Fox (far left). For Brittony York (obove), ollure equals loce. For Kristine Rose (right), it's peorls, stockings and a bustier.

Yasmin (right) exudes sophistication and poise, while the playful trio below—Kristine Rose (left), Melinda Armstrong (center) and February 1991 Playmate Cristy Thom—beat the summer heat by splashing around in the bare essentials.

June 1986 Playmate Rebecca Ferratti (left) and Nikki Cooper (right) enjoy a moment of solitude. Street clothes may add to a woman's personal power or charm; lingerie showcases her mystique and her femininity like nothing else.

Wendy Kaye (above), our star-spangled July 1991 Playmate, doesn't need streamers and sparklers to get our attention. Fishnet stockings and a sheer bodysuit do it every time. Below, Cristy Thom (left) beckons seafarers and landlubbers as she vogues in nautical naughtiness. Kristine Rose (right) slips into the past and out of her camisole.

Karen Boyle (above) allows the night air to wash over her by sleeping in a mere whisper of lingerie. Moonlight may be the most sensuous wrop of all. Brittany York (below), o confessed thrill seeker ond sportswomon, takes in the noon sun and contemplotes the view from whot we hope is o privote sun deck. After oll, whot would the neighbors think?

It's no secret. Sexuality is all about mood, and nothing sets that mood like the potent alchemy of silk and lace underthings. Wendy Kaye (top left) and Sonia Vassileva (top right) are having too much fun to settle in for the night. On the other hand, Sami Greaves (above) invites the pleasures this night may bring. A farewell glimpse of Petra Verkaik (right) wraps up our celebration of being in nothingness.

HIDDEN AGENDAS *(continued from page 80)*

"'She's been scoping you out,' Pamela said. 'From the moment we walked in she's been taking your number.'"

nights a week. Sad but true. Each night when I return home from work—for a living I "write" for a free weekly most notable for its scandalous personal ads—I find that I am still hung over from the night before, a condition that disposes me, for a while at any rate, to settle in for a quiet evening before the hearth. I unwrap my dinner from its aluminum foil and Styrofoam, watch two consecutive episodes of *Family Ties* and begin a book. Or start writing a letter. Or call a friend. But, inevitably, each activity only manages to open wider that canyon inside myself into which echo the voices of all the people in my life who have moved on and up. And soon a little man in overalls who lives in my stomach smacks his gums and starts grumbling. I ignore him for as long as I can, but by ten or so I've given up. The voices echo too loud, the grumbling gets more insistent and the sprawl of my studio flat—unmade bed, coffee cups and cigarette butts, cookie crumbs and half-read books—becomes unbearable. Just like that I'm out the door, cigarette glowing, heart thumping, the previous night's failures obliterated in a rush of guileless optimism. "Tomorrow," I promise myself. "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

•

I went to the bar and brandished a ten-dollar bill to no immediate avail. One bartender glanced at me and just as quickly glanced away. This went on. It soon became apparent that I must say something to Pamela, yet my mind was drawing a blank. I had a vague conviction that once I scored us a pitcher I'd have something to say, but until then——

"There she is!" Pamela yelled.

"Who?"

"Over there, the girl in red."

To my astonishment, the girl in question was an olive-skinned Mediterranean beauty whom I had been eyeing all fall. She appeared, like an apparition, nearly everywhere I went—and this is a pretty big town. I had advanced no further in my wooing of her than to send longing glances her way before slipping out the front exit and winding my solitary way home. Tonight her hair was done primly in a ponytail and her ears were adorned with sterling-silver crescent moons. For about the millionth time I noticed her teeth were perfect.

"What about her?"

"She's been scoping you out," Pamela said. "From the moment we walked in she's been taking your number. I swear to you. She glances over here every five seconds, like she—wait, did you see it? She just looked again. See what I mean? Am I right or am I right?"

She *was* right. My Mediterranean beauty had glanced our way. That is, she had glanced at me. What's more, her face conveyed an unconvincing look of ennui and nonchalance.

"Here," Pamela said, plucking the money from my fingers, "you go to the bathroom and I'll buy the drinks. Ten to one she's walking into the ladies' room when you walk out. Ten to one."

"Let's call it a round of drinks," I said, taking my ten back. "You pay if she stays where she is, I'll pay if she moves."

As I started toward the john, Pamela sidled up to the bar and I heard her—just like that—order two scotch and sodas. Then I drifted down a lurid yellow hallway and stationed myself, to no real purpose, at a free urinal. Beside me a mustached bodybuilder peed with vigor and aplomb; I stared at the wall. What if she *did* appear? What would I do then? Not only would it mean that Pamela was right, it would also mean that I would finally, irrefutably, unavoidably have to talk to her. But I couldn't hide forever, so after a while I buttoned up, made a pretense of washing my hands and pushed open the door.

There she was.

Like magic, like the fulfillment of a shaman's spell, like the blithely expected result of a tried-and-true laboratory experiment, there she was, tottering toward me through the element of yellow light, dressed in high-heeled cowboy boots, faded jeans and a shimmering red body shirt. Since she was fiddling with an earring I was unable to catch her eye, but when she got to the women's bathroom she turned around, put her back to the door and looked directly into my stunned and disbelieving eyes.

"Hi," she said, smiling, her brilliant teeth flashing like newly minted money.

Then she stepped back, pushed the door open and disappeared into the throng of women within.

"I'll get this round," I told Pamela when I returned.

"I saw," she smiled, sipping her drink. "Just like clockwork."

•

Her name—the girl in red—was Thella. "It means 'I want' in Greek," she explained.

How did I finally approach her? Easy: I didn't. Twenty minutes after she emerged from the bathroom Thella made her languorous way to the bar and stood, five-dollar bill in hand, right next to me. As is usually my way, I acted as if she were nowhere in sight, a strategy that might have delivered me of all social contact with her entirely had I not been elbowed in the ribs.

There she is, Pamela mouthed, raising her eyebrows and elbowing me again.

I scowled at her, as if to say, *Let me handle this*, and gave her my back.

But Pamela didn't let up. I felt myself being pushed, and not gently, into Thella—who, upon encountering my person, stepped back, grabbed my shoulder and said, "Whoops."

"Geez, I'm sorry, I must have——"

"No problem," whereupon—miracle of miracles—she shook the liquor off her fingers, extended her hand and introduced herself.

And that was all it took. The acquaintance was made, names were exchanged and questions were asked. Talking to a strange woman in a bar is like trying to suspend a ping-pong ball in midair by leaning your head back and blowing. If you stop to breathe, the ball falls. I fumbled a bit, said some stupid things, then, like a gift from above, it came to me.

"So, Thella," I began, after we had said everything there was to say about each other's names, "corroborate something for me, a theory, I guess you could call it. My friend here"—with a flourish of my hand I indicated Pamela, who was already deep in conversation with (*mon dieu!*) the bodybuilder I had encountered in the bathroom—"claims that women, when they walk into a bar, don't necessarily check out the men first. According to her—and I'm not saying one way or another, this is her theory—women check out the other women first. That is to say, women in bars compete against one another. Now, based on your experience, would you say that's true? I'd really be interested to know—it seems extraordinary to me. What do you think? Yes or no?"

"Hmmm," Thella said, "let me think about that for a second."

This led to a two-hour conversation on men and women, dating and intimacy, orgasm and morning sex—astonishing but true. And it ended with Thella's offer to drive me home.

When I apprised Pamela of this fact, she acted as if she didn't hear me. Instead, she turned from the bar and took my chin firmly in her hand. "Come here," she said, pulling me toward her.

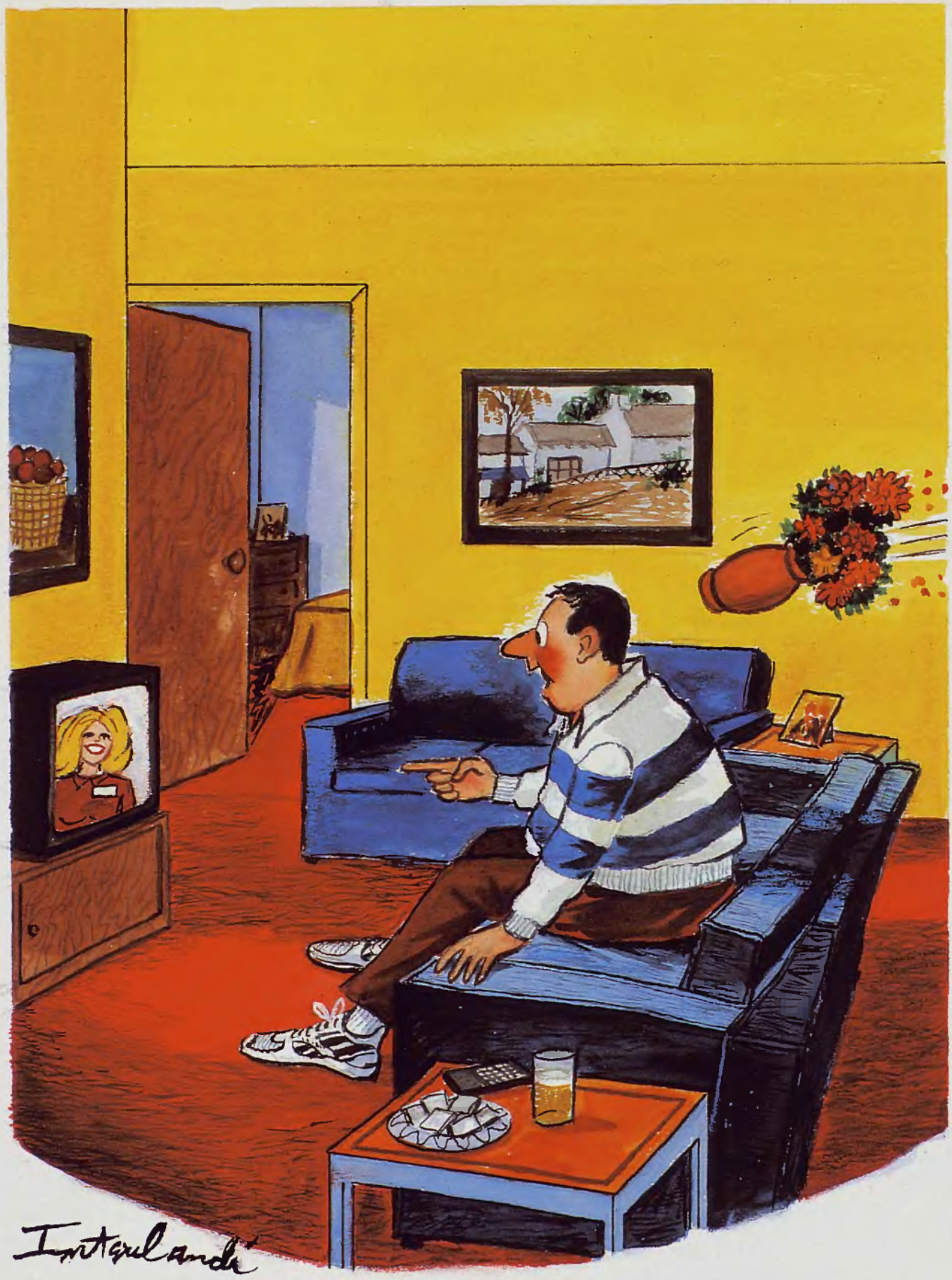
"Did you hear me? I said I'm——"

"Hold on a second, you've got——" She squeezed, so that my lips made an O, and then she scraped between my front tooth and my right incisor with her pinky nail. "There, got it."

"Got what?"

"A popcorn kernel. You had a kernel stuck in your teeth."

"Oh." I waited half a heartbeat for my



"Hey! Here's a gal on a game show who I used to screw."

toes to uncurl. "Anyway, like I said, Thella's going to drive me home, so, you know." I tried to make this sound prodigious, but I'm not sure that I succeeded.

Pamela gave Thella a long, hard look, as if she were casting the girl for a bit part in a movie, and said, "OK, I approve. You owe me."

"For what?"

"You'll see." And, adjusting the collar on my shirt, she spun me around and sent me on my way.

"Who was that woman?" Thella asked as we got into the car.

"Nobody," I lied. And then added, "My best friend's fiancée, actually."

As if that explained everything.

•

The next day Pamela called me at work.

"Well?"

"She stole my watch," I told her.

Which, insofar as I could tell, was true. Here's what happened. Thella did in fact drive me home, and we did in fact fall into an unseemly tangle on my unmade bed. There were problems with the condom—there are *always* problems with the condom—and I don't remember enjoying myself all that much, but we nevertheless managed to make happen what everyone who goes out on a weeknight hopes will happen. Although I remember wondering, just before I drifted off to a troubled and tenuous sleep, why I had been trying so arduously to succeed in doing what I had just succeeded in doing, I still went to work the next day happy and secure in the knowledge that I had been pursued, that I had been desired. For, in the end, this is actually all we want; the messy dance itself is nothing more, really, than Tantalus' unreachable fruit. If only we could remember all this beforehand! I should point out, moreover, that my morning's sunny disposition was quite possibly inspired by the fact that, somewhere before the first light of dawn, Thella nudged me awake to tell me that she had to get home and feed her cat. She was fully dressed—earrings and all—and her mascara speckled her eyelashes in little clots. Disturbingly, she had brushed her teeth.

"You're sure?" I said, reaching out groggily, but—forgive me—inwardly pleased that she was leaving.

"It was fun," she said, and pecked me on the cheek. "I'm sure I'll see you around."

And when I awoke two hours later, still naked but in any case alone, I turned to my bedside table to discover that my watch—a $600 Seiko with three displays and an alarm—was gone.

"That's wild," Pamela said, her voice quiet, as if she were very far away. Then she brightened up and said, "So tell, tell, tell. How was it? Did you get her number? What?"

"I told you. It was OK. Just a hookup. And I lost my watch." *Just a hookup.* As if I did this every night. "And no, I didn't get her number. Nor did she bother with mine."

"You slut," she laughed. "Anyway, Casanova, don't worry about me—I'm sure that was your next question—I shook the bodybuilder and found my own way home, thank you."

"Sorry," I said, and I suppose I meant it on several accounts.

"Don't be. I had fun, I feel great and I think we should do it again. Brennan goes to New York Tuesday and he'll be gone for three days. Let's make it a date."

"Pamela, what if he calls?" I was starting to sound like a nervous adulterer.

"He didn't last night, did he? Listen, Ry, don't freak over this. I checked my messages two or three times. I can handle it, this isn't your problem. We're not doing anything."

"So why all the secrecy? Why not tell him? I'm his best friend. He trusts me." My teeth clacked together, as if to force back the words.

"It would defeat the purpose."

"What purpose?" My voice was rising. Around me my co-workers, long accustomed to seeing me piddle my day away, hardly took notice, but still. "Are you *looking* to hook up? I mean, if you are, why don't you——"

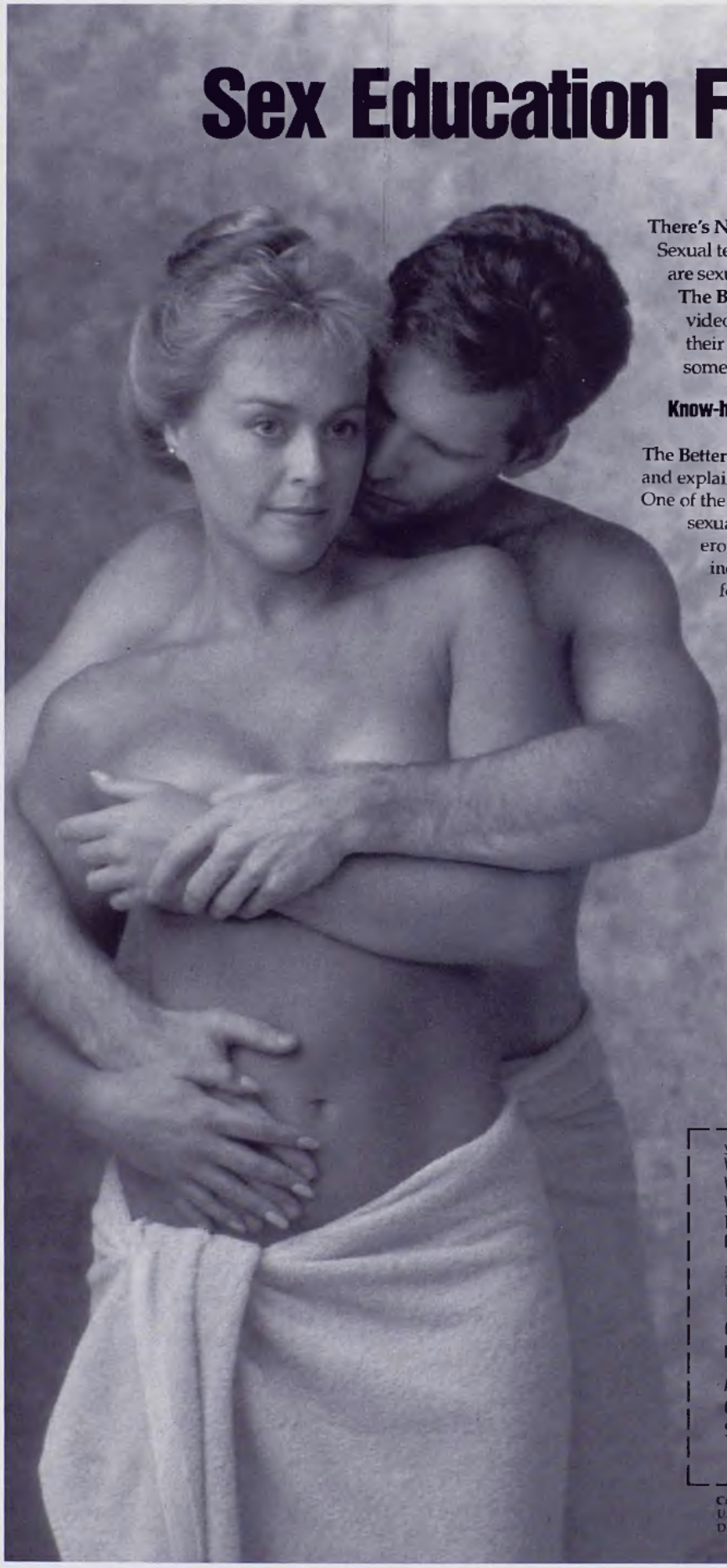
"If I were," she said, "I wouldn't ask you to come along. Get a clue, Ryan. If you're going to learn about women, you're going to have to pay attention to detail."

•

And so, on it went. The next Tuesday Pamela and I went to O'Grady's, an Irish pub two doors down from Rollo's. Within 45 minutes of our arrival, the two of us had hooked me up with a sleek, smooth-skinned Asian named Lee. By Pamela's own admission, Lee was an even better catch than Thella. "You're moving up," she whispered wetly in my ear. "Watch out or I might get jealous." Again, I asked Lee if she looked at the women first, and again we talked about the gender gap—only this

"Then, after you have spent those thirty years working your heart out on the company's production line, you will be laid off because of a corporate merger, only to discover you have lost all your retirement benefits."

Sex Education For Me?



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time I had Thella to offer up as a test case: "Interesting. A friend of mine named Thella says women generally, etc." All systems were go. The only problem was, we both had come with friends. "I'd ask my roommate to take us home," Lee said sheepishly, "but that would be so, I mean, like——"

"I'll take care of it," I said.

Needless to say, Pamela was more than happy to help.

So as to put me behind the wheel and Lee in the passenger seat, Pamela sat in back, a gesture that at first seemed thoughtful and generous but soon revealed itself to be otherwise. The whole way back to my apartment, Pamela leaned forward and pelted Lee with a barrage of innocuous questions—"Where do you live? What sorority were you in? Do you know so-and-so?"—while her left hand, lodged snugly between the driver's-side door and my seat, performed a Dance of the Seven Veils along my electrified rib cage. I squirmed, I giggled, I slammed on the brakes. And the moment we arrived at my place, she stopped. Incredible. Holding the seat forward so she could climb out, I tried to meet her gaze, but she blithely continued her conversation with Lee, and then roared away without telling me goodbye. The omission stayed with me long after she left, the way one's cheek tingles hours after receiving a slap. Although I told myself it was nothing—she just forgot, that's all—I couldn't shake the notion that I had done something wrong. Or maybe I had done something right. Who knew? I brooded over the matter all night, both before and after Lee went home, but by morning I had approached no closer to the truth than when I had begun. I started to wonder if I'd ever figure Pamela out.

And a week or so later I did. More or less, anyway. We were back at Rollo's, and I was on the edge of making my third score in as many weeks, when I felt Pamela grab my arm. "Don't," she said.

The woman in question was named Shama, a lavish blue-skinned Indian so extraordinarily beautiful my mouth went dry the moment she introduced herself. Her eyes were as black and glossy as marble, and the slightest hint of down grazed her upper lip. By my own admission, Shama shamed them all—Thella, Lee, maybe even Pamela herself.

"Don't what?" I said. Shama had excused herself to the bathroom, and I was fishing for my apartment keys.

"Just don't," Pamela whispered. "Don't leave with that girl."

"Why not?"

"Because, Ryan. I just wish you wouldn't."

And there it was: Precisely what for five years I had been waiting for. I had a sudden vision of me and Brennan sitting in his kitchen with a six-pack of beer delineating the various axioms of my betrayal. Then I thought quickly about the year Brennan and I shared a dorm room. Grabbing Pamela's arm, I said, "But why? Just tell me why."

"I don't know why. I just——"

"Pamela, listen to me. If you don't want me to, I won't. I swear to you, I won't. But only if you don't want me to."

She was looking at me now, but, either because of the darkness of the bar or because of something undecided within her, I was unable to read her expression. We stared at each other for what seemed like a long time, and then something caught her eye. When I turned I saw Shama winding her way back.

"Look," Pamela said, jerking her arm loose, "forget it, OK? Just forget I said anything. You do whatever the hell you want. Don't let me stop you, God forbid." And with that she turned and left.

I didn't leave with Shama. Suffice it to say I made an excuse and she readily accepted it. The next morning at work I was a wreck: Twice I dialed Brennan's number and twice I hung up before the first ring. Nothing got done. The day was frittered away in useless anticipation and unseemly projection. I began thinking about a new job, law school, condominium living—I was ready to make any sacrifice, any change. In fact, I was a little disturbed by how ready I was.

Finally, at 1:30, she called.

"Did you score?" It was the first thing she said.

"No, Pam. I went home alone."

"Too bad—she was gorgeous. So anyway, I'm calling because I just got off the phone with Brennan and he says he'd love it if you came over for dinner. He says it's been a month since he's seen you. Is that true? I can't remember."

The reason she didn't remember, I reflected grimly, was that she was seeing more of me than he was.

"Tonight's bad," I lied. My brain, despite frantic efforts to the contrary, failed to divulge a believable excuse.

"It's Thursday night, Ryan. The paper goes to press this afternoon. I know your schedule, remember? Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying to you."

"Just come over. He misses you."

"Then why doesn't he call me?"

"Because he asked me to. Look, if you'd rather not, I'll just tell him——"

"No, no, I'll come. Jesus. Tell him I'll be there about seven." I waited for her to add something, but when she didn't, I said, "We need to talk, you know."

After a pause she said, "I know."

"So I guess I'll see you tonight."

"And Brennan, too," she said. "Don't forget about him."

Oh, I thought, I haven't forgotten about him. Don't you worry about that.

•

Describing Brennan is easy. Picture the best-looking WASP you've ever seen and then imagine someone better looking. Brennan's smile always evoked for me the approach of a brand-new Jaguar XJ6, the front grille so cool and elegant you want to take a rock and smash it before it speeds by. When he greeted me at the door he was dressed in casualwear—jeans, sweatshirt, Top-Siders—and yet he seemed uncomfortable, as if his body had forgotten how to adjust to such ease. The sweatshirt was too clean, the sleeves were pushed up a bit too primly, the jeans betrayed a crease along the shin. This, I realized, was how adults dressed—that is, for occasions. Everything in the adult world, once you entered it, was an occasion.

"Tonight," he said, patting my shoulder and leading me inside, "I might even drink a cold one with you."

"Someone alert the media." I fished around for something else to say but my mind drew a blank, much as it did in the bar that first night with Pamela. Just to fill the void, I said, "Listen, I'm sorry about being so scarce, Bren. It's been a crazy couple of weeks, what with——"

"Oh, I know all about your past couple of weeks." He looked at me for a frigid, unfathomable second and then cracked a sinewy Jaguar smile. "Relax, buddy. Pamela told me everything."

Only then did I realize he was leading me into the kitchen, where Pamela, wrapped domestically in an apron, stood at the sink washing lettuce. "Oh," she said as we entered, "that's what *you* think." Offering me her cheek—something she did only, it suddenly occurred to me, when Brennan was around—she added, "I didn't tell him *everything*."

"Then I'll let him fill me in on the rest," Brennan said.

"And you'll have to beat it out of him, I'm sure."

"Baby, don't you know that guys tell their friends everything?"

"Of course I do, sweetie. And women tell their friends everything they don't tell their boyfriends."

"Beer?"

This last was from me. During the entire exchange Brennan and Pamela had smiled and clowned as if I weren't even in the room. All of which begged the question, What exactly had Pamela told him?

Handing me a beer, Brennan said, "So far Pammy says you've scored a Greek, an Asian and an Indian."

"Not true," I mumbled, trying to smile. "The Indian got away."

Pamela shook her hands dry, turned off the faucet and said, "Brennan thinks I'm voyeuristic—the way I drill you about your personal life."

"No, no, I didn't say that. I said you were nostalgic for the single life. There's a big difference."

"Nostalgic, voyeuristic—it's pretty

much the same thing, if you think about it." Turning back to me, she said, "Brennan also thinks it's a good idea that I call you at work."

"True," Brennan assented, ushering us all into the living room. I kept trying to catch Pamela's eye while Brennan wasn't watching, but she was keeping her cool. Insofar as I could figure, he had only mentioned her phone calls. Brennan must have presumed that this was how she had ascertained her detailed play-by-play of my personal life. "That you two are so close," Brennan continued, dropping into his leather recliner, "just makes me, I don't know, happy for some reason. I've seen too many friends get married and then disappear—the wife and the buddies don't get along, or the husband and her friends don't get along. You know, all that shit. Am I right, Ry?"

"Sure," I said.

"I mean, things are so different now—we're getting older, our careers are taking off, blah blah blah—and I just think it's important that we all stay together and keep everything open." I made a motion to say something, but Brennan cut me short. "No, wait, Ryan, let me say this. Just let me talk. I know I've been pretty invisible this past year or so, traveling and staying in on weekends. Pamela and I talked about this today—I came home early from work, did she tell you?—we talked and she's right. I haven't been paying her enough attention. And she also told me how you guys talk and all, which really got me, buddy. I mean, it hit me hard." Then he leaned forward. "I know I haven't been there for you as much as I could be. And so I want to say—wait, let me say it—I want to say I'm sorry for being such a vicious yuppie fuck." He laughed uncomfortably. "There, I said it. I'm a vicious yuppie fuck."

Kissing him on the ear, Pamela said, "But we love you anyway, sweetie. Don't we, Ryan?"

"Absolutely," I said. "You bet."

•

As if liberated by his predinner apology, Brennan proceeded to get ruinously drunk on beer and red wine, so much so that Pamela and I had to steer him down the hallway and help him into bed. All through dinner he rhapsodized about old times—that is to say, college—marching an endless procession of drinking stories before us. I smiled unconvincingly through it all, not only because I had heard these stories before—or, I should say, had lived them, for the principal subject of most of these tales was none other than yours truly—but because I realized how sad the whole performance was. Were these stories the most interesting thing Brennan could say about me? Was someone else's cavalier decadence really so enthralling to the likes of Brennan Worthington?

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"What a night," Pamela said after Brennan finally consented to being tucked into bed.

"Maybe I should go," I said.

She was curled up on the couch, comfy and casual in gray stretch pants and a pinstriped oxford shirt unbuttoned so low I could see the front clasp of her bra. Her fingers caressed a heart-shaped locket hanging from a chain around her neck, and when she drew the chain along her bottom lip, my heart—I confess—kicked like a race horse.

"No, Ryan, stay." She patted the couch as one might for a dog. "We need to talk."

She gave me a look that broached no dissent, so I sat down.

"OK," I said. "I'll ask the first question. What exactly did you tell him? I've been sitting here all night wondering if Brennan wants to kill me or give me the Congressional Medal."

"He likes you, Ry, he really does. And he misses you. Work is wiping him out, you have no idea. The pressure, you know, it's starting to get to him. So it was great of you to come over. I think it's just what he needed."

She was talking as if Brennan were her fiancé and I were his friend—which, for some reason, bothered me immensely.

"I told him about calling you at work—surely you figured that out."

"And that's it?"

"Of course that's it. What do you think I said? How stupid do you think I am?"

"But why did you say anything at all? I thought secrecy was the A-one priority here."

"I don't know. I just did. It seemed right. He was talking about work and about how glad he was that you were coming over, so I said I called you at work and asked you about your nights, that type of thing. And he understood, he really did. He started blaming himself and. . . ." She turned and looked longingly down the hall. "I don't know what got into him, but he was so sweet tonight, don't you think so?"

I couldn't stand it. I wanted to wake Brennan and tell him what his loving fiancée had said to me last night. I also wanted, at that moment, to hear her say it again. She was so close my eyes tingled from her scent, and each time she shifted on the couch her knee warmly brushed my thigh—a casual gesture, though I had my doubts. I wanted her to bend toward me and kiss me on the lips, a desire so visceral and real I could taste her on my mouth.

But instead, I said, "Look, forget all that. We've got to decide what we're going to do."

"About what?"

"About us, that's what. About what happened last night. Are you or are you not going to tell Brennan about that?"

"But nothing happened last night."

"Of course nothing happened, but something *almost* happened. Or did I just imagine it?"

For a long time she sat silently and stared at the floor. Then she reached over, took my hand and placed it in her lap. "Look," she said, "you're one of my closest, dearest friends—maybe the closest guy friend I have. You should know that. I care about you so much, Ryan, sometimes I wonder what might have happened if, you know, I had never met Brennan. I really do." She laughed, but when I failed to respond she assumed a different tone. "The thing is, I did meet Brennan, right? And I really think he needs me right now. I have to be there for him. I said some things last night, some things I probably shouldn't have said——"

"So you're taking it all back?"

"Yes. I mean, no. I don't know. Look, I meant what I said, I think, but that doesn't mean I'm ready to throw away my relationship with Brennan just because I felt a pang of, what? Jealousy, I guess. Or something. Jesus, I don't know. I'm sorry, Ryan. You'll have to forgive me, I——"

"Why is everybody asking me to forgive them? Don't you get it, Pamela? Don't you see?"

"See what, Ryan?" She gazed at me intently and pulled my hand deeper into her lap, her fingers interlocking with mine. "What am I supposed to see?"

"I mean, haven't you figured it out yet? I. . . ." My voice trailed off. The tingling in my hand increased. My leg muscles tensed, as if in preparation for flight.

She moved closer. "Just say it, Ryan. What are you trying to tell me?"

And so I told her. In the white rush of her galvanic presence, I blurted out the three words. The big three. I said them right there on Brennan's leather couch. My mouth opened and out they came.

Pamela and I stared at each other for what seemed like a long time, my heart racing all the while. I could feel a whole new destiny opening inside me like a flower in bloom. My hand shook.

Finally, she blinked slowly, sat back and smiled. "Ryan, sweetie, don't you think I know that?"

I took my hand back. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I've known you for more than five years. I've seen the way you look at me, the way you act when I'm around. Women can always tell these things."

"So you've known?" My voice, I realized, was much louder than it should have been: Just how drunk was Brennan? "You asked me to take you out, to come over here and all that—you've been sitting next to me for five years and all the while you've known?"

"Please, quiet down. I wish none of this had ever come up, I really do. I mean, everything's different, now you're going to feel weird around me——"

"I'm leaving," I said, and stood up abruptly.

"No you're not. You sit back down, we need to talk about this."

"Tell Brennan I had a great time," I

"There is something about a man in uniform."

said, opening the front door. Pamela didn't move. "Frankly, I don't know if I'll ever be able to face him again."

"Ryan," Pamela said evenly, meeting my gaze, "grow up."

But since I didn't have anything to say to that, I stepped out into the hallway and closed the door.

•

I went straight to Rollo's, proceeded to drink three scotches in succession and was motioning for my fourth when I heard someone say, "Ryan, am I right?"

I turned. Standing next to me, dressed in black bicycle pants and a Georgetown sweatshirt, was none other than Thella What's-her-name. She was smiling, which I took as one of the evening's good omens.

"Thella," I said, extending my hand. "How are you?"

"Great, just, you know, fine. And you?"

Figuring I had nothing to lose, I turned fully around on my bar stool and said, "Not too well, actually. I think I just lost my best friend tonight, among other things."

She looked perplexed, or perhaps overwhelmed, but she managed another smile and said, "Sorry to hear that."

And then something came over me. I don't know what it was. Call it the imp of the perverse. Call it exhaustion. Call it base cruelty. Whatever it was, I found myself saying, "By the way, you stole my fucking watch."

She flashed me a look of genuine, heart-stopping virulence, and then, blinking rapidly, said, "Excuse me?"

"My watch. I woke up that morning and my watch was gone."

"From where?"

"From my bedside table."

"You didn't put your watch on the bedside table. The band broke on the way home. You put it in your blazer pocket."

And, lo and behold, I remembered everything. In the car. Giggles and gearshifts. Fishing underneath the seat.

"This jacket?" I said, plucking my lapel. But of course it was this jacket. I didn't own another jacket.

She nodded. Then, with astonishing self-possession, Thella looked me in the eye, reached into the front pocket of my sports coat and withdrew the missing $600 Seiko.

"Here," she said, dropping it into my lap. "You asshole." And without another word, she turned and walked away.

And what did I do? Well, first, I put my watch back into my pocket. Then I paid my tab. And then, just before I walked out, I turned to the mirror, looked at my face between the letters of Rollo's logo and thought, Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

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TIM ALLEN

(continued from page 118)

unconcerned that it does?

ALLEN: Their heads. Just leave it where it is. [*Smiles*] If women didn't shave at all, how long would it take to get used to that? I dated a girl in college who had gotten to the zucchini lasagna stage, with candles in her house and red wine that her uncle made. Everything was natural. She didn't shave anything, and I never got used to it. It's just too much of a push. So I had to start shaving. "Somebody's gotta shave here," I said. "Somebody's got to be smooth."

18.

PLAYBOY: So, how do you shave?

ALLEN: I learned to shave in the shower without a mirror. This happened in jail. It was too difficult to see in the fucking polished stainless-steel mirror. It was much easier to shave in the shower and get it over with. Besides, it'll come in handy in case I go blind one day—which, oddly, I have always thought would happen. It's one of those little tests. My dad's was "Learn to tie your shoes standing up." I learned. [*Demonstrates*] He said it promotes good balance. Goddamn right it does, because you have to stand on one foot and raise the other to tie the shoe.

19.

PLAYBOY: What did you quit doing yourself when you could finally afford hired help?

ALLEN: Landscaping. But I really enjoyed doing my yard. It was my Zen. I have a big John Deere tractor that I love. Always wanted one; got the best. Not including my cars, I have seven combustion motors in my tool shed: a mulcher, a blower, two weed whackers and three lawn mowers. Oh, and a Rototiller. I mowed for three seasons by myself, and now I have a kid who uses my tractor, so at least I get to see it. I guess the next step is a lawn crew. Then I'll have no connection whatsoever to my yard. Success is a bittersweet thing.

20.

PLAYBOY: And how would you rewire America?

ALLEN: I'd get rid of those fucking plugs on which one prong's bigger than the other.

TRAIL OF TERROR

(continued from page 124)

TUNAYB: The bag contained documents concerning Hezbollah. It also contained some drugs, which was the primary purpose of his mission.

PLAYBOY: Did he also work for the DEA?

TUNAYB: I don't know. Originally he worked for the DEA in the U.S. But he also worked for the CIA, which would facilitate his movements at the airports. His bags would not be inspected.

PLAYBOY: Was the CIA also running a drug operation or allowing drugs to be smuggled in for other purposes?

TUNAYB: Yes. But he was accompanied on all his trips by one or two persons.

PLAYBOY: The bag that Jaafar carried, or was supposed to carry, back with him to the U.S. was switched. Is that correct?

TUNAYB: I don't know exactly how the bag was prepared. There are various ways to prepare such bags. One is through chemical means, another is with a long-term timing device.

PLAYBOY: You are talking now of the bomb. Who made the bomb?

TUNAYB: The same people who collaborated with the fundamentalists, as I already said. These people have experts who are extraordinarily competent.

PLAYBOY: Are there specific persons who may have placed the bomb?

TUNAYB: You want names?

PLAYBOY: There is a report that mentions the name of the person who did it.

TUNAYB: I don't know who in particular prepared the bomb. It's possible that several people collaborated.

PLAYBOY: You don't know who actually prepared the bomb?

TUNAYB: No. There's more than one person.

PLAYBOY: Was the timer from Libya?

TUNAYB: I don't know. Timers can be found anywhere. They don't have to come from Libya.

PLAYBOY: Did the Libyans supply matériel, whether explosives, timer devices or money, for the operation?

TUNAYB: No, I don't think so. There are several places in the Middle East where these can be obtained. I don't believe the Libyans are behind it.

PLAYBOY: When Jaafar was on his way back to the U.S., before he left Lebanon, was the bag with the bomb substituted for the bag with the drugs?

TUNAYB: The bag had been ready for a long time. But its purpose was unknown to many of the people in the group. There are always several bags that stand ready.

PLAYBOY: So the bag was simply allowed to proceed to Frankfurt and to be put on board the airplane because it was part of the drug operation?

TUNAYB: Yes, from Cyprus to Frankfurt. Jaafar carried the same bag from Lebanon to Frankfurt and then as far as Lockerbie.

PLAYBOY: The Libyans didn't have anything to do with it?
TUNAYB: No.
PLAYBOY: Was the group that organized the operation aware that two intelligence agents—Charles McKee and Matthew Gannon—would be on board?
TUNAYB: No. The goal was just the plane. The only goal was the plane, nothing else.
PLAYBOY: Thus, they had no intention of killing these people?
TUNAYB: No.
PLAYBOY: Did an American agent have any knowledge that the bomb was going to be placed on the plane?
TUNAYB: I don't know. I had been out of the organization already for two or three months, so I'm not familiar with the exact details. All the information I have comes from friends.
PLAYBOY: You mentioned that you aren't sure where the money for this operation came from. But you say it possibly came from Iran. Could Syria be behind it?
TUNAYB: I don't think it was either Syrians or Libyans.
PLAYBOY: Ahmed Jibril was supposed to have received several million dollars for the bombing. Do you know if he received that money?
TUNAYB: I repeat: Jibril knew nothing of this operation. What I can confirm is that the operation was carried out by Jibril's group together with Lebanese fundamentalists. However, I don't know how much money they got for it.
PLAYBOY: The fundamentalists hired the group on a free-lance basis, without Jibril's knowing anything about it?
TUNAYB: Most likely.
PLAYBOY: Another source states that the plan was well known and had been reported to the Americans.
TUNAYB: I think so. The Americans, the British and the Germans knew there was going to be an operation. I can't say they knew the precise course of the airplane operation, but they knew something was going to happen in that area.
PLAYBOY: Are you saying the American government knew in advance what would happen?
TUNAYB: The Pan Am operation? That I don't know.
PLAYBOY: But were they constantly informed about the activities of the group in Lebanon?
TUNAYB: Before the operation was carried out, some of those who participated in its preparation were arrested.

[In October 1988, German police, acting on a tip of an impending terrorist attack against an airliner, conducted raids in Frankfurt, Hamburg, Mannheim, Berlin and Neuss, near Düsseldorf. They arrested several members of Popular Front cells. Most were released within hours of their arrest. But, with the help of an informant, the Germans later discovered bombs hidden by the group. They failed to find out what, if anything, they knew about the planning of Pan Am 103.]

PLAYBOY: Had any of those people who were arrested disclosed information that might have been given to the American government?
TUNAYB: I believe so. But they could not deliver any detailed information because the participants in the operation didn't know the plane was the target. Of course, in these matters, individuals don't have all the details. Moreover, there are contingency plans, so that if the first fails, a second is used.
PLAYBOY: You mean each member of the group knew only a portion of what was going to happen?
TUNAYB: They knew that there was an operation and they had their orders to carry out in a certain succession. But I doubt that they knew the target as such. All they had to do was carry out what they were ordered to do. Several people of Ahmed Jibril's group are under the command of someone named Abu Ahmed.
PLAYBOY: Is he still in Bekaa?
TUNAYB: Between Bekaa and Beirut.
PLAYBOY: You knew of the operation. Did you do anything about it?
TUNAYB: I would have opposed it, but I

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had no knowledge of it. I learned this information from my friends afterward.

•

Certainly there has been no shortage of suspects connected to the explosion on Pan Am 103. But Tunayb, from his vantage in the Popular Front, may be offering intimate testimony. Vincent Cannistrero, a 27-year CIA veteran who recently retired as chief of counterterrorism operations, confirmed Tunayb's position in the PFLP–GC and also placed him at a key meeting between the Popular Front and the Islamic Revolutionary Guard Core, an Iranian group that wanted to avenge the 1988 downing of an Iranian Airbus. It has been reported that the Pan Am attack was in retaliation for missiles fired from the U.S.S. Vincennes, which shot down a planeload of people on their way to Dubai.

But just how feasible is Tunayb's charge that fundamentalists in Lebanon duped one of the DEA's couriers into carrying the fatal suitcase? Was Pan Am 103 a "safe flight"—part of a regular route used by the DEA to transport drugs and money for sting operations? Certainly the lawyers representing Pan Am have charged just that, hoping to escape the huge lawsuits from the families of those who were killed. But on May 15, 1990, the president's commission charged with investigating the crash found "no foundation for speculation in the press accounts that U.S. government officials had participated tacitly or otherwise in any supposed operation at Frankfort Airport having anything to do with the sabotage of flight 103."

Five months later, however, NBC News revealed that the DEA was investigating whether a sting operation involving Pan Am 103 and Khalid Jaafar had been compromised by terrorists. Confronted with this report by NBC, commission chairman James Weidner vowed to renew the investigation if the DEA had deceived him. The DEA continued to deny that Jaafar was a registered informant. It further denied ever using Pan Am flights for drug shipments.

On December 18, 1990, two months after the NBC newscast, Representative Robert E. Wise (D–W. Va.) held hearings in Washington, D.C. to determine whether or not the DEA had any role in the bombing. Stephen H. Green, the DEA's assistant administrator of operations, testified that Jaafar had never been employed as an informant by the DEA and that the DEA had never used controlled drug-courier flights on Pan Am through Frankfurt Airport. When asked if the DEA "had looked into Jaafar's background or family past" and if it was "aware that Jaafar reportedly made frequent trips to Lebanon from his home in Dearborn, Michigan," Green refused to answer in public session. The records of the private testimony about DEA informants or sources on the airplane remain sealed. Claiming that the indictments against the two Libyans effectively closed the case, the Justice Department ordered both the DEA and the FBI not to discuss the matter.

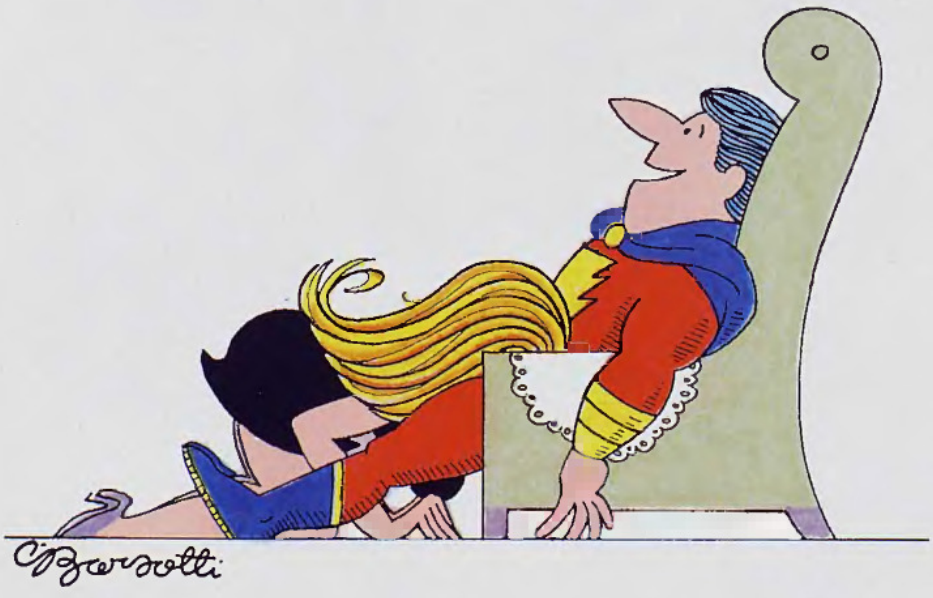
At virtually the same time that Green testified in Washington and denied DEA use of controlled operations through Frankfurt, a grand jury in Alexandria, Virginia returned an indictment against five members of a drug-smuggling ring headquartered in the Bekaa Valley. The five were charged with conspiracy to traffic drugs in the U.S. That indictment relied on evidence submitted by DEA undercover agents and detailed the group's activity in attempting to transport drugs on commercial flights through Frankfurt to Detroit and Virginia. Passage was facilitated by arrangement with authorities in both countries.

The day before Wise's congressional hearings began, *Barron's*, the financial weekly, ran a detailed front-page article that alleged the DEA frequently used Pan Am to facilitate drug-courier flights.

And what of Tunayb's mention of the CIA? The possible role of the CIA evokes even more complexity. One theory, advanced by Juval Aviv (the former Mossad agent hired by Pan Am as an investigator), was that the CIA piggybacked on a DEA sting operation to exploit al-Kassar's network to further its hostage-release efforts. This theory clearly serves the interests of Aviv's client, Pan Am. But others have also found it credible. Victor Marchetti, a CIA veteran, is quoted in *Barron's*: "I have always thought the essence of [Aviv's] report was true. Immediately after the bombing, the Bush administration was working its way back into Syria and hoped to make some back-channel connections to Iran so as to carry out the new administration's policy . . . to get the hostages out. [With Iraq's invasion of Kuwait] the cover-up is now more true than ever."

Of late, Iran is again being viewed as a pivotal power in the Middle East. It has been suggested for some time that the U.S. government was eager to steer the investigation away from Iran. In a January 11, 1990, column in *The Washington Post*, Jack Anderson and Dale Van Atta cite high-level White House sources charging that UK Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and George Bush conspired to label the investigation inconclusive, while both had strong indications that Iran could be responsible. A November 17, 1991, "Outlook" piece in *The Washington Post* stated that "the final decision to accuse Libya exclusively also rests on nonforensic and nonevidentiary judgments, including assumptions made on the basis of political analysis." It is interesting to note that four days after the November 14, 1991, Justice Department indictment of Libya, hostages Terry Waite and Thomas Sutherland were released by their Lebanese captors.

As we enter the fifth year after the tragedy over Lockerbie, it remains distressing that political factors continue to obscure the truth. Before its documents go into the shredder, and with a new president headed into the White House, it's time for the DEA to come clean. At the least, the agency—and the CIA—could provide the American public with evidence concerning DEA use of safe flights on Pan Am, or other airlines, and reveal its dealings with Khalid Jaafar. Until then, the imperative is to continue to search for evidence and testimony such as this to get us to the truth.



"OK, we'll fly to Paris for dinner."

WRITING on the WALL

(continued from page 83)

a lot of girls like it?

—I sure do!

—Me, too.

—I know it feels good, but it's dangerous—lots of chance for disease (unless, of course, you use a condom) and the possibility that your colon will be punctured. Don't try it again.

—Do.

—Wrong! Uninformed! As long as you use a condom and lubrication it's perfectly safe and will stop hurting.

—No, it's true! The colon is not meant to stretch so far as to hold a penis. You have to make sure you have a considerate boyfriend and lots of lubrication before you do it. He should wear a condom to prevent infection.

—No, it is not true. What do you mean by "not meant"? A gentle partner is no problem.

—I manage.

—Just relax and it can be very enjoyable—it all depends on how worried about it you are.

—Actually, if you ask gay men, they usually don't like receiving it, they like doing it and receive to be fair.

—Ten million gay men can't be wrong. Try using anal lube.

MORE ON SEX

Do you like to fuck a man or he fucks you? I like both. How about you?

—Sex is not a subject–object relationship. It's something two people do mutually. We fuck each other.

—I like all three kinds: mutual, fucking and being fucked, as long as all three can happen with the same person.

—Don't know about you but I feel like I've been fucked sometimes.

•

Phuck physics.

—I did, but it wasn't very good.

•

Has anyone experienced reduced sexual desires because they were using birth control pills?

—Some women get real mood swings, even depression, so perhaps that's what's going on. Read up about side effects of the pill.

—There seem to be so many. I've been on it for years. I now want to quit and return to normal (if possible).

•

My friend gave me a vibrator for my birthday. God, what a gift. Also, my skin is better. Why?

—Orgasms aid in blood circulation throughout one's entire body. No sexual frustration, no more chocolate binges, no pimples.

—Maybe you've become a plastic entity.

—Shit, I left my vibrator in New Mexico. Bummer.

—I don't get this vibrator thing—aren't your hands good enough? What about getting back to basics (for sexual stimulation, that is)?

—You obviously haven't tried one.

•

I love boys that get hard quick. It gets me horny. I like when they feel my breasts and I whimper. Then he takes his finger and rubs between my hot, wet, juicy lips and thighs.

—Did a guy write this?

ON HOMOSEXUALITY

I would like to experience gay sex.

—Why? Why not?

—I don't understand gay sex. We're not physically built to have sex with other women, correct?

—We don't have penises but we can do things. How shall I put it? We can still have fun. Sexual intercourse with a penis ain't everything.

—But it's the real thing.

—Not for me.

—Honey, you're sick if you don't like dicks.

—Honey, you're sick if dicks are all you like, whether you love women or men.

•

I eat pussy and love it!

—Are you bragging or complaining?

—I do, too. Yum.

—Where are you guys? I've never been eaten by a girl and I'm dying to have it. I'm wet just thinking about it.

—Women who eat pussy are all over. I love eating pussy and I'm right here right now and so ready. Sex with another woman is real fulfillment!

•

I fantasize about women. Can one experiment without emotional commitment?

—Yes, if you are honest about your emotions. Don't break a woman's heart. She feels heartbreak so much more deeply than men do.

—Usually true.

—Bullshit. You are sexist.

ON GRAFFITI

Why are women so supportive of each other on bathroom walls, but so critical and backstabbing to one another in the real world?

—Because you don't know who they are.

—Because women are critical and backstabbing to themselves as individuals in the real world. Other women look, act and seem to be too much like themselves for them to be supportive.

—No, it's what men have taught us.

—Maybe we've just been taught to think this about ourselves. Is it really true? Are we misrepresenting ourselves?

—I don't backstab other women. I like and respect women myself.

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 (continued from page 129)

"She came naked from her bath and snapped together and buckled the marvelous undergarments."

on their fine flesh. Believe me when I tell you they are ready to take you with them on their trip. You've got a ticket to ride in the limitless, unrestrained world of your imagination.

Nobody will ever sell me the proposition that this is a one-way street, either. That is to say, these women are not doing anything for men or to men that they are not doing for themselves and to themselves. The joy and wonder and mad blood rush women cause finally comes back to them, fulfilling their own needs and desires and the longings of their own secret hearts.

Item: I was recently in a fine restaurant at the top of a tall building in Miami, just the sort of place that anybody who knows me would never have expected to find me. I'll say only that I was there because it was business, and I felt I had to have dinner wherever the man who was paying the tab took me. He was trying to buy some work I'd done (steal it, more precisely), and while I rather desperately needed to sell it, my desperation was not keen enough to submit to robbery. And the voice in my head—it talks entirely too much—started screaming, "What in the name of God are you doing here?"

The answer immediately presented itself from all the way across the restaurant. Stepping from the elevator came a woman with impossibly long legs; she carried herself with the kind of balance only the greatest athletes and dancers have. She was tall and dressed in black with just a splash of red on the right hip of her dress and a tiny touch of red in her low-crowned, wide-brimmed hat. And immediately the voice in my head, which is not always wrong, paraphrased a line of James Dickey's: "There must be a God because only a divine imagination could have conceived of woman."

Yes, Lord, so say we all.

She was unescorted and coming straight toward me down the long, wide aisle that split the enormous room into two parts. She brushed past the maître d'—who was dressed like a Latin American dictator—as if she had not seen him. Seeing her advance, the fool across the table from me finally stopped talking. A good many other people, both women and men, also stopped talking.

I could have got up and cheered, but of course I did no such thing. I was back at her elegant apartment, filled with more than a little awe and wonder as she came naked from her bath and stepped into, stretched over, snapped together and buckled down the marvelous undergarments she expertly maneuvered herself into. For reasons I cannot name, I knew she was applying this mysterious apparel to herself not because she planned later to step out of her loose, flowing and lovely dress and show off that which cleaved most intimately to her flawless body in all the imagined and unimagined ways. No, she had put on what none of us could see or would ever see because it pleased her, because it brought her femininity to an ice-pick point of perfection. She had done it to allow herself to walk through the world as the woman she knew herself to be.

And for me, her mere presence utterly destroyed—if only for a few moments—the gritty, grasping world that I have to live and die in. As she passed our table, nearly close enough to touch and yet light-years away, I saw in the light of her fine-boned face, the tilt of her chin and the steady focus of her dark eyes a message that was as clear as if she had stopped and said directly to me: "Eat your heart out. Bleed for my cantilevered breasts and the jacked-up curve of my ass, but there is no way you will ever taste a crumb of this banquet of a woman."

Do my fantasy and the lovely sneering words I have put into her mouth—a sneer made lovely only by the impossible loveliness of that mouth—make me bad? No, they only make me human. And if, in fact, she had put on all her undergarments for the sole purpose of allowing someone else the beatific joy of shucking her naked down to the skin, would that make her bad?

I would give you my answer, but you already know it.

"There he is. Thank God, nothing seems to be broken."

BOP TILL YOU DROP *(continued from page 112)*

"An uninhibited young woman was on her knees in front of Charlie Parker. Miles was grossed out."

known by the public but was already a legend in the bebop crowd. Miles had briefly sat in with the Billy Eckstine band in St. Louis a year earlier when one of their trumpeters flaked out, and both Dizzy and Parker were in the group. Hearing and playing alongside them for two weeks turned Miles around, and his desire to go to Juilliard was largely fueled by the fact that Dizzy and Parker's home turf at the time was New York.

Not long after hitting town, Miles found himself in a cab with Parker heading uptown to Harlem from 52nd Street. To Davis' considerable shock, Parker was well fortified for the ride. He had an open bottle of whiskey in one hand and fried chicken in the other, trading off between them while what would have to be called an uninhibited young woman was on her knees in front of him. Miles was grossed out.

It should be added that this was only one side of Parker. He was no idiot savant. Everybody who knew him said he was incredibly smart. He had a photographic memory, learning charts in nothing flat. He was also a voracious reader—though friends wondered how he found the time. One of his favorites was Baudelaire. He was also knowledgeable about modern art and modernist composers—and aspired toward making avant-garde music. Parker played sax in a new way, his style inspired by Lester Young. But Parker took a left turn from him to create something all his own.

Where it came from is a little mysterious. When Parker was 16, newly married, he got a gig to play in a summer resort band in Eldon, Missouri in the Ozarks. While there, he studied with a pianist who taught him basic major and minor chords, seventh and diminished. It got him thinking, and he spent the summer practicing every chance he got. No one had been wildly impressed with his playing before this stint in the Ozarks, but afterward it was different.

During the next couple of years Parker passed through various groups. In 1939 he hoboed to New York to be in on the scene and took a job as a dishwasher to stay alive. In the same restaurant, Art Tatum was playing piano, and his oceanic harmonic concept influenced the young saxophonist Parker.

Here's Parker on his revelation:

> I remember one night I was jamming in a chili house on Seventh Avenue between 139th and 140th. It was December 1939. Now, I'd been getting bored with the stereotyped changes that were being used all the time, at the time, and I kept thinking there's bound to be something else. I could hear it sometimes, but I couldn't play it. Well, that night, I was working over *Cherokee*, and, as I did, I found that by using the higher intervals of a chord as a melody line and backing them with appropriately related changes, I could play the thing I'd been hearing. I came alive.

He started jamming regularly at Minton's, his style so revolutionary that the first time sax player Ben Webster heard him, he ran up to the bandstand, ripped the sax out of Parker's hands and said, "That horn ain't supposed to sound that fast!"

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radically changing the music and in playing so fast? Partly it was boredom. The beboppers were tired of playing big-band stuff and were looking for something more challenging and more fun.

As Dizzy put it in his autobiography: "Music reflects the times in which you live. My music emerged from the war years, and it reflected those times in the music. Fast and furious, with the chord changes going this way and that way, it might've looked and sounded like bedlam, but it really wasn't."

By December 1941, when the United States got into the war following the Pearl Harbor attack, Hitler had already been charging around Europe, collecting the parts that appealed to him. The Japanese had been nibbling at pieces of Asia since the mid-Thirties. The world map was up for grabs.

For those who stayed home, life in America underwent a tidal change during World War Two. Hardly a family didn't have a son or a cousin heading off to war. Women went to work in unprecedented numbers at previously male jobs—Rosie the Riveter was a popular inspirational character. On the home front, life's basics—from meat and sugar to tires and gasoline—were rationed. There were shortages of everything, so that the arrival of a shipment of Double Bubble at the local drugstore was big news among neighborhood kids.

But tragic as World War Two was, there was also a kind of buzz to it, a strange euphoria, a confidence that because we were America and were on the right side, doing the right thing, we were bound to win. We were America fighting evil, so how could we lose? It's no accident that comic-book artist Jack Kirby dreamed up superhero Captain America, with his flag-inspired costume, during this time.

And the war affected jazz—the musicians, the business, the music itself—just like everything else. The heyday of small-combo jazz on 52nd Street was fueled by the war and ended not long after it was over. A wartime tax on dance clubs further promoted this sit-down form of jazz—it was cheaper to hear. But more important, soldiers and sailors either shipping out or home on leave were looking for a major-league good time in the big city. There were plenty of customers.

Meanwhile, the draft boards kept dropping "Greetings" bombs on all the groups. This disruption of personnel was especially tough on the big bands, which, along with featured soloists, relied on group sections playing as seamless units. It took a while for a replacement to learn the book—if you could find a decent player—and bands folded or dropped down several notches when their former stars left for the service.

The drafting of all these jazzmen was yet another incentive to the small-combo beboppers. You didn't need 20 people to make your music—nor a vocalist. Singers, such as teen heartthrob Frank Sinatra with Tommy Dorsey, were coming to dominate the bands at the expense of the players, and bebop was a reaction against this trend.

The beboppers were hipsters, outsiders, inspiring the first Beats—Jack Kerouac, Neal Cassady, Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder and the rest—long before the term was coined in the late Fifties. Dizzy also pioneered bop fashion, starting with his goatee and shades. After playing in France in 1937, he began wearing a black beret, and other hipsters followed suit.

The beboppers were the first to start thinking about jazz in an academic way. There had been previous jazz musicians who had graduated from college, but these musically educated beboppers in New York gave jazz a spin toward abstraction it had never had back in New Orleans or Chicago. Illinois Jacquet said, "Most of those people in the bands, the musicians, were college graduates or started out to be doctors and started playing music. They were all educated musicians, mostly."

The result was that this new music got so complicated, was played so fast, became so unpredictably interesting to listen to—as opposed to the seamless and predictable dance music of most big bands—that people stopped dancing so they could pay better attention. For better or worse, concert jazz was being born, and jazz was beginning to lose its mainstream dance audience.

The short, brilliant life of the Billy Eckstine Orchestra is a good example. Eckstine, a dapper former vocalist with the Earl Hines band, left Hines in 1943. After a short solo stint on 52nd Street he assembled an orchestra in 1944 that included a who's who of hip things to come in the way of band members: Gillespie and Fats Navarro on trumpets; Gene Ammons and Dexter Gordon on saxes; Tommy Potter on bass; Art Blakey on drums; Tadd Dameron on piano; and Sarah Vaughan, a young vocalist who had won an Apollo Theater amateur contest in 1942 and had spent the following year in the Earl Hines band with Eckstine and Gillespie. She was doing for jazz singing what the rest were doing on their instruments.

Eckstine appointed Gillespie musical director, which, in terms of giving Dizzy's new musical ideas free rein in a big-band context, was a little like handing the fox the keys to the henhouse. With the addition of Charlie Parker, the Billy Eckstine Orchestra was the hippest large aggregation of the mid-Forties, the bebop rebellion in big-band disguise. It didn't last because it was too hip for its

audiences, who were expecting standard dance fare instead of Dizzy and company's Chinese modernisms. Leonard Feather said the Eckstine orchestra was "years ahead of its time."

"There was no band that sounded like Billy Eckstine's," Dizzy said in his autobiography. "Our attack was strong, and we were playing bebop, the modern style. No other band like this one existed in the world."

But the would-be dance audiences generally didn't get it.

According to Eckstine: "We didn't have it easy. Our type of music was more or less a concert style of jazz. People would start to dance and then they'd turn around and listen. Sometimes our tempos were not danceable, either. It was at the end of the war, and people weren't ready at that particular time for a concert style of jazz."

Road manager Bob Redcross had a slightly different take: "That was the first band that ever played that people couldn't dance to. Man, they were awed. They would stand there and just go crazy. But nobody was dancing."

On tour the members of the Eckstine band went through the usual racial hassles. The Plantation Club in St. Louis, an all-white club owned by gangsters, featured Eckstine's all-black band in 1944. As Gillespie remembered:

> They fired Billy Eckstine's band because we came in through the front door, and they wanted us to come in through the back. A lotta shit happened to us in St. Louis. One time there, in the Club Riviera, Billy punched a guy down the stairs, and this guy had a pistol and everything. All of us had pistols, too, so it didn't make any difference. Everybody in that band had a pistol. If you went down South, you'd better have one, and a lot of ammunition.

Peripatetic Dizzy lasted seven months with Eckstine before moving on—even he hadn't been able to maintain band discipline. Saxophonist and arranger Budd Johnson, his replacement as musical director, said, "Most of the reed section were junkies. And they were messing up, missing trains and whatnot." Parker was soon gone, too, landing with Dizzy on 52nd Street in various aggregations, sometimes in the same group, sometimes in competing outfits.

World War Two ended in 1945, and it was also a big year for bebop. The arrival of Gillespie and Parker on the Street signaled the movement of bebop downtown and its discovery by white audiences. While the first bop record session technically took place in early 1944—a Coleman Hawkins date—it was in late 1945 that the first bop hits were recorded, the most legendary being *Ko Ko*. Nineteen-year-old Miles Davis was in on these seminal Savoy sessions with Dizzy and Bird and with Max Roach on drums. But *Ko Ko*, written by Parker, began at such a bat-out-of-hell pace that Miles couldn't handle the introduction, and Gillespie, who'd been playing piano on the session, had to fill in on trumpet. Years later Miles said that he had been asleep and did not hear a note while the others were recording this landmark hit. Jazz historian Martin Williams described *Ko Ko* as "a torrential, virtuoso improvisation."

These first bop records were snatched up and listened to down to scratches by their fans, but they didn't dent the pop charts. Among the top *Billboard* hits in 1946 were Perry Como's *Prisoner of Love* (number 1), *The Gypsy*, by the Ink Spots (3) and *Five Minutes More*, by Frank Sinatra (4). Down the line were *South America, Take It Away*, by Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters (8) and *Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief*, by Betty Hutton (12).

But while pop music slept on, *Groovin' High* and *Shaw 'Nuff*—both recorded by Parker and Dizzy in February 1945—and other early bop records caused their own furor in the jazz world. You were either for it or against it.

Bebop came out of left field for a lot of listeners, in large part because of the musicians'-union recording ban, which lasted for 18 months from 1942 through 1943 and left a large hole in the recorded documentation of this new style as it developed. If you hadn't been hanging out in the New York clubs, watching it grow, bebop sounded at first like music from outer space.

Some jazz writers, such as Leonard Feather and Barry Ulanov, became almost immediate enthusiasts. But most treated bop as if it were a rattlesnake slithering through jazz. To its credit, bebop became the new menace, debilitator of youth, etc., just as rock and roll would become in the mid-Fifties.

Those championing it often made extravagant claims for its total newness. But as Martin Williams points out in an essay on bebop, virtually everything the beboppers did had strong antecedents somewhere or other in jazz history:

> If the advocates of bop were both critically intemperate and defensive, they were also a bit ignorant and naive about the facts of jazz. They spoke of new harmonies, as if bop had suddenly discovered harmony and as if there had been no change since King Oliver; and they compared Bartok and Stravinsky to Parker, as though the latter's harmonic conception were based on theirs. They mentioned Lester, but not Bix and Trumbauer. They

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> spoke of the new melodic role of drummers like Kenny Clarke and Max Roach as if Baby Dodds' work had not also been comparable in this respect. They spoke of the boppers as having invented the practice of composing new melodic lines on old chord sequences—a practice as old as ragtime. And the practice of improvising on chord sequences rather than themes is as old as the blues and was almost standard by the mid-Thirties.

Oddly enough, those who hated it felt the same way as the enthusiasts, except that they found it too new, too far from New Orleans and Chicago jazz.

On another front in the jazz world—also separate from the dominant mainstream big bands—there had been a resurgence of traditional jazz, with older players rediscovered and giving concerts in their earlier styles.

It became a huge controversy, bop versus trad. Longtime hipster, saxophonist and former purveyor of the best marijuana in Harlem, Mezz Mezzrow was one of the traditionalists' main spokesmen. He was even to the right of big-band swing. He felt that if it wasn't played in small-group New Orleans or hot Chicago style, it wasn't jazz. John Hammond even jumped in against it: "To me, bop is a collection of nauseating clichés, repeated ad infinitum." One writer said, "Bebop sounds to me like a hardware store in an earthquake." Fletcher Henderson said, "Of all the cruelties in the world, bebop is the most phenomenal." Louis Armstrong claimed that "bop is ruining music, and the kids who play bop are ruining themselves." Someone on the boppers' side called the traditionalists "moldy figs," and the name stuck.

But for a while, until bebop burned itself out as a musical fad around 1950, the boppers were ascendant. After a fashion and from a historical perspective, bebop is again very much alive in the work of Terence Blanchard, Branford Marsalis and Marlon Jordan.

According to Miles Davis, in 1945 the police shut down some of the clubs on 52nd Street, putting a lot of musicians out of work. It was something the police did fairly often until the right payoffs were made. But this time the shutdowns lasted longer than ever before. Miles believed that the closings were racially motivated, that the arrival of the black bebop groups on 52nd Street brought black people from Harlem who wanted to hear them—and the police didn't like that. He also felt that the eventual reopening of these clubs had a lot to do with the fact that Parker, with whom he'd been playing on the Street, simply moved his band up to Minton's and carried on—carrying the audiences and their money with him. Miles said that the white club owners on 52nd Street couldn't stand seeing all that money going to blacks and greased the police to open up the Street again.

As Arnold Shaw says in *52nd Street*, his excellent history of the scene there, racism got worse, not better, shortly after World War Two. A lot of white soldiers and sailors were from the South and were not used to seeing the easier mingling of races that went on in the 52nd Street clubs.

Shaw quotes Dizzy about one night after work when he was standing outside the RKO Theater with bassist Oscar Pettiford, who was drunk, and Bricktop, a light-skinned redhead who was a singer at a club called Tony's (and who had been the toast of Paris in the Thirties). A white sailor came along and, thinking she was white, started giving them a lot of shit. "What you niggers doin' talkin' to this white woman?" Pettiford took a swing at him but was so drunk he missed and fell over, and Dizzy pulled his trusty knife—this one a sharp linoleum cutter with a curved blade. By then several other sailors had joined in. He slashed at one of them but cut only the uniform, and somehow managed to get himself and Pettiford into a cab. But the cabbie wouldn't take them up to Harlem, and the sailors kept at it. Dizzy and Pettiford ran for the subway, Pettiford leaping the turnstile and leaving Dizzy as rear guard. Dizzy stumbled, dropped his knife and had seven or eight of the guys beating on him. "I was ducking, trying to protect my chops and my head," said Dizzy. "I finally got away and went over the turnstile and ran onto the catwalk. They were right behind me. But only one could come out onto that narrow ledge at a time. And I was waiting with my horn, ready to clobber them. Finally the shore patrol came and took them away. And I took the subway home."

Late in 1945, Dizzy got an offer to put a small group together to play at a club in Los Angeles. There was one kicker. Club owner Billy Berg insisted that Charlie Parker be part of the group, and Dizzy by then was sick of putting up with his flaky behavior. But everybody has to eat, so Gillespie agreed to try it.

It was a total bust. Samuel Charters and Leonard Kunstadt noted that "the Los Angeles papers savagely attacked their music, most of the audience at the club was openly hostile and the management of the club sided with the customers." As Robert Reisner put it: "The audience reaction varied from apathy to hostility, and Parker became upset and unstable." The situation was exacerbated by the fact that in postwar Los Angeles heroin was harder to come by than in New York. His *Moose the Mooche* was written during this time, named for his heroin connection. Parker found himself even more over his head than usual and spent more time hustling to score than he did playing. At the end of the Billy Berg gig early in 1946, Dizzy paid out the band, including airfare back to New York, but Parker cashed in his ticket and stayed in L.A.

Here Miles Davis enters the picture again. Miles had decided to drop out of Juilliard, feeling it was "too white" to be of any use to him. But he didn't want to spring it on his father without warning, so he had taken the train home to East St. Louis to talk with him. His father proved characteristically understanding, and Miles, always something of a golden boy, had a bit of luck on this trip. Benny Carter was playing the Riviera in St. Louis and needed a trumpeter. Miles joined the group largely because it was based in L.A. and was working its way home—to where Dizzy and Parker were. Miles called Parker and said he was on the way, once more chasing Bird. So Miles showed up in California as part of the Benny Carter band and looked up Parker. His timing, as usual, was good. He stayed with Carter for a while, but Bird was putting together a small combo and wanted Miles on trumpet. According to Davis, he didn't have the chops that Dizzy had, but Parker liked that—Miles' playing was more of a complement than competition.

They got a gig at the Finale Club in Los Angeles' Little Tokyo, an area where the racial mix had been changing. The Finale Club had been a low-ceiling, second-floor Japanese restaurant and was now being run by trumpeter Howard McGhee and his white wife. (According to Miles, the McGhees were always being hassled by the police, largely for being a racially mixed couple.)

Trouble followed Charlie Parker. His heroin habit kept him so broke he'd moved into the McGhees' garage. At the Finale he attracted the usual cloud of dealers, pimps and hustlers that formed around him wherever he went. This in turn attracted even more attention from the police. The owner padlocked the place in April 1946, saying he'd been shaken down by the cops once too often. Then Parker's connection got busted. Parker tried to go cold turkey in the McGhees' garage by turning up all his other habits a few notches. As Miles Davis remembered it:

> He started going through severe withdrawal. When Bird gave up heroin, he only switched to drinking more heavily. I remember him telling me once that he was trying to kick heroin and that he hadn't had any for a week. But he had two gallons of wine on the table, empty

BEBOP ON CD

Because of a World War Two–era recording ban, bebop developed out of the public spotlight. So when Charlie Parker's first records arrived, it was as if the new music had crashed into the swing era like an incendiary bomb. With the current avalanche of reissues on compact disc, bebop arrives cleaned up, fleshed out and digitized—and just as shockingly fresh as it appeared five decades ago.

Clifford Brown and Max Roach, *Brown and Roach Incorporated* (EmArcy): Bebop's fire was stoked by this remarkable quintet, which spearheaded the idiom's second wave. Roach, the incomparable bop drummer, ran the band but chose to share the bill with Brown, his 24-year-old trumpeter, whose precocious command made him the Wynton Marsalis of his day.

Charlie Christian, *The Genius of the Electric Guitar* (Columbia): Insiders know that Christian was a key researcher in the bebop laboratory as well as a pioneer of his instrument. The harmonically intrepid guitarist also straddled swing and bebop, and these sides—recorded during Christian's tenure with Benny Goodman—remind us that bop was as much evolution as revolution.

Miles Davis, *Birth of the Cool* (Capitol): Bigger than a combo, more flexible than a big band, able to leapfrog musical sensibilities in a single bound: The Miles Davis Nonet would influence the next decade's jazz out of all proportion to the dozen tunes they recorded. The understated tone, innovative instrumentation and elegantly threaded arrangements make these sides timeless and thrilling.

Dizzy Gillespie, *School Days* (Savoy): Gillespie's nickname and antics made him the public face of bebop, but beneath the clowning beamed a trumpet virtuoso almost without peer in the history of jazz. Bop novitiates should enjoy this set of spirited early-Fifties recordings done for Dizzy's own label.

Dizzy Gillespie, *For Musicians Only* (Verve): Gillespie shared the studio with two of the bop era's most brilliant saxists (altoist Sonny Stitt and the unique tenor man Stan Getz) on this 1956 bebop reunion. Perhaps they were spurred by the memory of Parker, who had died 19 months earlier: They outdo each other on every hell-bent solo. Bebop would endure way past its first peak of popularity, and a set like this helps explain why.

Dexter Gordon, *Our Man in Paris* (Blue Note): Gordon (later to become famous for the film *'Round Midnight*) was among the first to adapt Charlie Parker's innovations to the tenor sax. He also synthesized the sounds and styles of the swing era's two opposing tenor men—Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. His Sixties comeback is encapsulated in this tour de force quartet date.

Modern Jazz Quartet, *Concorde* (Prestige): With Charlie Parker and in Miles Davis' nonet, pianist John Lewis had begun to apply compositional order to bebop's raucous energy. As musical director for the MJQ, he went further, crafting a chamber-music successor to bop. The pure bop stylings of vibraphonist Milt Jackson supplied the fire, Lewis supplied the form.

Thelonious Monk, *Genius of Modern Music, Volumes 1 & 2* (Blue Note): Nicknamed "the high priest of bebop," Monk was actually bebop's midwife. He assisted in the birth, but the baby didn't look a lot like him. Both as composer and pianist, Monk's iconoclasm placed his music beyond the typical bebop parameters. These two volumes showcase virtually all the important songs of his early career (1947–1952), each of which is a miniature marvel of construction and originality.

***Fats Navarro** Featured with the Tadd Dameron Band* (Milestone): Navarro's early death made him a shadow in the house of bebop, but some say that on a good night, his crackling trumpet lines eclipsed Gillespie's. In addition to absolute control of the new music, Navarro also brought much of Parker's cool to his instrument. These tracks feature drummer Kenny Clarke and early-bop tenor man Allen Eager in a 1948 live club date.

Charlie Parker, *Jazz at the Philharmonic 1946* (Verve): One way of understanding Charlie Parker is to imagine the music of his idol, tenor saxist Lester Young, taken at twice the speed. This meeting of the minds, with Parker sharing the jam-session stage with Young and other swing-era sax greats Coleman Hawkins and Willie Smith, brings musical father and son together for the first time.

Charlie Parker, *The Legendary Dial Masters, Volume One* (Stash): Parker's collaboration with the Dial label (1946–1948) fostered intriguing West Coast partnerships (with pianist Erroll Garner and trumpeter Howard McGhee). It also yielded landmark tunes that detail the maturing of bebop—*Ornithology, Relaxin' at Camarillo, A Night in Tunisia*—electrified by some of Bird's most emotional performances.

Charlie Parker, *Compact Jazz* (Verve): From 1948 until his death, bebop's genius recorded for Verve in a wide variety of contexts. Whether fronting big bands or a quartet, backed by strings or voices, heard with Afro-Cuban percussion or reunited with Gillespie and Monk, Bird's sculptured sound defined the occasion. This compilation offers Parker at his most glamourous and accessible.

Bud Powell, *Jazz Giant* (Verve): Powell brought to the piano the same ferocious technique that Parker used on saxophone, plus his own unique harmonies and daredevil arrangements. Powell's music displayed the promise and the threat of bebop: Staggeringly inventive, it also contains the seeds of its own obsolescence, hinting at the free jazz to come. These tracks, circa 1949–1950, find the pianist at the height of his powers.

Lennie Tristano, *The Complete Tristano on Keynote* (Mercury): While the beboppers led the charge into modernism, the blind pianist Lennie Tristano attacked on a different front. Ignoring bop's rhythmic dynamism, Tristano concentrated on the cerebral development of complicated melodies (an approach that was to influence the Miles Davis Nonet). Tristano's classic sextet sides are out of print. This piano-guitar-bass trio gives you some of the idea.

—NEIL TESSER

quart whiskey bottles in the trash can, bennies spilled all over the table and a crowded tray overflowing with cigarette butts.

The owner was persuaded to reopen the Finale in May, and Parker got himself together enough to form a new band—but hired McGhee instead of Miles as trumpeter, possibly more of Miles' good luck. By July Parker was a total wreck again. On the 29th he had a recording session but was too messed up to play. The accounts vary as to what happened that night. But back at his hotel he somehow managed to set fire to his room, probably by smoking in bed, and was found wandering naked in the streets—and was taken to Camarillo State Hospital, California's version of Bellevue. Parker spent seven months there. Part of the therapy included shock treatments. Doris Sydnor, who was to become the third Mrs. Parker, visited him three times a week: "There were a lot of people there who spent all their time going to the edge of the hospital grounds and staring out into space. Charlie used to laugh at them, but he got like that, too. Just standing out there, staring. The place looked like statues had been placed all around." One of the first tunes he recorded after his release in February 1947 was called *Relaxin' at Camarillo*.

Coincidentally, pianist Bud Powell, arguably the most brilliant of the bop piano players, also did time in mental institutions, where he was also given shock treatments. Powell was a native New Yorker, born in 1924. As a child he studied classical music for seven years before starting his jazz career at the age of 16, gigging at Coney Island dance pavilions. He had been another regular at Minton's when bop was evolving. His 1945 stay in Pilgrim State Hospital on Long Island was the first of many trips to mental institutions for Powell in the next ten years. In Miles Davis' opinion, his weird behavior had its beginnings a few years earlier, when he'd shown up at the Savoy one night with no money, demanded to get in free and had his head bashed in by the bouncer:

> Bud started shooting heroin like it was going out of style, and he was the last person who should have, because it made him crazy. He started drinking like it was going out of style, too. He started throwing fits and going for weeks not speaking to anyone. Finally his mother sent him over to the Bellevue psychiatric ward. After them shock treatments, Bud wasn't ever the same. Bird survived his shock treatments, Bud didn't.

It was one of life's little ironies that while Parker was inside Camarillo State, he was becoming famous, thanks to the handful of records he cut before being institutionalized—chief among them a March 1946 septet session that included Miles and produced *Yardbird Suite*, *Ornithology* and *A Night in Tunisia*.

So Parker was broke and inside a mental institution when he won an *Esquire* New Star award for 1946 (Miles would win the same award the next year). By the time Parker returned to New York in April 1947, bebop was solidly on the map as the hot new thing in jazz, and he was its star.

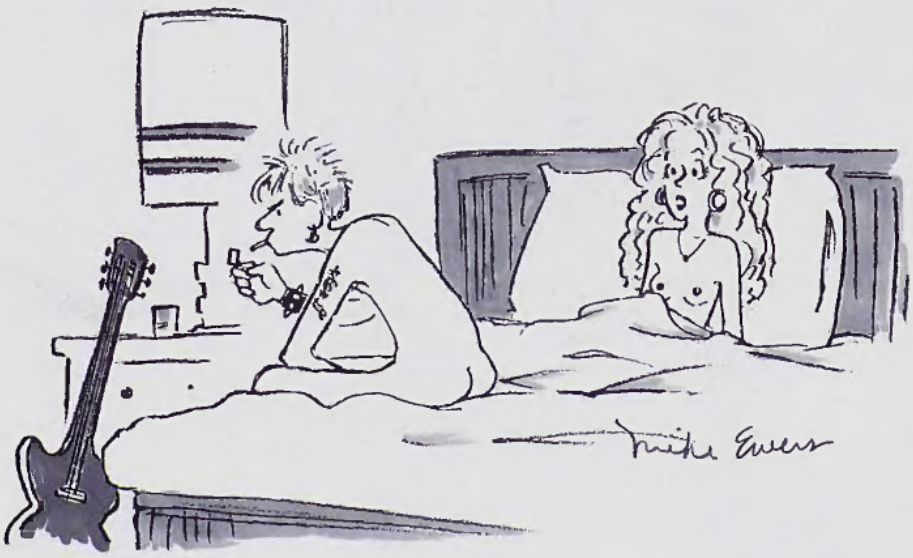
Miles was then in Dizzy Gillespie's successful big band. After he had stopped playing with Parker, Miles remained in Los Angeles long enough to become tight with bassist Charlie Mingus, who was four years older and had toured for a couple of years with Louis Armstrong. Miles taught Mingus how to play this new music, which Mingus would eventually take even further.

During the summer of 1946, Billy Eckstine's band had hit Los Angeles, and B, as they called him, talked Miles into joining. Miles was inheriting the throne. They toured California for a couple months and then worked their way back to New York via Chicago in the fall. Miles made his usual Christmas trip home. The group was in New York for the first two months of 1947, but then Eckstine broke up the band—his last. Miles wasn't out of work long. Gillespie asked him to join his big band, which was playing for a couple weeks at the McKinley Theater in the Bronx when Parker hit town in April. Parker was hired immediately for Dizzy's band but he lasted exactly one night—having resumed his heroin habit after leaving Camarillo State—and nodded out on the bandstand. Dizzy fired him while the band was still playing: "Get that motherfucker off my stage!" Parker then began putting together his own small group and wanted Miles on trumpet. Miles' musical loyalties had always been more with Bird than with Dizzy, so he left Gillespie. Their first gig was at the Three Deuces on 52nd Street. "I was really happy to be playing with Bird again," Miles said, "because playing with him brought out the best in me at the time."

The years 1947 to 1950 were bebop's golden era, at least as a commercial enterprise. The style reached maturity and was easily available live and on record. Boppers were winning both critics' and readers' polls in *Downbeat*, *Metronome* and *Esquire*. In 1949 the long-lived jazz club Birdland opened in New York—named, of course, for Charlie Parker, who was only 29 at the time. It was a tangible recognition of his genius, and it would be the last place he played before his death in March 1955.

Another sign of bebop's legitimization was the success of impresario Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts. Starting in 1944 Granz put together jazz supergroups for fancy theatrical venues such as Carnegie Hall and Los Angeles' Philharmonic Auditorium, from which Jazz at the Philharmonic took its name. He was also the first major impresario to refuse to book any place—theater, dance hall, whatever—that discriminated against blacks.

In 1948 Dizzy's big band toured Europe and found the audiences there very receptive. In 1949 Miles Davis and Charlie Parker were invited to play at a summer jazz festival in Paris—another sign that bebop had arrived. It was the first trip to Europe for many of them. Miles



"Well, I'm sorry. It's just that your video was so dirty, I expected a little more."

and Parker took separate quintets.

Miles' quintet included Tadd Dameron on piano. Dameron was from Cleveland and was nine years older than Davis. He was better as a composer and arranger than he was as a player. James Moody was on tenor sax. He was with Gillespie in 1947 but migrated to Paris in 1948, where he became an expatriate jazz musician. Kenny Clarke, the old man at 35, was on drums.

In the recordings of the Davis quintet at the Paris Festival, you can hear the beginning of other dimensions of modern jazz. On most tunes, such as *Allen's Alley* and *Ornithology*, Miles plays bebop à la Gillespie, almost as if he were trying to prove that he could play at Dizzy's breakneck speed and high register. But then on ballads such as *Embraceable You*, you can hear the beginnings of the haunting, laconic, space-filled sound that Miles was developing as his own voice—the birth of the cool.

Part of it had begun a year or two earlier in the one-room basement apartment of Gil Evans, then an arranger for the Claude Thornhill band. The apartment was on West 55th, just three blocks from the Street, and musicians would come by before or after work, or simply move in for a while. It was a cross between a crash pad and an intellectual salon. "You had to go down a short flight of stairs," vocalist Dave Lambert recalled in *Milestones*, "pass a Chinese laundry, through a boiler room, and there it was—home." Composer George Russell was another regular, along with Miles, Parker, Gillespie, pianist John Lewis (who would become a founding member of the Modern Jazz Quartet), saxophonist Lee Konitz and baritone sax player Gerry Mulligan. Russell said, "A very big bed took up a lot of the place. There was one big lamp and a cat named Becky. The linoleum was battered and there was a little court outside. Inside, it was always very dark. The feeling of the room was timelessness. At all hours, the place was loaded with people who came in and out" and discussed music theory night and day. A considerable amount of what would become Fifties jazz was cooked up in this little basement pad.

Evans and Davis had met in 1947. Evans was 14 years older than Miles, white, had Australian parents and grew up on the West Coast. But he and Miles discovered that their ideas about where music ought to go were remarkably close. Soon, Davis joined the crowd in the basement apartment.

The result was Miles' landmark, if ephemeral, nonet, which played together live for only two weeks at the Royal Roost in September 1948. It was a nine-piece group put together along the theoretical lines that were evolving in Evans' salon. The magic number nine—the usual bop quintet plus French horn, tuba, trombone and baritone sax—had been worked out by Evans and Mulligan before Miles started coming around. But it was Davis who turned these ideas into a real group. Most of them, of course, came from the Evans salon—among them Miles as leader, Gerry Mulligan on baritone sax and Lee Konitz on alto. Kai Winding played trombone, Al Haig was on piano and Max Roach was the drummer. The three recording sessions took place months after they'd broken up and scattered, so some of the seats had to be taken by others—including John Lewis on piano, Kenny Clarke on drums and jazz-critic-to-be Gunther Schuller on French horn.

Along with the unusual instrumentation, the nonet played arranged music, mostly ensemble style—three significant departures from the usual bebop way of doing things. In a way, it was more counterrevolutionary than revolutionary, going back to the carefully arranged ensemble playing that was a staple of the Thirties big bands. But it incorporated musical ideas from bebop, classical music and beyond. One casualty was the free-wheeling improvisation that characterized bebop—though Miles and the others rip off some wonderful solos on the 12 songs the nonet recorded in 1949 and 1950, finally collected on a 1957 album called *Birth of the Cool*.

It was ultimately more sedate than bebop and more carefully thought-out. Instead of plunging into the chasm and somehow miraculously making it to the other side, as Charlie Parker did night after night, Miles' nonet built careful, intricate bridges.

At a time when most of the big bands were calling it quits because of economic pressures and changing musical tastes, the leading edge of jazz was turning into chamber music, leaving its dance-band origins far behind. It was becoming harder and harder for big bands to stay afloat financially—and for 20 years they had been the providers of dance music to the country.

The move of jazz to sit-down concert style, along with the collapse of big bands, left a dance-music void in the early Fifties that would soon be filled by rock and roll, since teenagers always need something with a good beat to dance to. It's an interesting if easy irony that one of the tunes recorded by Miles' nonet in 1950 was a Gerry Mulligan composition called *Rocker*.

The nonet recordings didn't make the splash in the jazz world that the first bop records did, largely because they were recorded and released over a two-year period. But by 1950, when most of them had been released, jazz had changed yet one more time, and Miles was the leader.

"I don't believe in paying for it. That's why I'll never get married."

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No Justice, No Peace

(continued from page 68)

sat back in utter amazement. To this day, no one has blamed the one branch of the judicial system that, in my opinion, is primarily responsible: the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office. Why do I make this charge? Because if we confine ourselves to conventional logic, the finger of guilt points irresistibly to the D.A.'s office. Let's take it step by step.

•

In Los Angeles, as in other metropolitan areas of the country, police are virtually never prosecuted for police brutality. As the West Virginia mountaineer said, "No matter how thin I make my pancakes, they always have two sides." But at the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office—even when there are independent witnesses corroborating the victim's allegation of police brutality, as well as such circumstantial evidence as multiple shots in the back, or other evidence incompatible with the officer's version of the event—there is only one side: the side of the police.

In all fairness to Ira Reiner, D.A. at the time of the King beating and riots, this was not a policy he instituted. Reiner merely perpetuated a policy (prosecutions are so few and far between that they don't essentially alter the policy) that was in place long before he took office.

"There is a single standard of justice," Reiner insisted. "We prosecute police officers and private individuals, anyone we feel has violated the law." But facts are stubborn little devils that speak for themselves.

•

The Special Investigations Division of the Los Angeles County D.A.'s office—with 16 deputy D.A.s and 12 D.A. investigators—is responsible for prosecutions of police misconduct. The division conducts probes of both nonshooting (excessive force) and officer-involved shooting cases.

Let's start with nonshooting excessive force cases. In 1990 and 1991, reporters David Parrish and Beth Barrett of the Los Angeles *Daily News* wrote an impressive series of articles about police brutality in the LAPD and the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department. They also wrote one of the few articles ever printed in a Los Angeles newspaper exposing the lack of police brutality prosecutions by the D.A.'s office. Examining Special Investigations Division records, they discovered that from 1986 to 1990 the D.A.'s office investigated accusations of excessive force against only 54 LAPD officers. Most of the 54 cases were referred to the Special Investigations Division by LAPD's Internal Affairs.

Remarkably, the D.A. rejected all but one case, when an officer was accused of assaulting a fellow officer during an off-duty dispute. Naturally, the other 53 victims were private citizens, and the D.A. failed to prosecute even "when LAPD officers were willing to testify they witnessed beatings of prisoners and citizens by fellow officers."

With approximately 20,000 police officers in Los Angeles County, the LAPD alone logs an average of 500 complaints of excessive force per year. In addition, around 2000 complaints are registered against police officers in the county with a local watchdog group, Police Watch. But the Special Investigations Division prosecutes an average of just two of these cases per year, and then usually against police agencies in the county other than the LAPD or LASD. In fact, to find a significant excessive-force prosecution against the LAPD prior to the King case, one has to go all the way back to the Bloody Christmas beating of seven prisoners on December 25, 1951. (Eight cops were indicted for felonious assault, and five were convicted.)

In officer-involved shooting cases, by agreement with the LAPD, LASD and more than half of the 87 incorporated cities in Los Angeles County, the D.A.'s office is immediately notified. At least one deputy D.A. and D.A. investigator "roll out" to the scene of the shooting, where they conduct an independent probe to determine if a crime was committed by the officer or officers involved. Each year the Special Investigations Division rolls out on approximately 150 such cases throughout the county.

The *Daily News* found 387 officer-involved shooting cases—including 153 fatalities—at the LAPD between 1985 and mid-1991. In many cases the victims or their survivors received large civil judgments from juries. In none of them, however, did the D.A. file criminal charges.

Over at the sheriff's department, the *Daily News* reviewed 202 officer-involved shootings between January 1, 1985, and August 27, 1990. It found 56 cases where people were shot under "seriously questionable circumstances"—victim unarmed, shot in the back, etc. In none of the 202 shootings, including the aforementioned questionable incidents, did the D.A.'s office file criminal charges. Again, in many cases large civil judgments were awarded to the victims. In some cases the misconduct was apparently so clear and severe that the city or county settled out of court, as in the $1 million settlement of a 1988 incident described by one Long Beach police officer as a "sheriff's execution."

The situation gets much scarier. When I spoke with one present and two past Special Investigations Division deputy D.A.s, as well as with other people long

connected with L.A. law enforcement (including a former prosecutor in the D.A.'s office with decades of experience), they could recall only one instance, in 1973, when an LAPD officer was tried for murder or even manslaughter in an on-duty shooting of a private citizen. And manslaughter can be committed where there's only criminal negligence.

(Apparently, 1973 was a bumper year for police prosecutions. In the long history of the Dallas police department, only one officer has been prosecuted for an on-duty killing. It was a 1973 case in which an officer shot a 12-year-old burglary suspect while playing Russian roulette with the boy, reportedly to secure a confession.)

In fact, for at least the last decade, though there have been hundreds of officer-involved shootings by the LAPD, no one can remember a single case in which an LAPD officer was prosecuted for even an on-duty nonfatal shooting of a private citizen.

If we're to believe the Los Angeles D.A.'s office, there has been only one case, then, in several decades where an LAPD officer has unlawfully shot someone to death. And for at least the past ten years, no officer has even committed an unlawful *act* with his gun. To believe this gives logic a bad name. Even the LAPD doesn't believe this. Between 1985 and mid-1991, Chief Gates himself found 35 cases in which he ruled that officers wounded or killed persons in avoidable or unnecessary circumstances.

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It's estimated that during the past half century, on-duty cops in L.A. County shot and killed well in excess of 1000 people. According to the California Department of Justice's Bureau of Criminal Statistics, between 1988 and 1991 alone, there were 223 homicides by police officers in L.A. County. Yet, the indictment in 1992 of a Compton police officer for voluntary manslaughter in the killings of two Samoan brothers is believed to be the first homicide prosecution of any law-enforcement officer in the county for the on-duty killing of a private citizen since the LAPD prosecution almost two decades earlier in 1973. (An LASD deputy sheriff was prosecuted and convicted of second-degree murder in the 1982 shooting death of a pregnant woman's fetus.) The only homicide prosecution anyone can remember before 1973 was of a Los Angeles deputy sheriff in 1969.

Perhaps the most alarming statistic of all is that in the ten years between 1982 and the Compton police officer prosecution, Special Investigations rolled out to the scene of more than 1000 officer-involved shooting cases. Yet not once did they find criminality on the part of any officer in the entire county, not even criminal negligence.

It couldn't be clearer, then, that the

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STYLE

Page 22: "The Urban Skier": **Parka** by *Sport Obermeyer*, for store locations, 800-525-4203. **Jacket** by the *North Face*, for store locations, 800-654-1751. **Jumpsuit** by *Spyder Active Sports, Inc.*, for store locations, 800-333-0302. **Parka** by *Columbia Sportswear Co.*, for store locations, 800-MA-BOYLE. **Pullover** by *Bogner's Fire and Ice Collection*, for store locations, 800-451-4417. "Back in the U.S.A": **Boots**: By *Na Na Shoes*, to order, 800-347-4728. By *To Boot*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300; Holt Renfrew, 50 Bloor St. West, Toronto, 416-922-2333. By *Cole Haan*, at Cole Haan retail stores nationwide. **Shoes** by *Church's English Shoes*, at Church's English Shoes nationwide, for store nearest you, 800-221-4540. **Boots** by *J.M. Weston*, at J.M. Weston, 42 E. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-308-5655. "Hot Shopping: Toronto": Holt Renfrew, 416-922-2333. Harry Rosen, 416-972-0551. Classica Uomo, 416-961-0683. Marc Laurent, 416-928-9124. Roots, 416-927-8585. Acrobat, 416-920-2323. "Clothes Line": **Suit** by *Giorgio Armani*, at all Giorgio Armani boutiques. **Shirts** by *Men Go Silk*, for information or store locations, 800-964-4484. **Shoes**: By *Susan Bennis Warren Edwards*, at Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, 22 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., inside NY, 212-755-4197, outside NY, 800-634-9884. By *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at Salvatore Ferragamo, 730 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-246-6211, also available at Palm Beach and Beverly Hills stores. "Scentual Scents for Her": Coco by *Chanel*, at Chanel boutiques and fine department stores nationwide. Dune by *Christian Dior*, exclusively at Marshall Field's stores. Escape by *Calvin Klein*, at fine department stores nationwide. Guess by *Revlon*, at fine department stores nationwide. Safari by *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren shops and fine department stores nationwide. Giò by *Giorgio Armani*, at fine department stores nationwide. V'E Versace by *Gianni Versace*, at Saks Fifth Avenue and I. Magnin stores nationwide.

ROMANTIC COUPLES

Page 108: **Shirt** and **trousers** by *Donna Karan*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000, 25 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-587-1700. Her outfit by *Donna Karan*. Page 109: **Turtleneck** and **trousers** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000, 25 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-587-1700. Her outfit by *Donna Karan*. Page 110: **Shirt, trousers** and **V-neck** by *Industria Collection*, at Ultimo, 114 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-787-0906. Her outfit by *Calvin Klein*. Page 111: **Shirt** by *Silverado*, at Beecroft & Bull, Ltd., 3198 Pacific Ave., Virginia Beach, VA, 804-422-1961. **Suede jeans** by *Mario Valentino*, at Mario Valentino, 645 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-486-0322. Her outfit by *Tehen*.

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Page 120: **Loudspeakers** by *Bang & Olufsen*, to order or for store locations, 800-284-BANG. Page 121: **Theater glasses** by *Bausch & Lomb Sports Optics Division*, for store locations, 800-255-6366. **Backrider** by *Enrge Sports, Inc.*, to order, 800-245-9099. **Travel organizer** by *Sharp Electronics*, for store locations, 800-BE-SHARP. Page 122: **Skates** by *Rollerblade, Inc.*, for store locations, 800-232-ROLL. **Shaver** by *Braun*, to order or for store locations, 800-272-8611. **Glasses** by *Pan Optx*, to order or for store locations, 800-942-8400. Page 123: **Camera flask** by *William-Wayne & Co.*, at William-Wayne & Co., 324 E. Ninth St., N.Y.C., 212-477-3182. **Book flask** by *Pusser's*, at Pusser's of the West Indies, 101 W. 55th St., Suite 8H, N.Y.C., 212-315-4290.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page165: **Multimedia CD-ROM player** by *Sony*, available at consumer electronics, computer and department stores nationwide. **Civil War CD-ROM**, to order or for store locations, 800-726-0600.

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Los Angeles D.A.'s office looks the other way at police brutality. Johnnie Cochrane, a former L.A. assistant district attorney and now a plaintiff's lawyer in many successful civil suits against L.A. County police agencies, says, "There have been a number of police brutality cases throughout the years where the D.A. should definitely have filed charges, but he didn't." A current L.A. County Superior Court judge said a few years ago, "I have a distinct feeling that the district attorney, either intentionally or unintentionally, has a double standard when it comes to filing criminal complaints [against the police]."

"Because of the sweetheart relationship between the Los Angeles D.A.'s office and the LAPD and county sheriff," says Michael Zinzun, chairman of the Coalition Against Police Abuse in L.A., "there have been less than a handful of prosecutions of police officers since I started monitoring the situation in 1976." Lack of prosecution is not, of course, confined to L.A. It's a national phenomenon.

"Police brutality occurs much too often and is much too widespread in the entire state of Florida," says Sevell C. Brown III, chapter president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, "with far, far too few criminal prosecutions of those officers involved." Steven Hawkins puts it succinctly: "It is our experience throughout the country that the D.A. hardly ever prosecutes for police brutality."

Police brutality, as well as the D.A.'s malfeasance in failing to prosecute it, is democratic. Many whites, particularly poor whites, have been the victims of it. On May 8, 1992, while L.A. was still reeling from the aftershocks of the riots, a Massachusetts state judge in a civil suit ruled against 13 Boston police officers accused of using excessive force in severely beating a handcuffed white motorist who had led them on a car chase but offered no resistance when arrested. Not surprisingly, no criminal charges were brought against the officers by the Boston D.A's office, even though there were independent witnesses.

Reiner deserves no credit for prosecuting the police in the King case. Giving credit implies he had a choice. Because of private citizen George Holliday's 81-second home videotape of the beating, he had no choice. If there had been no tape, there would have been no prosecution. No one would have ever heard of Rodney King.

The day after the beating—before the police knew the video existed—King's brother, Paul King, went to the LAPD's Foothill station to file a complaint. Instead, he was told by a sergeant that his brother was in "big trouble" for leading police on a dangerous high-speed chase. He left the station knowing he hadn't started an investigation. In his daily log, the sergeant reported that no further action was necessary.

This type of treatment from police has caused enormous rage in the minority communities for decades. There is no equal justice, blacks and Latinos point out. In the cruel poetry of their lives, the police can violate the law and get by with it, but they sure as hell can't. When blacks finally had the indisputable evidence of police brutality on videotape in the King case, and there still was no justice, the black community erupted in violence. "I knew this would happen," Vernon Leggins, a black resident of South Central, said at the height of the riots. "A lot of anger has been building up during the years. The way we have been beaten and talked to, this should have happened long ago."

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In our society, we try to deter criminal conduct by the threat of punishment. This system is hardly peculiar to modern society. From the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians to the present, it has been the secular way to control the dark impulses of humankind. For the police, however, there is little threat of punishment and, hence, no real deterrent. Most human beings are kept from criminal conduct by the threat of punishment. Police are human beings. If police were prosecuted, most would also be deterred by the threat of punishment. But because police know they are unlikely to be prosecuted by the D.A. for police brutality, there is no deterrent.

During the King beating there were several civilian witnesses. Ask yourself this question: If the officers who beat King knew that there was a D.A. downtown who would prosecute them for police brutality, would they have been as likely to rain 56 blows with their batons to the head, torso and legs of a defenseless person? What I am saying is that if the D.A. and his predecessors had done their job throughout the years, there is a reasonable probability that the Rodney King beating would not have taken place.

Likewise, if the D.A. had been prosecuting police brutality cases through the years, with a fair share of convictions (more on this later), the likelihood of a riot following the Simi Valley verdict would have been substantially diminished. The black community would most likely have viewed the stunning verdict—as most nonblacks have—as being mostly attributable to the conservative venue in which the case was tried: nearly all-white Ventura County. Instead, they viewed it as confirmation of their indictment of the criminal justice system in America.

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Let's examine the findings and recommendations in the 228-page report of the Independent Commission on the

Los Angeles Police Department (the Christopher Commission). A month after the King beating, Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley appointed a seven-member commission (later augmented by three members appointed by Chief Gates) chaired by former Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher to conduct a comprehensive review of the excessive-force problem in the LAPD. With a staff of 130, 101 of whom were lawyers, the commission examined thousands of internal LAPD documents and interviewed hundreds of witnesses—including more than 500 current and retired Los Angeles police officers.

The commission found "a significant number of LAPD officers who repetitively use excessive force against the public." Between 1986 and 1990, 183 officers had four or more excessive-force allegations, 44 had six or more, 16 had eight or more and one had 16 allegations. "We know who the bad guys are," testified former LAPD assistant chief Jesse Brewer. "Reputations become well known, especially to the sergeants, and then, of course, to the lieutenants and the captains in the area. But I don't see anyone bringing these people up."

From 1986 through 1990, the city of L.A. paid in excess of $20 million in judgments, settlements and jury verdicts in more than 300 lawsuits against LAPD officers alleging use of excessive force. In 1991 alone, $14.7 million was paid. These figures don't include settlements and verdicts against the LASD ($15.5 million between January 1989 and May 1992) and the many other police agencies in the county. The commission reviewed 83 lawsuits and concluded that "a majority of cases involved clear and often egregious officer misconduct resulting in serious injury or death to the victim. The LAPD's investigation of these 83 cases was deficient in many respects, and discipline against the officers involved was frequently light and often nonexistent."

The Christopher Commission failed to note a critically important point: In not one of these 83 cases was there a criminal prosecution by the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office.

In a survey of 650 LAPD officers, 24.5 percent agreed that "racial bias on the part of officers toward minority citizens currently exists." And 27.6 percent agreed that prejudice sometimes leads to the use of excessive force.

Among the commission's more shocking findings were computer messages sent between patrol cars over LAPD's mobile digital terminals, statements such as: "I would love to drive down Slauson [a street that runs through South Central] with a flamethrower. We would have a barbecue." "I almost got me a Mexican last night but he dropped the damn gun too quick."

The commission found that a propensity for violence on the part of some officers was also a contributing factor. Although obviously far from the norm, there were such transmissions as: "Capture him, beat him and treat him like dirt." "If I find it, it'll be [officer-involved shooting] time. God, I wanna kill something oh so bad." "Wanna go over to Delano later and hand out some street justice." "It was fun, but no chance to bust heads." Only after a few of these messages were made public by the commission did the LAPD start auditing the system. The LAPD then found, per the commission, "260 patently offensive comments over a one-month period."

Of the 129 recommendations made by the commission, almost all are aimed at reducing the use of excessive force. Although areas such as recruitment and training are covered, the commission concluded that the key to reducing excessive force was to implement a "major overhaul of the disciplinary system" within the LAPD. (The same recommendation—even to the extent of using an independent Inspector General to monitor the discipline—had been urged 27 years earlier by the McCone Commission, which followed the Watts riot and on which Christopher served as vice chairman.)

What's amazing is that after months of highly publicized inquiry and investigation, the celebrated Christopher Commission recommended internal discipline by the LAPD as the principal way of dealing with police brutality. In other words, the police should be relied on to continue to police themselves.

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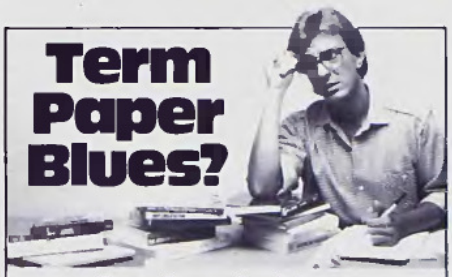
Unbelievably, there isn't one word in the entire report that refers to the lack of D.A. prosecutions of police brutality. Nor is there one word about how the D.A., whose job it is to prosecute police brutality cases, can play a part in reducing police brutality. It's not as if the commission was unaware of the law. Its report points out that "LAPD policy and the penal code require that force be reasonable." It's just that the Christopher Commission apparently believes that the D.A.'s job is to prosecute all members of the community except the police.

If one were to confront members of the commission with this colossal lack of insight, they would be forced to invoke the anemic argument that they were commissioned only to investigate the LAPD, not the D.A.'s office. However, the commission itself stated that it "sought to examine all aspects of the law-enforcement structure in Los Angeles that might cause or contribute to the problem of excessive force." The D.A.'s office, of course, is an integral part of the law-enforcement structure of Los Angeles, being the agency responsible for



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prosecuting all felonies in the county. Moreover, the Christopher Commission did make recommendations concerning an entity *outside* the LAPD. "Community councils are to be created, composed of local residents and community and business leaders, to work with the police . . . in matters that affect their neighborhoods," the commission said.

There are few tyrants like blind custom, and I believe that the Christopher Commission never recommended more aggressive D.A. action against police-brutality cases simply because the absence of such prosecutions has been institutionalized in L.A.

At present, the only thing a rogue cop really has to fear is internal discipline by his own department. And with the widely acknowledged code of silence among police officers, only a small percentage of police-brutality allegations result in internal discipline.

For instance, the Christopher Commission found that of 2152 citizen allegations of excessive force from 1986 through 1990, only 42 (two percent) were sustained by LAPD's Internal Affairs Division. (Former assistant chief Jesse Brewer estimates that for every complaint, there are three or four incidents that citizens don't report. A refrain often heard in the black community is, "Who are you going to tell the police on? The police?") The typical punishment is suspension without pay for a week or, in unusual cases, dismissal from the force. As a deterrent, none of this begins to compare with a criminal prosecution and possible incarceration in the state prison.

(An independent investigation of the L.A. County Sheriff's Department headed by retired Los Angeles County Superior Court Judge James G. Kolts found "deeply disturbing evidence of excessive force and lax discipline." Unlike the earlier Christopher Commission report, the Kolts report referred to the "apparent disinclination on the part of the D.A.'s office to prosecute excessive-force cases involving the LASD" and the "failure to prosecute more than one questionable shooting incident in the past decade out of 382 referrals of possible prosecutions to it." But, like the Christopher Commission, the Kolts report principally recommended internal discipline as the solution to the problem. It makes no mention of prosecution as a deterrent, nor, among its 180 recommendations, is there one urging increased prosecutions of police brutality.)

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Why don't D.A.s prosecute the police? There are a number of reasons for this dereliction of duty. Police are correctly viewed as "the thin blue line" that protects the public from criminals and lawlessness. D.A.s—most of whom, after all, are politicians, not statesmen—fear that the public might perceive them as antipolice and anti–law enforcement, a significant negative at election time. Apart from the political hazard of prosecuting the police, D.A.s and police work together daily in their efforts against crime. Each is dependent on the other. A fraternity develops between the two that weakens the resolve of the D.A. to go after members of the team.

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The standard cop-out of D.A.s everywhere for this failure to prosecute police-brutality cases is that juries won't convict police officers because they nearly always accept their version of what happened. Roger Gunson, head of the L.A. District Attorney's Special Investigations Division, says, "It's difficult to get convictions because there is a respect for police officers." But given the fact that Gunson, under Reiner, rarely prosecuted police, how would he have sufficient experience to develop such a calcified defeatist attitude?

Actually, the contention that juries nearly always side with the officers flies in the face of the evidence. Almost every week in L.A., the morning papers report that another civil jury has awarded the victim of police brutality (or his or her survivors) a $100,000 judgment and sometimes a judgment in excess of $1 million.

Indeed, the only way victims of police brutality around the country get redress for grievances is to hire private lawyers and sue the police. The police in these cases are defended by the city attorney's office. All adverse judgments are paid by the city, not by the individual defendant officer. It must be emphasized that the testimony of the witnesses and the factual issues at these civil trials are virtually identical to what they would be if the D.A. had filed criminal charges. The principal distinction is in the burden of proof. Although in a criminal trial the D.A. must prove his case beyond a reasonable doubt—a higher burden of proof—the plaintiff's lawyer in a civil suit still must prove that the victim's charges are true by a preponderance of the evidence, which in itself is a substantial burden. Civil lawyers—generally members of small law firms with limited resources—routinely convince juries that an officer caused unjustifiable injury or death (frequently with clear evidence of malicious intent or reckless disregard for the consequences, both of which give rise to criminal responsibility). Why can't the D.A.'s office, with its vast resources and power to grant immunity to less culpable officers for their testimony, meet this higher burden? And it's beyond a *reasonable* doubt, not beyond *all* doubt.

The conclusive proof that criminal convictions can be secured against police brutality is the record of the U.S. Attorney's office in federal prosecutions against police for violating the civil rights of victims by the use of excessive force. (The four police officers in the King case are presently under federal indictment for the beating. Their trial is set to begin in February.) Of the U.S. Department of Justice's 123 criminal prosecutions involving police brutality since October 1988—cases in which the federal prosecutor was faced with the same

burden of proof as his D.A. state counterpart—convictions were obtained in approximately 75 percent of the cases, a respectable conviction rate. (Actually, although the burden of proof is the same—beyond a reasonable doubt—the federal prosecutor's task is even greater. Not only must it be proved that excessive force was used but that the officer did so with the specific intent to deprive the victim of his civil rights.) Why don't these prosecutions serve as an effective deterrent to police brutality? It's estimated that they represent less than one half of one percent of all alleged excessive-force cases in the country.

Would prosecuting the police ultimately hurt society by forcing officers to act tentatively in situations that call for aggressive conduct? I doubt it. Although prosecutions would heighten awareness among all officers in the proper use of force, 95 percent of the police wouldn't feel handcuffed on the job because they simply don't harbor the impulse to mistreat or brutalize those whom they detain or arrest. Knowing that officers on the street are compelled to act spontaneously in highly dangerous, life-threatening situations, the D.A. should continue to give officers considerable latitude and discretion in their use of force, with the benefit of the doubt always going to the officer. But carte blanche authority—essentially the current situation—must cease. When the officer's conduct clearly trespasses beyond permissible margins into blatant, egregious and unnecessary use of force, the officer has to be criminally accountable for his conduct. To hold otherwise is to hold that in the process of enforcing the law, an officer is legally entitled to violate the law himself.

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Law enforcement, in its endless fight against crime, has functioned like a fire department racing from fire to fire, stamping them out. It's time that our society broadened its vision, sharpened its insight, deepened its concern and compassion and made a concerted effort to prevent the fire from starting.

Given the continuing polarization of whites and blacks in our society and the discontent and deprivation of the latter, there is no vaccine within reach against future riots. How to improve economic conditions in the nation's ghettos is for the social engineers and is beyond the ken of this writer. But if we want to help prevent another Watts, another Newark, Detroit, Liberty City or South Central, we must demonstrate to the black community that, in terms of law enforcement, there is equal justice. As posters carried by rioters proclaimed during the L.A. riots: NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE. When there is no equal justice, those who are denied it understandably lose respect for the law. And when people lose respect for the law, there's a greater likelihood

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that they will violate it.

The only way to show the black community that justice exists is to prosecute police brutality. Empty rhetoric about equal justice will no longer do. Blue-chip commissions that make recommendations for reform, new police chiefs and improved training programs, etc., are essentially only window dressing. All these cosmetic nostrums for a severe problem are implicitly anchored on the erroneous premise that you can change human nature. You can't.

When the last embers from the King case burn out, rogue cops—whether they are five percent of the force or more—will eventually go back to their old ways. The lessons of South Central, as those of other race riots, will be quickly forgotten by a society whose collective memory lasts only as long as a breath upon a mirror. It's immaterial whether rogue police are consciously attracted to police work for its investiture of absolute power on the streets over one's fellow man, or whether the badge, gun and uniform elicit the worst in them. The point is that they are there, and though there will always be some police brutality, the only way to deter a substantial amount of it is to vigorously prosecute flagrant police misconduct.

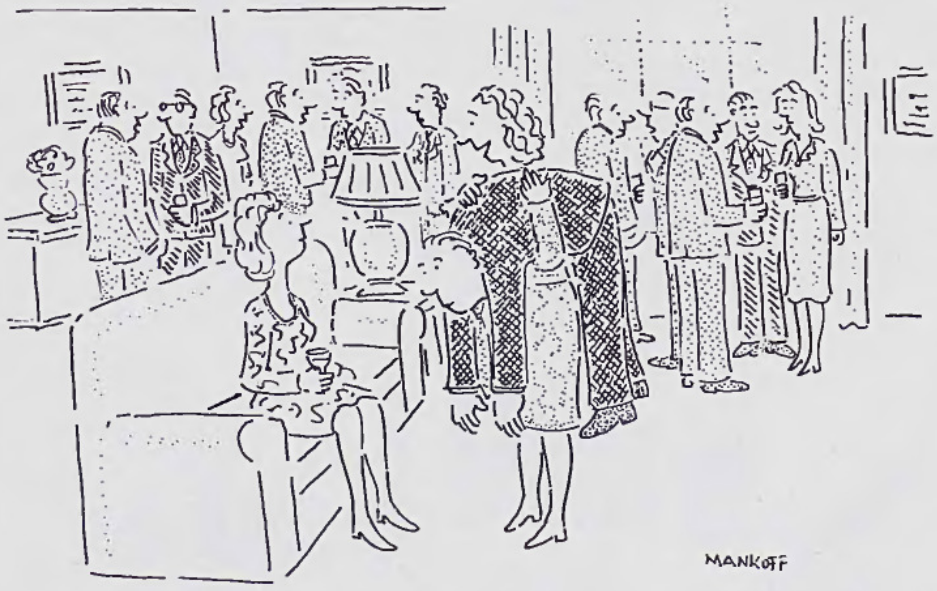
In the Rodney King case, at that point where the baton blows should have stopped and the officers could have moved in to overcome King (assuming he gave any resistance at that point), the only check they had on their nightsticks was their conscience, and their conscience came up wanting. If there had been the additional check that everyone else in our society faces when contemplating the commission of a criminal act—the threat of prosecution—they may not have continued their brutal onslaught.

Winston Churchill once said that the solution to every problem, no matter how complex, is common sense. If we do just a modicum of thinking, we will see that the solution to this problem is astonishingly simple. No additional money need be spent because a professional staff is already in place. All we have to do is insist that the district attorney (called the state's attorney in cities such as Chicago and Miami) does the job he's elected and paid to do.

How can we ensure this? First, the media must put public pressure on the D.A. to prosecute police brutality and enforce the law equally. Second, the citizens of the community must demand that candidates for district attorney pledge to prosecute police brutality and vote out of office all D.A.s who do not.

Justice is the ligament that holds society together. In a nation that prides itself on the principle that no one is above the law, the police have too often become an extremely costly exception to this fundamental precept. Until D.A.s around the country start doing their job and police are held accountable for criminal behavior, as certain as leaves fall in autumn there will be other Watts, Newarks, Detroits, Miamis and South Centrals. It's just a matter of time.

Out of the ashes and graffiti-scarred rubble of the riots in L.A. will come new buildings, if the Rebuild L.A. program, headed by Peter Ueberroth, is successful. Next time, rioters will burn down the new buildings. There is a fire in the system of the minority communities—one, as I said in 1972, that can be extinguished only by justice.



"Cindy, this is Steve—he's got a lot of potential, but he needs a little work."

AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

(continued from page 85)

makes." Stevens offered the best compliment: "Who cares if the rear visibility stinks? The born-again Corrado feels like the neat little GT car that Porsche ought to make." Yates liked the Mercedes-Benz 500E, calling it strictly "master race." Healey preferred the BMW 325i, pointing to its benchmark styling and almost-reasonable $30,000 price. Rahal once again picked the Civic, saying that "somehow, Honda keeps making something good even better."

Sexiest Sedan: Edging out the challengers in this highly competitive category was the Mercedes-Benz 500E. "Talk about the ultimate sedan!" said Stevens. "No wonder high-powered German businessmen prefer to hit the autobahn rather than the skies when short-hopping to a meeting." Gross agreed, stating, "The 500E is armed with the SL roadster's big brakes and sporty running gear." The rest of the panel was somewhat divided. Racer Rahal picked the Mercedes-Benz 600SEL, calling it "the ultimate *Panzerwagen*." Healey liked the Bentley Turbo R, describing it "as antimodern as cars get." Yates sided with the Infiniti Q45. "The Q looks as if it was styled by the politburo," he said, "but it's an unbelievable engineering package, especially considering its price." Davis advised buying American: "The Cadillac Seville STS with the Northstar engine is everything you could want in a sedan, with power, technology and comfort to spare."

Biggest Kick to Drive: For the second year in a row, the Dodge Viper RT/10 was the winner when it came to fun behind the wheel. As Yates put it, "The Viper has enough torque to tear down the World Trade Center and enough rubber to land a 747." Stevens said, "You'd have to be in a coma not to be charmed by this snake." Davis said that "even if the bureaucrats made twenty-five miles per hour the national speed limit, I would still itch to own a Viper." Gross recalled the day he drove one on Los Angeles' twisty Mulholland Drive, "ambushing several Corvettes in the process." Healey was irritated by the exhaust noise from the V-10 engine, "but otherwise you'd have to wear a driving suit and a helmet to have more raw-kid fun than you get from driving the Dodge rocket sled." Rahal, our lone dissenter, chose the Acura NSX, claiming it combines performance, handling and braking in a civilized package.

Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend: Most of the panelists voted for last year's Playboy's Car of the Year, the Lexus SC 400 and its sibling, the SC 300. "This coupe has everything that I'd hope my

girlfriend would have," said Davis. "A great shape and lots of brains." Rahal called it "all class," with Healey adding adjectives such as "supple, sensuous, gorgeous, fast, elegant—even reliable" to the mix. "We gave Corinna Harney, our 1992 Playmate of the Year, a Lexus SC 300," Stevens said. "If your girlfriend looks half as good in it as Corinna does, she—or you—should spring for the same car." Yates offered a few alternatives, depending on who's footing the bill: "If she's buying, the Mercedes-Benz 500SL is the hands-down winner. If you are, try to get away with the Honda Prelude, with a Lexus SC 300 as the final offer." Gross' preference: a Mercedes-Benz 300CE Cabriolet. "In the unlikely event of a rollover," he explained, "the 300CE's rear headrests pop up like a roll bar."

Best Car to Drive Past Your Ex-Wife's House: Yates didn't mince words: "Take an AM General Humvee in full camouflage and make sure the machine gun is loaded." Stevens also chose a Humvee, with "cutoff pipes and Rebecca De Mornay in cutoff shorts riding shotgun." On a more cautious note, Gross said, "If negotiations are still in progress, drive a Yugo." Healey concurred, "Take something nondescript and untraceable, like a stolen Chevy Cavalier." Davis offered a cunning alternative: Drive a Toyota Tercel ("The best small car ever made, yet it costs little to own") and keep your second car ("the Ferrari 512 TR") a secret. "I'd choose a Lamborghini Diablo," said Rahal. "It isn't reasonable, but she wasn't, either."

Ultimate Convertible: As with last year, the Mercedes-Benz 500SL and the new V-12 600SL won most of our panel's praise. "If price is no object," said Gross, "nothing tops Mercedes-Benz' SL roadsters. These elegant two-seaters marry sports-car performance with every luxury imaginable. And their classic good looks will endure for years." Healey agreed, calling the 500SL "fast, nimble, attractive, impossible to afford—everything you need." Yates added, "The 500SL turns heads everywhere except Rodeo Drive. It's fast, flashy and fiendishly expensive." Stevens had just returned from driving the 600SL and he commented that the 12-cylinder roadster was a thumbs-up winner on Orange County's Ortega Highway. "Just popping the top draws a crowd." Rahal concurred, "To operate the top is worth the price of admission. The 500SL represents German engineering at its best." Davis liked the new 600SL and said, "This is a car that screams 'I've made it, and thanks to all the little people out there.'"

Best of the Homeboys: "There's never been a better time to buy American," said Gross, "and three of the best reasons are the Dodge Intrepid, the Eagle Vision and the Chrysler Concorde. These sleek front-wheel-drive LH sedans are to 1993 what Ford's Taurus was in its introductory year—a major leap forward." In Stevens' words, "Chrysler finally got it right. These new models aren't just wanna-be real cars, they're the right stuff." Healey said, "Chrysler's LH trio and the longer luxury version, the New Yorker, due out in March, set new standards of convenience, value and performance for the domestic industry—and for more than a few imports as well." Davis agreed: "Inside, the only clue it's a Chrysler is the shape of the stereo." Yates liked the LHs, too, but added, "Ford's SHO will show well anyplace in the world, including the German autobahns, and the Jeep Grand Cherokees are also in the hunt." Said Rahal, "Cadillac is back. With the Northstar engine, the Seville STS is the best

PLAYBOY'S PANEL OF JUDGES

DAVIS

GROSS

HEALEY

RAHAL

STEVENS

YATES

JOHN DAVIS: As the producer and host of PBS's weekly automotive series *Motorweek '93*, Davis provides 4 million–plus television viewers with the latest in new-car information. But automobiles are not all work for this award-winning journalist. He has owned vintage Mustangs, a Corvette and a De Tomaso Pantera.

KEN GROSS: As we went to press, Gross, PLAYBOY's Contributing Automotive Editor, had just returned from Belgium, where he previewed the new Ferrari 456 GT. The Belgian assignment was a typical one for this free-lance auto writer, who spends more than 75 percent of his time on the road pursuing dream machines.

JAMES R. HEALEY: A newspaper journalist for more than two decades, Healey has covered everything from entertainment news to presidential campaign politics. Currently, he serves as the auto writer for *USA Today*, reaching more than 6 million readers with his automobile industry updates and reviews of new cars.

BOBBY RAHAL: After entering his first race at 17, Rahal went on to become one of the top drivers in the Indy Car racing series. He was named Rookie of the Year in 1982 and has won the Indianapolis 500 and three PPG Indy Car World Series Championships. To date, his victories total 24. But not for long, he says.

DAVID STEVENS: The hottest new electronic products, the best wines and liquors, fine food, great gadgets, exciting travel destinations and the world's sexiest automobiles—that's the turf covered by Stevens, a 27-year PLAYBOY veteran and our Modern Living Senior Editor in charge of the material stuff men love.

BROCK YATES: A seasoned print and broadcast journalist/celebrity, Yates is an editor at large and featured columnist for both *Car and Driver* and *Boating Magazine*. He co-hosts the cable series *American Sports Cavalcade* and has authored several books, including a biography of the legendary automaker Enzo Ferrari.

PLAYBOY'S PICK OF THE PACK

AM GENERAL HUMVEE
Best Car to Drive Past Your Ex's House

VOLKSWAGEN CORRADO SLC
Most Improved Old Model

CHRYSLER LH SEDANS
Best of the Homeboys

MERCEDES-BENZ 500/600SL
Ultimate Convertible

MAZDA MX-6 LS

EAGLE TALON TSi

Hottest Pocket Rockets

HONDA CIVIC
Best Bang for Your Buck

GENERAL MOTORS MINIVANS
Car We'd Like to Kiss Goodbye

MERCEDES-BENZ 500E
Sexiest Sedan

DODGE VIPER RT/10
Biggest Kick to Drive

LEXUS SC 400
Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend

RANGE ROVER COUNTY LWB
Best Sports Utility

the domestics can offer."

Best Sports Utility: "The Range Rover County LWB [long wheelbase] is arguably the world's best sports utility," said Gross. "Its extended midsection, upgraded two-hundred-horsepower V8, electronic air suspension and traction control put it in a class by itself." Stevens agreed with Gross' pick: "Any car that goes into the 'kneel mode' for you to enter gets my vote." Davis liked the Land Rover Defender 110, calling it "the true global ideal of an off-road vehicle. Under those flat aluminum body panels is a surprisingly modern machine with a fuel injected V8 and coil spring suspension. It may look like a tank, but it drives like a 1968 Cadillac." Rahal went with the Toyota Land Cruiser: "It's the ultimate urban assault vehicle." Healey and Yates, however, voted for the Jeep Grand Cherokee. "Chrysler kept it a real off-road machine," said Healey, "yet the Grand Cherokee actually performs better on-road than some of its supposedly more luxurious rivals." With its new V8 engine, Yates added, "the Jeep Grand Cherokee is Michael Jordan playing against PS 18."

Car We'd Like to Kiss Goodbye: General Motors caught all the flak here. Said Stevens, "Its 'doorstop' minivans are terrible. Whoever designed them must have really been into Buster Crabbe's Flash Gordon movies back in the Thirties." Gross agreed: "The auto press called the GM vans the dustbusters. They were ungainly, underpowered, awkward to drive and no match for the class-leading Chryslers." Davis and Healey hated the new GM J-Cars. "Pontiac's latest Grand Am has to be the ugliest car since the AMC Pacer," Healey said. "It looks as if it was created by a stylist on Quaaludes experiencing a coffee jag." Davis picked on the standard, single-cam, Quad 4–powered Buick Skylark. "If only that engine made more power than noise," he said. Yates and Rahal singled out Chevy's pudgy Caprice, with the former calling it "an egregious statement of excess" and the latter claiming that it resembled "a Fifties styling exercise that should have stayed there."

That does it. Our panel of experts has gone on record again. But this year, there's at least one common thread to their voting. With a few correctable exceptions, they believe Detroit is building its best cars ever. A pitched battle for still more market share with Japanese carmakers is in full cry. Even the Europeans are getting the message. They're finally cutting prices and tailoring their cars for American tastes. For readers seeking new wheels, your choices have never been better.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROM

If you can predict the success of a new product by the company it keeps, then Sony's PIX-100 Multimedia CD-ROM player may be destined for greatness. Heavy hitters such as IBM, Microsoft and Random House have signed on in support of the portable electronic system, which, in a nutshell, combines the benefits of a compact disc player, video player and computer. Weighing in at about two pounds, the easy-to-operate laptop device features a black-and-white LCD panel (and color TV hookup) for viewing the video, text and graphics portions of compatible CD-ROM software. There's also a built-in keyboard, a speaker for audio playback, and if you plug in a pair of headphones or separate speakers, you can enjoy your favorite compact discs in full stereo, too.

More than 60 CD-ROM titles, including *The Civil War* from Random House (about $25), are available for Sony's new PIX-100 Multimedia CD-ROM player, a versatile device that integrates a CD-ROM player, PC-compatible microprocessor, black-and-white LCD and more. It also plays audio CDs, has a jack for headphones or speakers and comes with a two-hour rechargeable battery and an AC adapter, about $1000.

Where & How to Buy on page 157.

STEVE CONWAY

Fit to Be Tied

KIM BOLINGER is a Raiderette cheerleader (she was even Raiderette of the Week) and an actress, most recently in *The Last Boy Scout* with Bruce Willis. And she plays professional polo. How's that for white collar?

© ANDY KAPLMAN

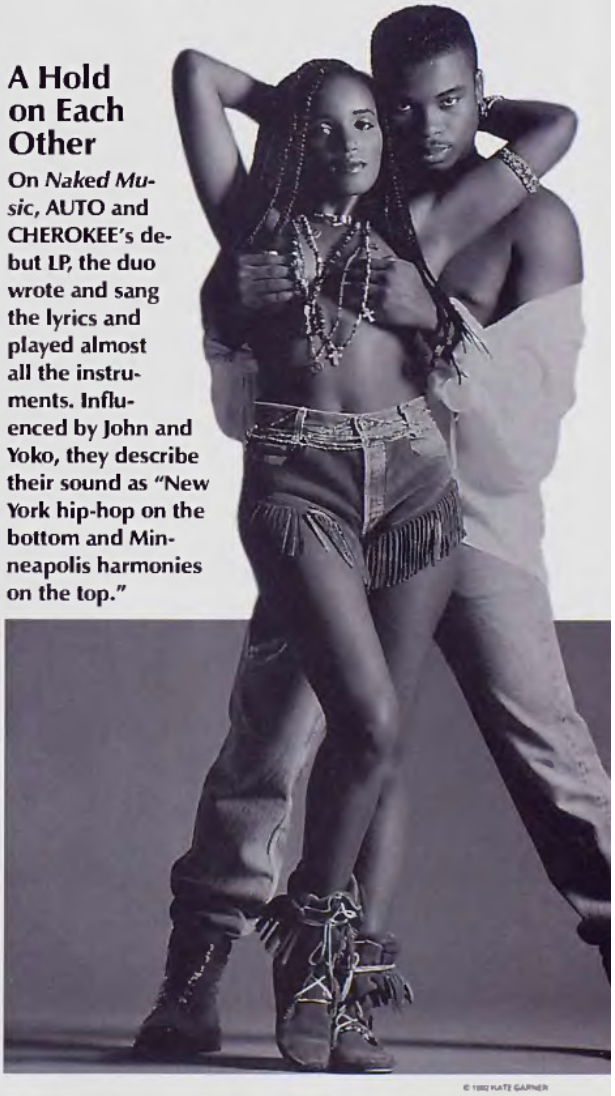
MIKE MICHELOVE

Just a Boy in the Band

Last summer when Aerosmith's STEVEN TYLER was hanging out with the Ministry dancers on the Lollapalooza II tour (above), his band was in the studio. Now their new LP, *Get a Grip*, is ready for release. Look for a tour in the spring. Expect the usual mayhem.

A Hold on Each Other

On *Naked Music*, AUTO and CHEROKEE's debut LP, the duo wrote and sang the lyrics and played almost all the instruments. Influenced by John and Yoko, they describe their sound as "New York hip-hop on the bottom and Minneapolis harmonies on the top."



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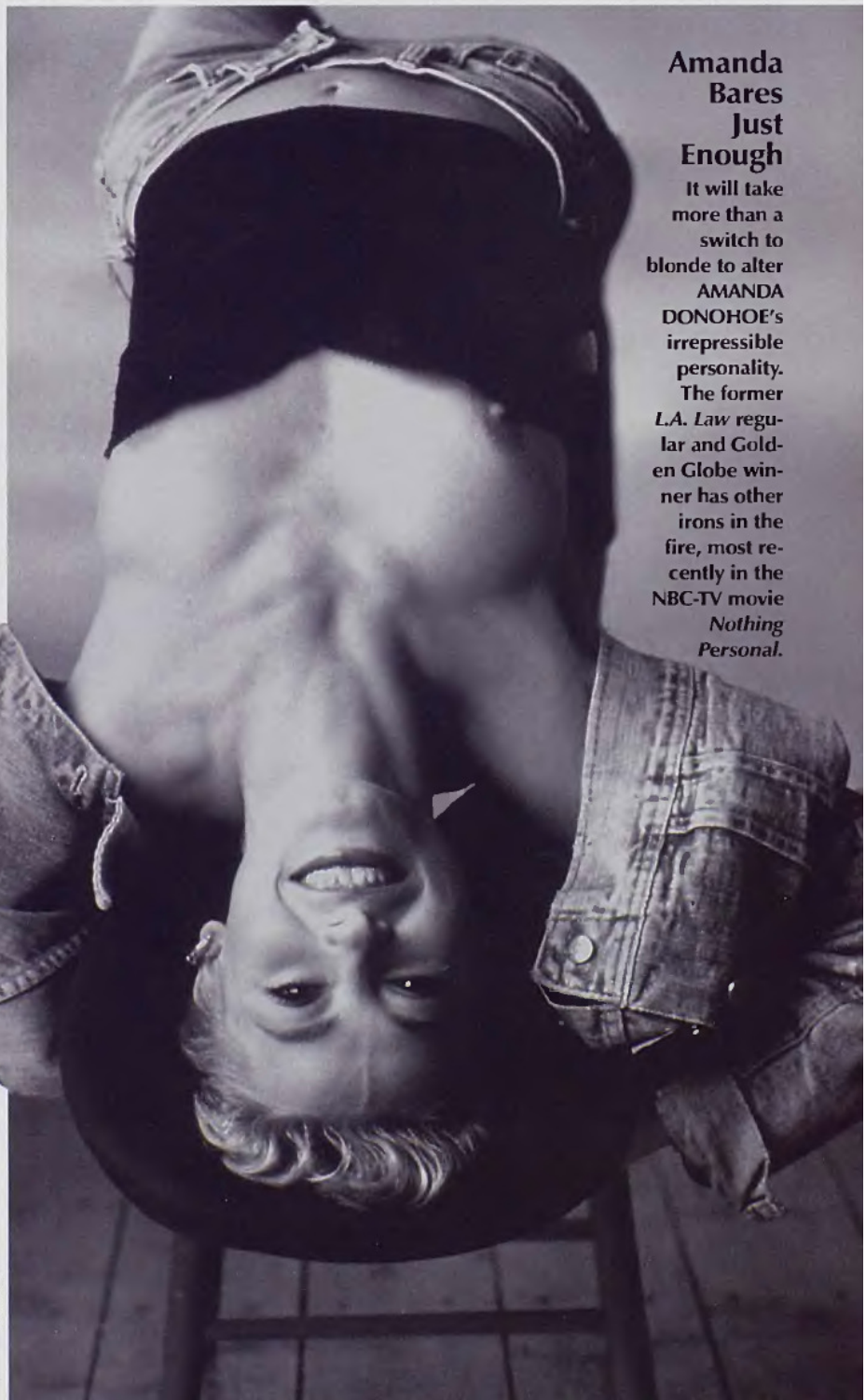
Shorts Sighted

HELENA UPTON was Miss United Kingdom and placed fourth in the Miss Universe pageant. Like anyone else with a modeling or acting dream, Helena has moved to L.A. Visiting us in *Grapevine* is de rigueur.

Soup's Hot and Cooking

They have been a long-standing favorite on the alternative music charts. Then their LP *Hotwired* hit the pop charts and their video *Divine Thing* was nominated for an MTV award. These SOUP DRAGONS are not simply blowing smoke.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Amanda Bares Just Enough

It will take more than a switch to blonde to alter AMANDA DONOHOE's irrepressible personality. The former *L.A. Law* regular and Golden Globe winner has other irons in the fire, most recently in the NBC-TV movie *Nothing Personal.*

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Laughing All the Way to the Bank

TRAVIS TRITT spells success *t-r-o-u-b-l-e*, the name of his hit album. Look for him in a CBS-TV movie, *Rio Diablo*, with Kenny Rogers and Naomi Judd. That spells f-u-n.

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THE LOVE BASKET

Looking for a sexy way to knock the socks—and other garments—off your favorite valentine this February 14? Order Playboy's Chocolate Passion Basket. It's a wicker treasure trove with everything her passionate heart could desire, including boxes of Brown & Haley Almond Roca and Belgian Cremes chocolates, Kama Sutra Oil of Love—"blow lightly on oiled skin and a warm, tingling glow will delight and surprise your partner"—a scented romance candle and the popular Playboy video *Secrets of Making Love . . . to the Same Person Forever*. Best of all, the basket's $45 postpaid price is cheaper than long-stemmed roses, champagne and caviar or lingerie. Call 800-423-9494 and ask for item MK3985, or send a check to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 29168, Itasca, Illinois 60143.

DOING IT BY THE NUMBERS

Number 184, "Greet him at the front door wearing a big red ribbon and nothing else," gets our vote in Greg Godek's book *1001 Ways to Be Romantic*. And number 990, "Get him Super Bowl tickets," isn't bad, either. In between, there's everything from writing "I love you" on the bathroom mirror in soap to filling her car with heart-shaped balloons. A hardcover edition of *1001 Ways* is $18.95; the softcover costs $11.95.

STEVE BOSWICK

THE EYES HAVE IT

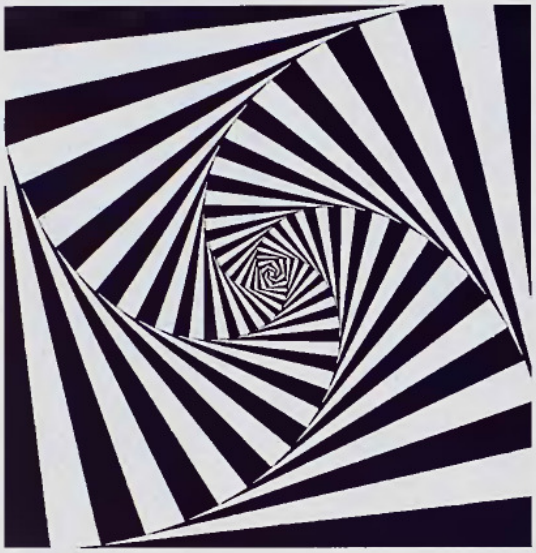
If your Pictionary drawings have reached masterpiece status, it's time to check out ScrutinEyes, "The Game of Closer Looks." Just out from Mattel, ScrutinEyes requires quick thinking and an eye for detail. To play, teams examine one of 24 colorful placemat-sized game cards featuring dozens of illustrations on both sides. One side is labeled with a letter of the alphabet (e.g., things that begin with the letter A), the other by category or theme, such as Sports Stuff. The winner is the team that identifies the most items—by label—in two timed rounds of play. It isn't easy, but it's fun. The price: $25 at game and department stores.

HOW ABOUT JOE FOR JENNIFER?

It's said that jocks get the best-looking women, and now we have proof: the Pro Line Collection National Football League trading cards. Mixed in with the NFL's superstars are cards featuring many of their beautiful brides. Pictured below left is Faith Cherry, wife of the Kansas City Chiefs' former defensive running back Deron Cherry, and Jennifer Montana, Joe Montana's stunning sidekick. A pack of 12 costs $1.25 at card shops and drugstores. Bubble gum not included.

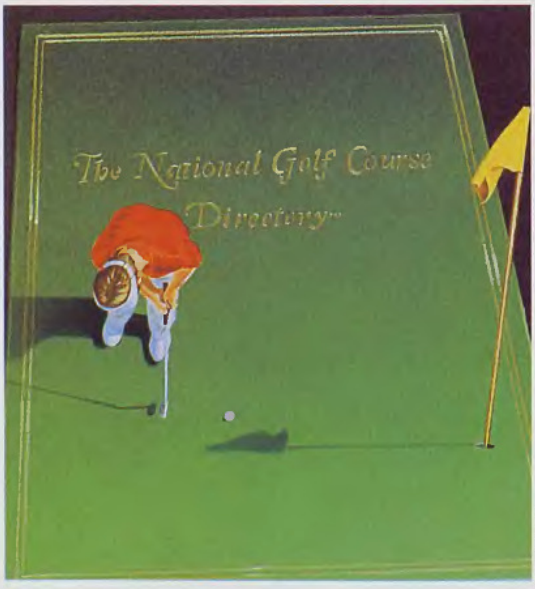
THE BOOK GOES ROUND AND ROUND

Just when you thought your record player was headed to the graveyard, along comes *Turntable Illusions*. This softcover book features 40 black-and-white patterns that create optical effects when spun on a record turntable. The names range from Stereokinetic Spiral Cone to Modified Huddy's Doodle (shown)—plus, there's an explanation of each illusion by the author, John Kremer. Sold for $12, postpaid, by Open Horizons Publishing, 515-472-6130.



A LINK TO THE LINKS

Good news for the millions of diehard duffers out there: *The National Golf Course Directory* promises to be "the most comprehensive and up-to-date listing of golf courses ever compiled." More than 12,000 of the nation's private, public and resort courses will be included, with details on everything from greens fees to phone numbers of pro shops to the names of the top staff and managers. Given all that information, we'd say its $85 postpaid price tag comes in well under par. To order, call Sports Directories at 800-299-9001.



GLENN ARMSTRONG

SPIES ON TAPE

If you're intrigued by espionage, don't miss *Spies*, a series of 26 half-hour documentaries that first appeared on the Arts & Entertainment Network and is now available on video. One episode, *The Honey Trap* (pictured at right), details the John Profumo–Christine Keeler scandal. Others feature terrorism and U.S. traitor John Walker. Available through the Columbia House Video Library, the *Spies* series costs $7.40 for the first video and $23.14 each for the remaining 25. Call 800-638-2922 to order.

MARTY RIOLLART

40TH ANNIVERSARY SNAP DECISION

To get you clicking on our 40th Anniversary Playmate Search (see ad elsewhere in this issue), Playboy is offering a one-time-use 40th Anniversary Playmate Camera by Fuji that's inexpensive and a potential collector's item. (Ask for the camera back when your local photo dealer unloads the 24-shot film cartridge.) The price: $14.95, postpaid, including an official Playmate Data Sheet. To order, call 800-423-9494 and ask for item MW4072.

TOASTING TO XS

According to the U.S. National Center for Health Statistics, about 93,750,000 Americans consumed more than 468,750,000 alcoholic drinks last year and woke up with a hangover. Now the good news: Barnett Laboratories in Houston is marketing XS Hangover Relief Formula, a liquid that they say offers "relief from the headache, upset stomach and fatigue of a hangover, much the way Contac and Dristan provide relief from cold and flu symptoms." The price: about $5 a bottle.

JOHN SCHNEIDER

NEXT MONTH

STRIP CLUBS

DANGEROUS ART

VIDEO CULTURE

MIMI'S RAPTURE

FEEDBACK—AN ARTIST FUSES HIS TALENT WITH TECHNOLOGY TO LET CLIENTS GET CREATIVE. WITH ONE WEALTHY PATRON, THE RESULT IS MORE THAN ANYONE BARGAINED FOR—FICTION BY **JOE HALDEMAN**

INSIDE MTV—A PEEK INTO THE VIDEO CULTURE WHERE PROFITS STILL CLIMB THE CHARTS. BUT CAN THE MUSIC CHANNEL BALANCE A HIP IMAGE WITH THE BOTTOM LINE AND ITS TYCOON HONCHO?—BY **DOUG HILL**

ERICA JONG, OUR FAVORITE EROTIC HISTORIAN, TAKES A LOOK AT MODERN SEXUALITY THROUGH THE LIFE AND WORK OF NOVELIST HENRY MILLER IN AN EXCERPT FROM HER LATEST BOOK, *THE DEVIL AT LARGE*

LAURA DERN, GOOD GIRL TURNED SIREN, DESCRIBES HER ON-SCREEN ORGASM, HER BENT FOR FIST-GRIPPERS AND THE DELIGHTS OF MOONING A FRIEND IN A WILD-AT-HEART 20 QUESTIONS

STEALTH CANDIDATE—TELEPOLITICO PAT ROBERTSON IS PLOTTING A COUP WITHIN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. FIND OUT WHY, WITH THE G.O.P. IN POSTELECTION DISARRAY, IT JUST MIGHT WORK—BY **JOE CONASON**

ANNE RICE, THE QUEEN OF VAMPIRE TALES AND CHRONICLER OF HUMAN LUST, TALKS ABOUT SEX AND CENSORSHIP, HER PENCHANT FOR BOXING AND THE NETHERWORLD IN A BEWITCHING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

THE BIODOME DIARIES—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MIX TEN HUMAN GUINEA PIGS, SOME ECO-COCKTAILS AND A MAN-MADE RAIN FOREST THAT BELCHES GREEN SLIME? A FIRSTHAND ACCOUNT OF LIFE, LOVE AND MUTINY UNDER GLASS—HUMOR BY **LEWIS GROSSBERGER**

HEROES—TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER THE MASSACRE, MY LAI REMAINS AN UNIMAGINABLE HORROR. STILL, THE MAN WHO TOLD THE WORLD ABOUT THE CARNAGE FINDS MEN OF PRINCIPLE AMONG THE RUINS—BY **RON RIDENHOUR**

MIMI ROGERS, THE EX-MRS. YOU-KNOW-WHO AND HOLLYWOOD'S BEST-KEPT SECRET, PROVIDES SOME RAPTURE OF HER OWN IN A STEAMY EIGHT-PAGE PICTORIAL

PLUS: THE LATEST IN ITALIAN FASHION; MEN AND RED MEAT; THE PLAYBOY COLLECTION; PLAYMATE **KIMBERLY DONLEY;** FANTASTIC NEW KITES; THE BOOM (AND BUST) IN UPSCALE STRIP CLUBS; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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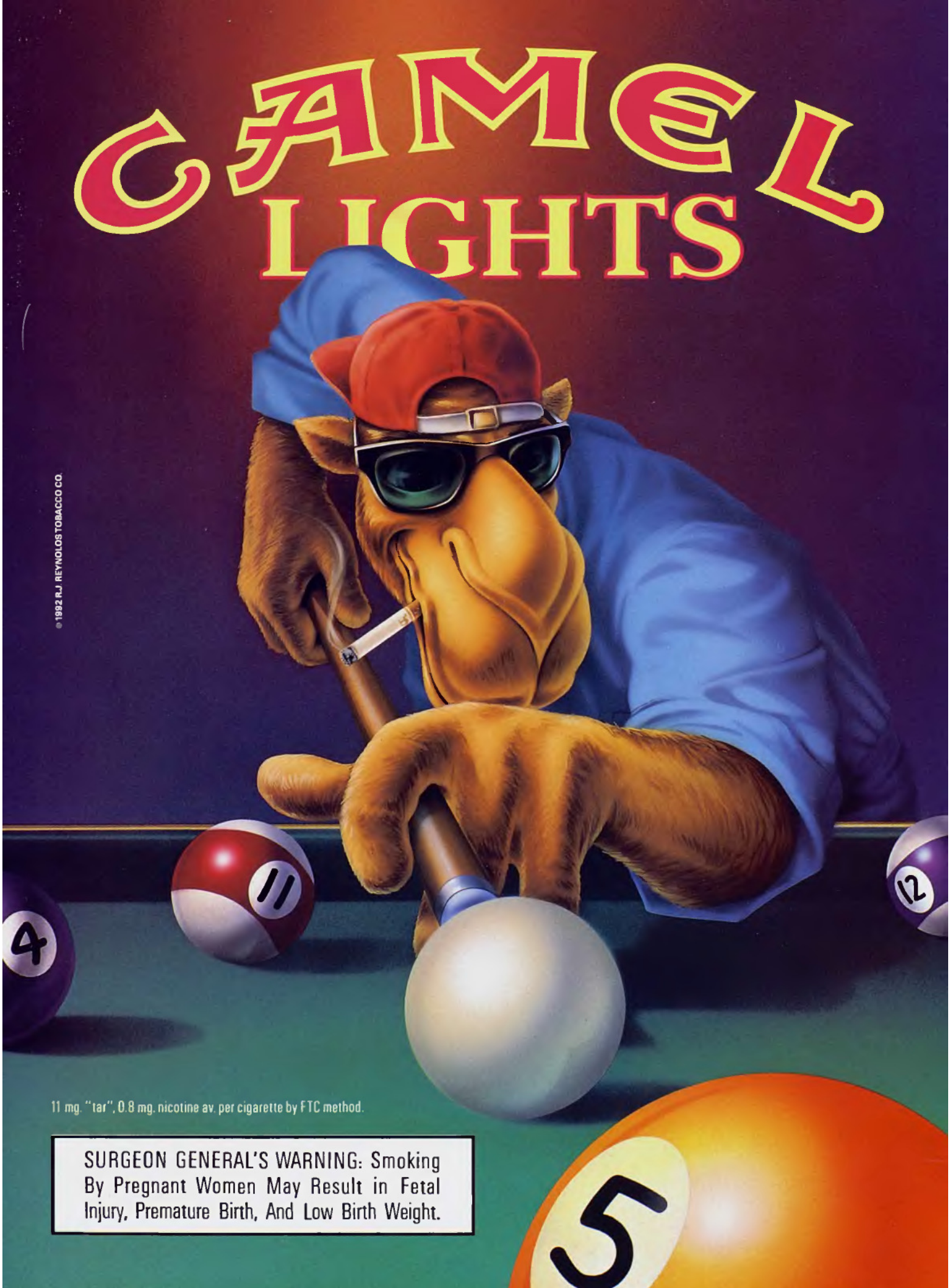
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